THE ELEANOR SMITH MUSIC COURSE

BOOK FOUR

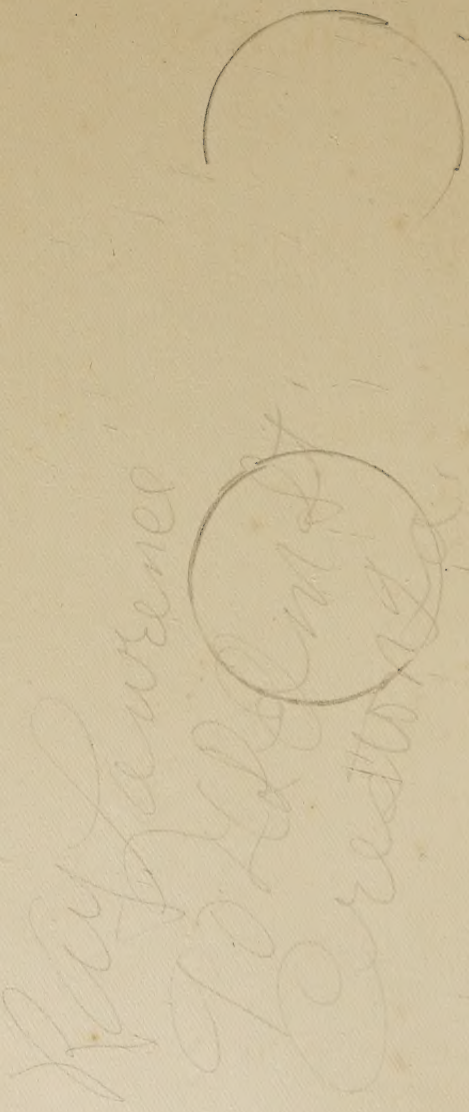
AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

Ray. L.

Ray L.

Grace Hanson
Lincoln, S.

1913



THE ELEANOR SMITH MUSIC COURSE

BY

ELEANOR SMITH

BOOK FOUR

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY

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ELEANOR SMITH

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BOOK FOUR

W. P. 9

PREFACE

THE contents of the present volume will be found a consistent working-out of the plan adopted in the earlier books of the series. Although studies are not lacking, technical points are worked out chiefly by means of songs, and sufficient song material is furnished to fix technical points.

Both music and poetry have been chosen with regard to beauty as well as appropriateness. Much standard verse will be found to serve as song texts. A number of classical selections of music in their original form have found place in the book, though the majority of the songs are folk melodies of different nations, and the works of contemporaneous writers. These recommend themselves by their simplicity, and are easy of interpretation.

The tastes of the young people for whom the book is intended, especially the tastes of the boys, have been carefully studied, and a large number of spirited songs has been included.

Few adaptations and arrangements will be found, and only such as do no violence to the spirit of the original. No avoidable changes have been made in subjects or texts, and literal translations have been preferred wherever it was possible to make them.

A cosmopolitan collection has been aimed at as being peculiarly fitted to the needs of a nation whose people are constantly being recruited from other and older civilizations.

The work of distinguished foreign artists, as well as a large group of American songs, have been included, and it is believed that catholicity of taste and the advantage of a varied musical experience will result from the study of such a collection.

A broader patriotism will be served by singing the national songs of other countries as well as our own national anthems, for singing the world's songs like studying the world's history, will give knowledge and sympathy which are the best foundations for intelligent patriotism.

Abide With Us

MARY SEDGWICK — LUISE REICHARDT

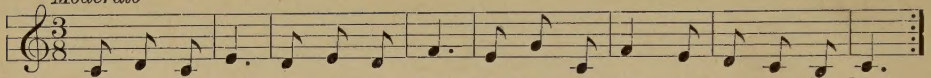
Tranquillo

1. A - bide Thou with us, For ev'n - ing shades are fall - ing,
2. — Still is the world, In pray'r all things are kneel - ing;
The night to rest is call - ing, The night to rest is
Oh! grant us bless - ed heal - ing, Oh! grant us bless - ed
The night is call - ing, The night is
Oh! grant us heal - ing, Oh! grant us
1
2
call - ing; A - bide Thou with us, A - bide Thou with us!
heal - ing; A - bide Thou with us, A - bide Thou with us!
call - ing;
heal - ing;

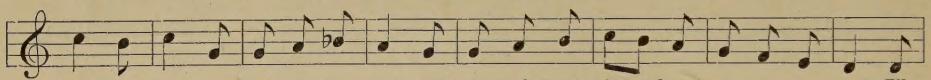
Over the Sea

NATALIA MACFARREN — HENRY PURCELL

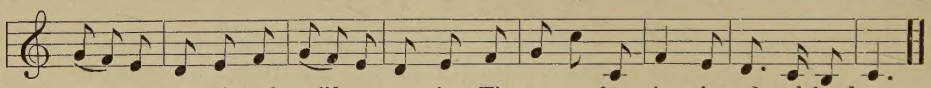
Moderato



1. O - ver the sea, car - ol - ing free, Swal-low, good-by; fly o - ver the lea
   When o'er the snow win - ter winds blow, Nes-tle thou safe on green summer bough.
2. Reop'ning leaves, fresh-gather'd sheaves Next year shall greet thee, under the eaves.
   When April's come, seek thy old home: Fly o'er the hills and bil-lows of foam.



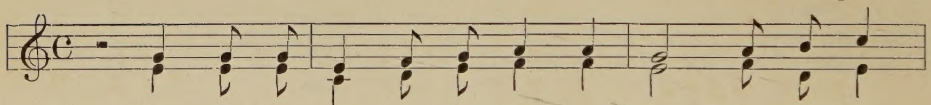
Bare the bow-ers, fad-ed the flowers, Gathered the fruit and sweet summer corn; The
Roam the azure, spirit of pleasure, Thro' trackless skies thou'lt find thee a way: Where



mists are sweeping, the willows weeping, The scene of our joys is sad and for-lorn.
ev - er thou wander, in homeland or yonder, A joy and a welcome greet thee alway.

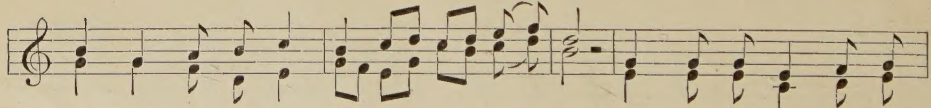
Hunting Song

Old English

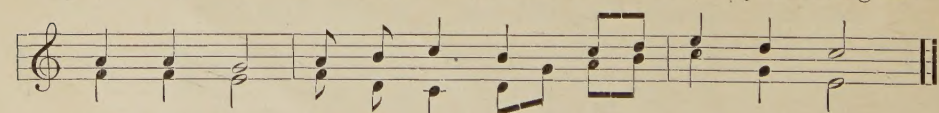


Gen - tles, a - way to the meet so gay, When the green
Fol - low the fox as he breaks a - way, Where the hounds'

cov - ert of gorse is drawn; Up and a - way ere the sun mounts
mu - sic leads us on. Off go a - gain hounds and horse-men



high, While sil-vered with rime is ev'r-y bough; Down sweeps the clouds from the
good And fol-low him close o'er brack-en and bush. Loud tal - ly - hoes ring thro'



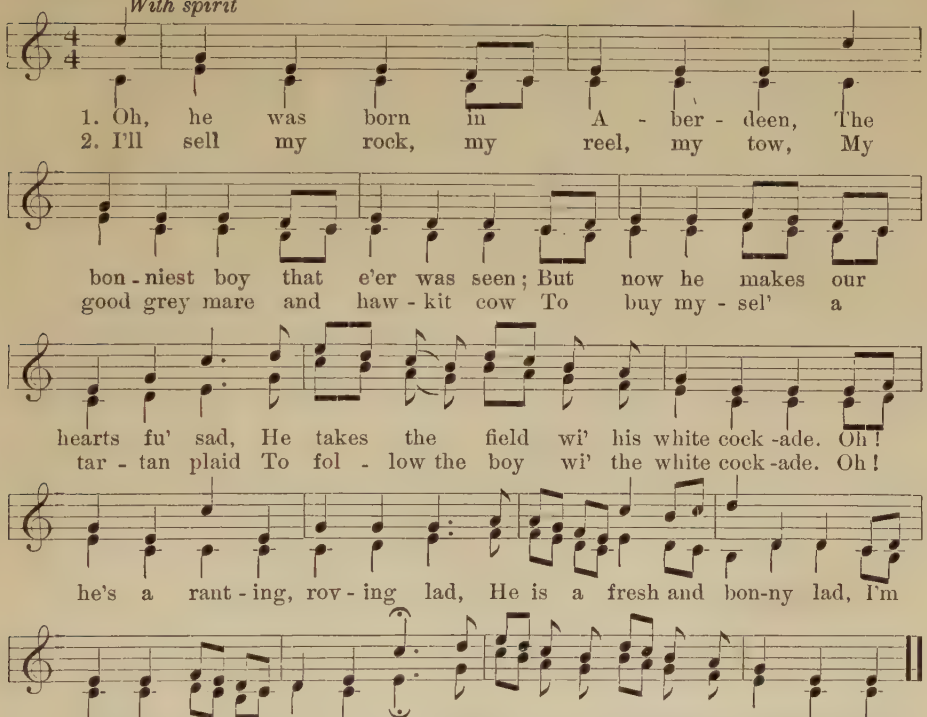
dap - pled sky, O - ver the moor - land let us go.
glade and wood, One of us wins the glo - rious brush.

The Boy with the White Cockade*

Scotch

Scotch Folksong

With spirit


1. Oh, he was born in A - ber - deen, The bon - niest boy that e'er was seen; But now he makes our hearts fu' sad, He takes the field wi' his white cock - ade. Oh!
2. I'll sell my rock, my reel, my tow, My good grey mare and haw - kit cow To buy my - sel' a tar - tan plaid To fol - low the boy wi' the white cock - ade. Oh!
he's a rant - ing, rov - ing lad, He is a fresh and bon-ny lad, I'm fain to sell the gear I had And fol - low the lad with the white cock-ade.

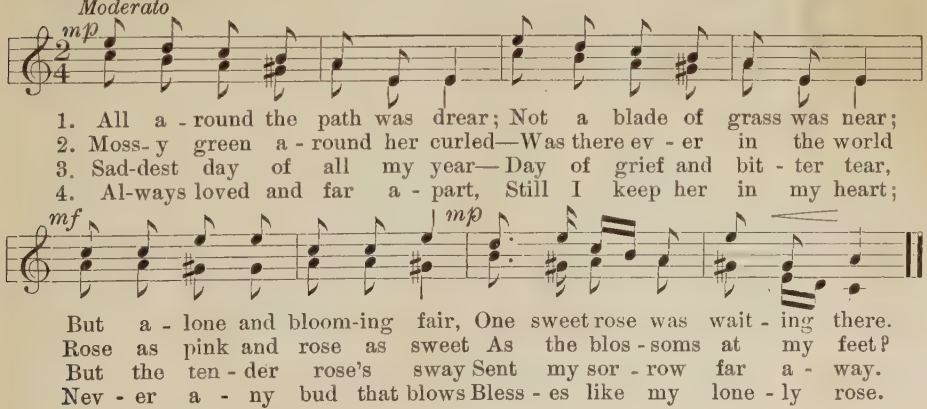
* The white cockade was worn by the followers of the Pretender.

The Lonely Rose

Kate Forman

German Folksong

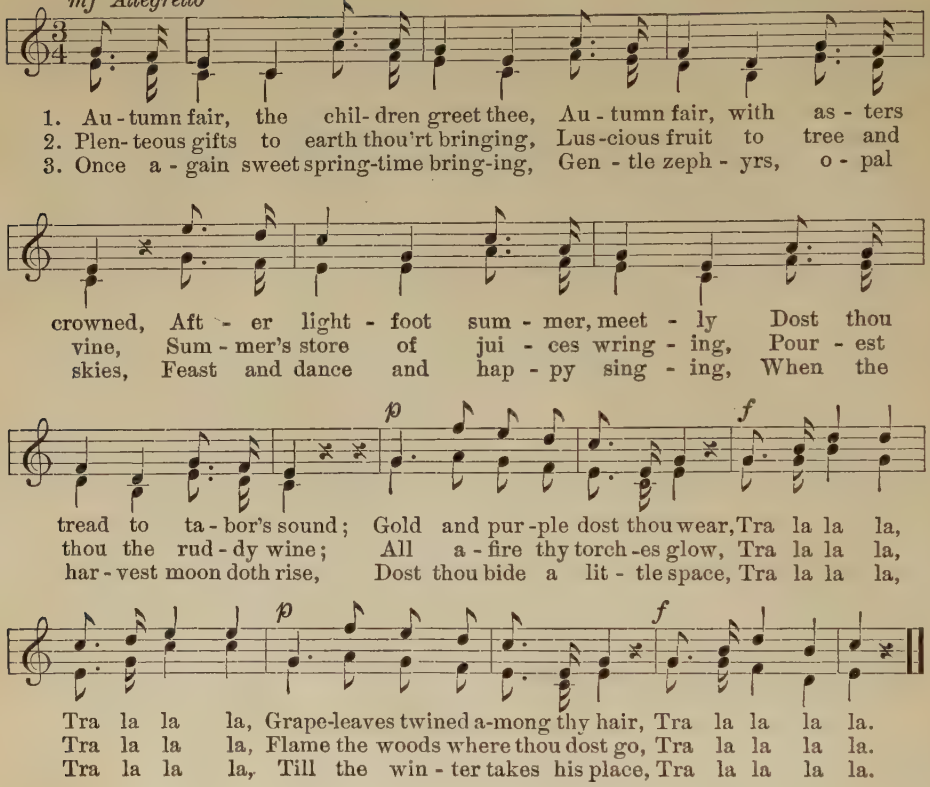
Moderato


mp
1. All a - round the path was drear; Not a blade of grass was near;
2. Moss - y green a - round her curled—Was there ev - er in the world
3. Sad-dest day of all my year— Day of grief and bit - ter tear,
4. Al-ways loved and far a - part, Still I keep her in my heart;
mf
mp
But a - lone and bloom-ing fair, One sweet rose was wait - ing there.
Rose as pink and rose as sweet As the blos - soms at my feet?
But the ten - der rose's sway Sent my sor - row far a - way.
Nev - er a - ny bud that blows Bless - es like my lone - ly rose.

Autumn Song

LAURENCE HARPER — J. A. FEDERER

mf Allegretto

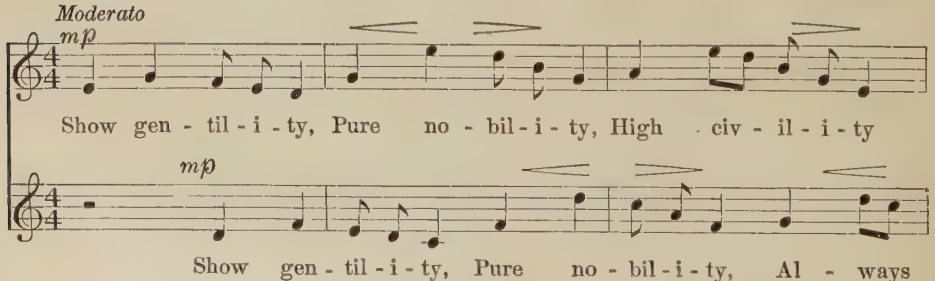

1. Au - tumn fair, the chil- dren greet thee, Au - tumn fair, with as - ters
2. Plen- teous gifts to earth thou'rt bringing, Lus -cious fruit to tree and
3. Once a - gain sweet spring-time bring-ing, Gen - tle zeph - yrs, o - pal
crowned, Aft - er light - foot sum - mer, meet - ly Dost thou
vine, Sum - mer's store of jui - ces wring - ing, Pour - est
skies, Feast and dance and hap - py sing - ing, When the
p
f
tread to ta - bor's sound; Gold and pur -ple dost thou wear, Tra la la la,
thou the rud - dy wine; All a - fire thy torch -es glow, Tra la la la,
har - vest moon doth rise, Dost thou bide a lit - tle space, Tra la la la,
p
f
Tra la la la, Grape-leaves twined a-mong thy hair, Tra la la la la.
Tra la la la, Flame the woods where thou dost go, Tra la la la la.
Tra la la la, Till the win - ter takes his place, Tra la la la la.

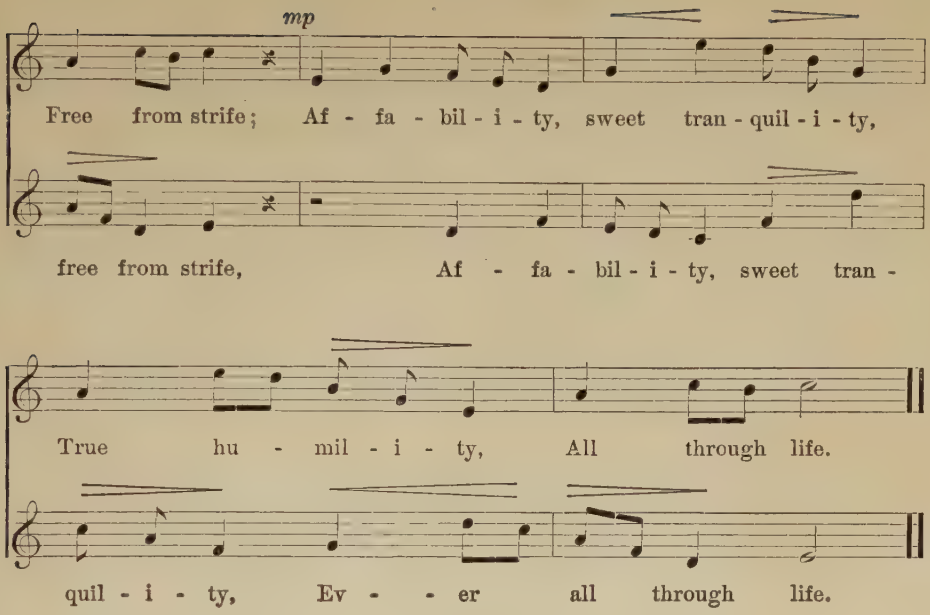
A Homily

CANON IN THE SECOND BELOW

VICTOR N. PIERPONT — ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

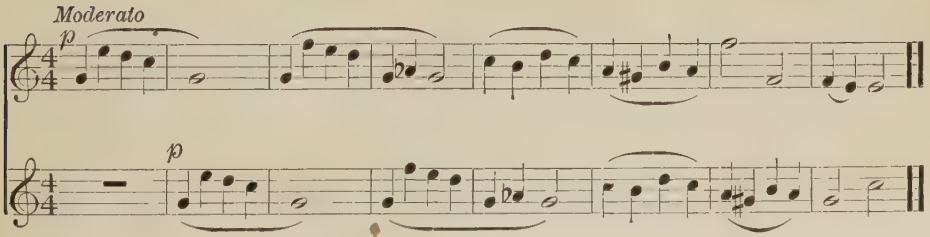
Moderato




mp
Free from strife; Af - fa - bil - i - ty, sweet tran - quil - i - ty,
free from strife, Af - fa - bil - i - ty, sweet tran -
True hu - mil - i - ty, All through life.
quil - i - ty, Ev - - er all through life.

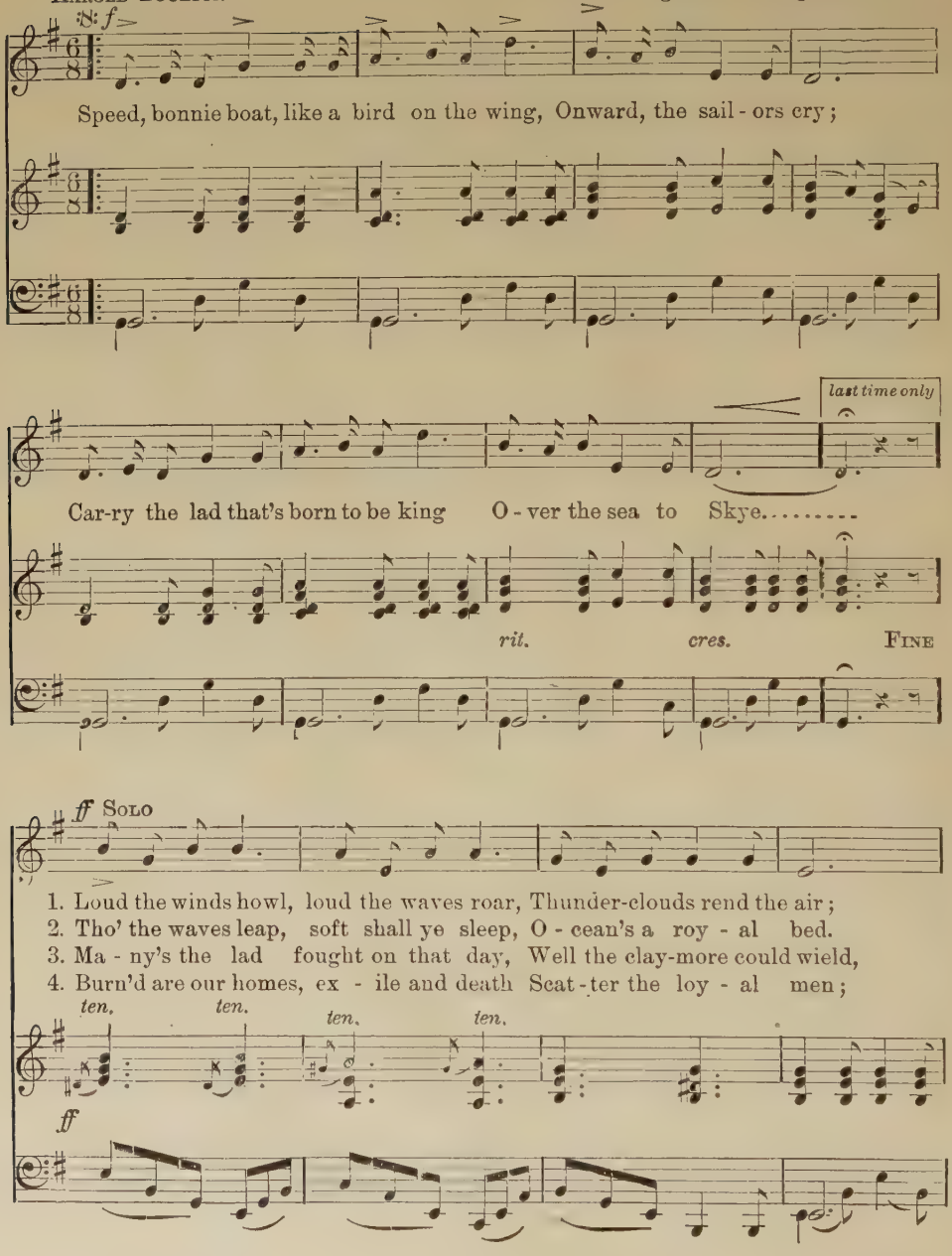
A Study

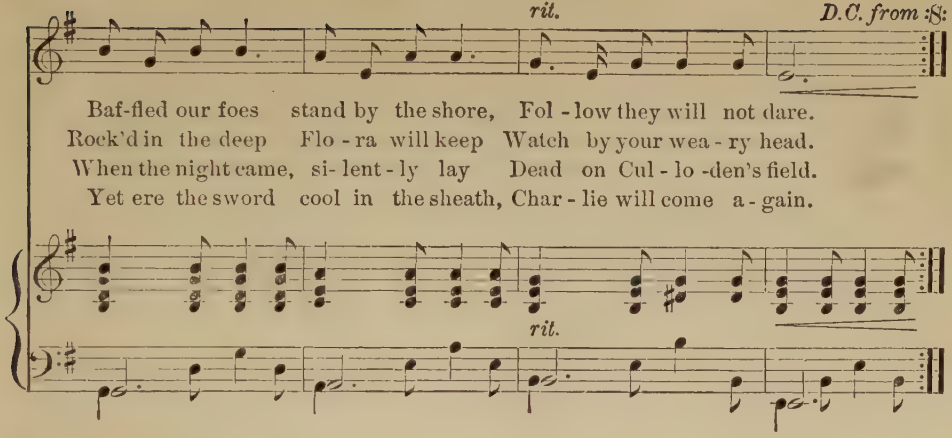
A Canon



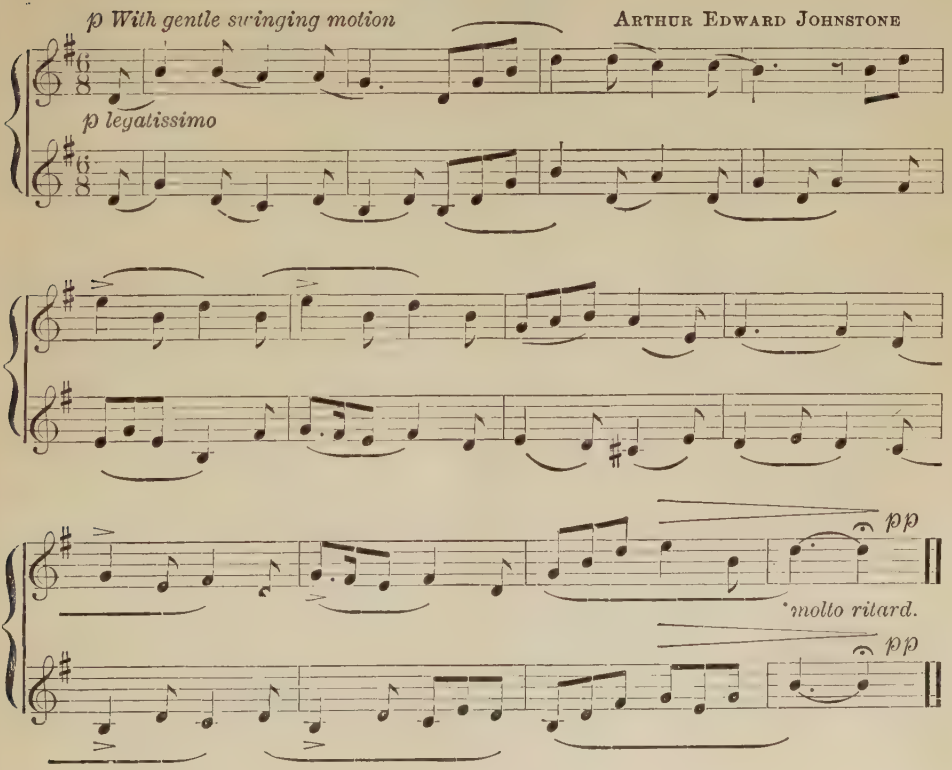
Skye Boat Song

HAROLD BOULTON — Old Highland Rowing-Measure


f
Speed, bonnie boat, like a bird on the wing, Onward, the sail - ors cry;
last time only
Car-ry the lad that's born to be king O - ver the sea to Skye.....
rit.
cres.
FINE
ff SOLO
1. Loud the winds howl, loud the waves roar, Thunder-clouds rend the air;
2. Tho' the waves leap, soft shall ye sleep, O - cean's a roy - al bed.
3. Ma - ny's the lad fought on that day, Well the clay-more could wield,
4. Burn'd are our homes, ex - ile and death Scat - ter the loy - al men;
ten.
ten.
ten.
ten.
ff


rit.
D.C. from :S:
Baf-fled our foes stand by the shore, Fol - low they will not dare.
Rock'd in the deep Flo - ra will keep Watch by your wea - ry head.
When the night came, si- lent - ly lay Dead on Cul - lo -den's field.
Yet ere the sword cool in the sheath, Char - lie will come a - gain.
rit.

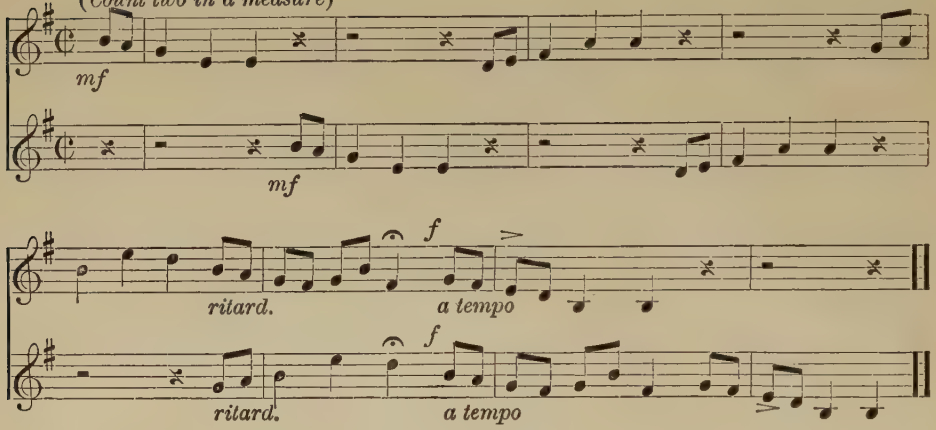
Barcarolle


p With gentle swinging motion
Arthur Edward Johnstone
p legatissimo
pp
molto ritard.
pp

Canon of Old Ireland

Allegro
(Count two in a measure)

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTON

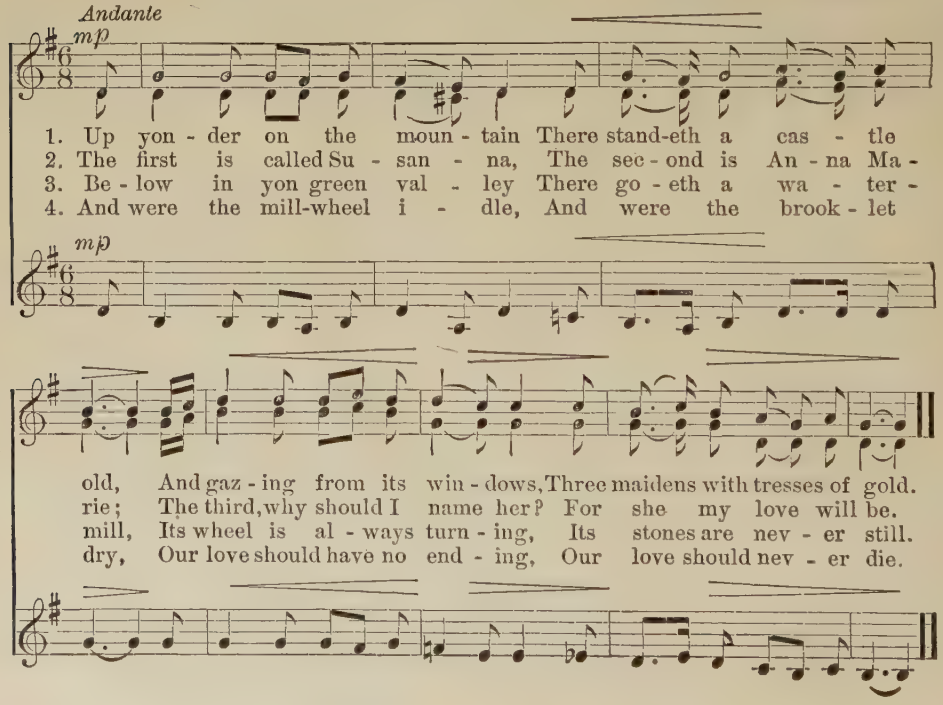


The Mill

Old Rhyme

Old German Folksong

Andante


mp
1. Up yon - der on the moun - tain There stand-eth a cas - tle
2. The first is called Su - san - na, The sec - ond is An - na Ma -
3. Be - low in yon green val - ley There go - eth a wa - ter -
4. And were the mill-wheel i - dle, And were the brook - let
mp
old, And gaz - ing from its win - dows, Three maidens with tresses of gold.
rie; The third, why should I name her? For she my love will be.
mill, Its wheel is al - ways turn - ing, Its stones are nev - er still.
dry, Our love should have no end - ing, Our love should nev - er die.

Midsummer Night

KATE FORMAN

HUGO JÜNGST

Allegro

mp

1. Your mer - ry feast, O sum - mer's height, Is sweet with hap - py
2. The bea - con fires are all a - blaze—We watch from loft - y
3. O lon - gest day of all the year The veil of dark - ness
4. We'll crown you with a wreath of light, Your day is all of

f

sing - ing, Your pearl - y night is full of light And peals of joy - bells
tow - ers; The fier - y can - non roar - ing praise Are decked with ros - y
scorn - ing, We hard - ly say "Good-night" to you Be - fore we say "Good
glad - ness; Your sub - jects are the elves of night, Your reign mid - sum - mer

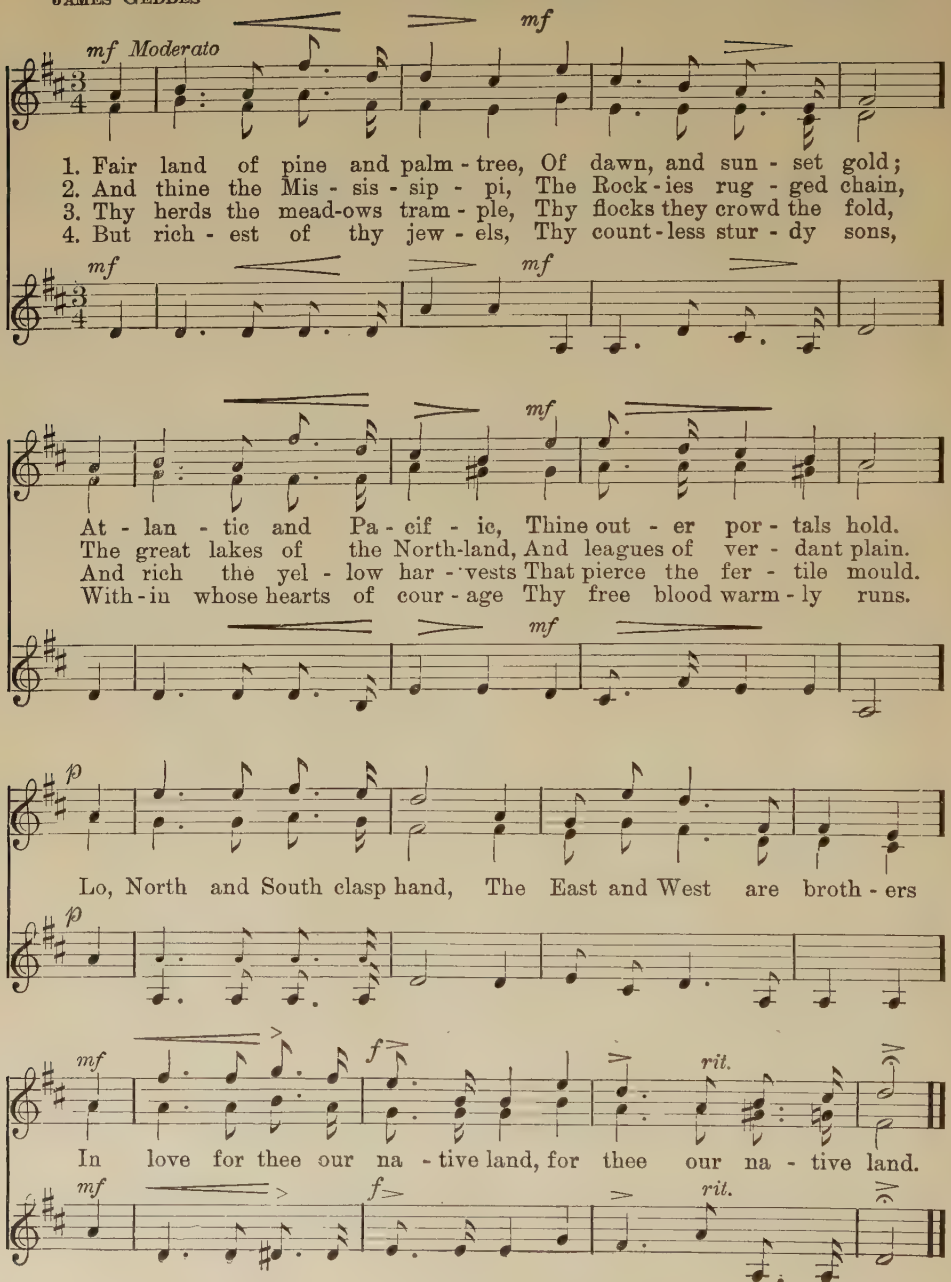
sf

ring - ing, And peals of joy - bells ring - ing; Your pearl - y night is
flow - ers, Are decked with ros - y flow - ers; The fier - y can - non
morn - ing," Be - fore we say "Good Morn - ing;" We hard - ly say "Good
mad - ness, Your reign mid - sum - mer mad - ness; Your sub - jects are the

full of light And peals of joy - bells ring - ing.
roar - ing praise Are decked with ros - y flow - ers.
night" to you Be - fore we say "Good morn - ing."
elves of night, Your reign mid - sum - mer mad - ness.

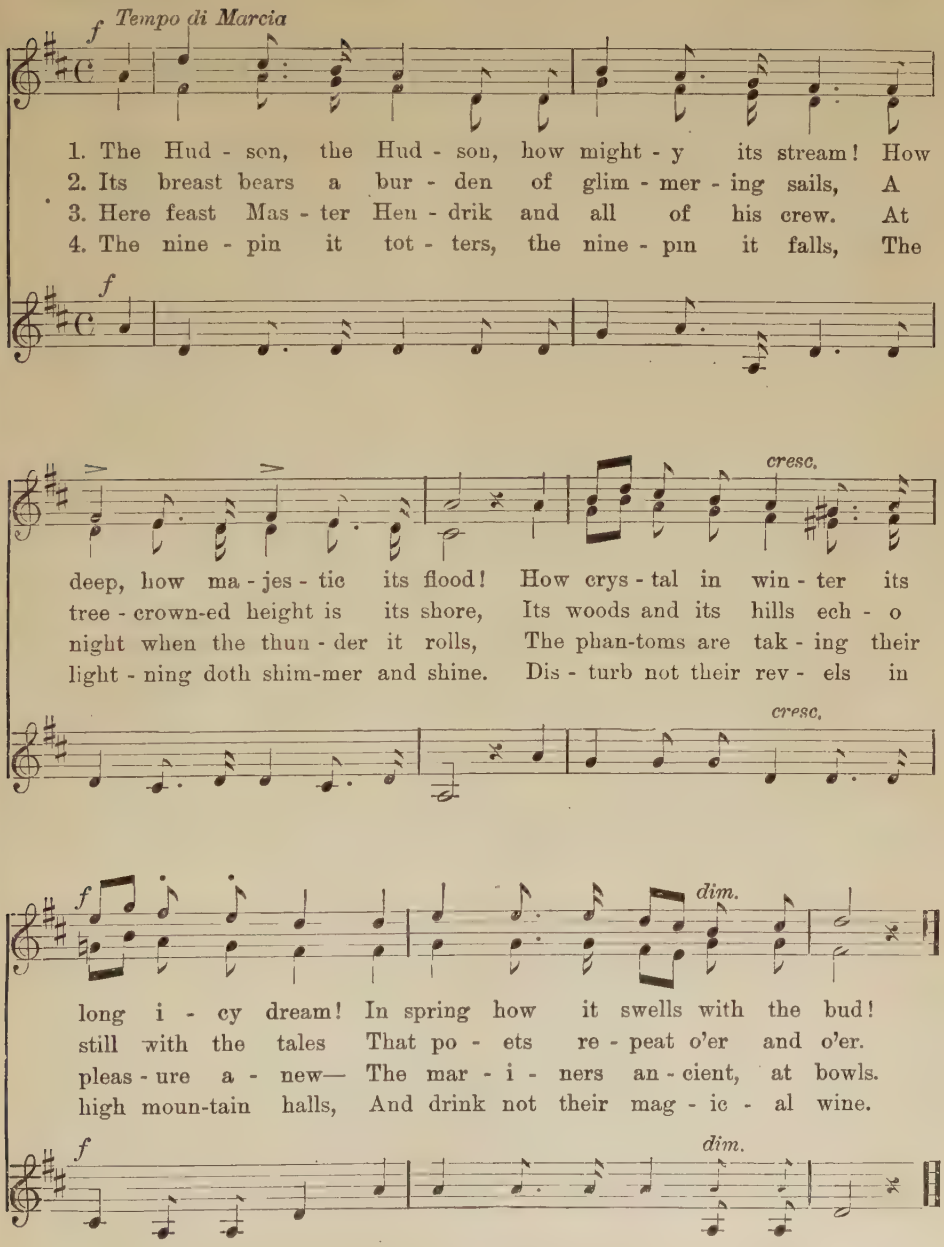
Patriotic Song

JAMES GEDDES FRANZ ABT


mf Moderato
mf
1. Fair land of pine and palm - tree, Of dawn, and sun - set gold;
2. And thine the Mis - sis - sip - pi, The Rock - ies rug - ged chain,
3. Thy herds the mead-ows tram - ple, Thy flocks they crowd the fold,
4. But rich - est of thy jew - els, Thy count - less stur - dy sons,
mf
mf
At - lan - tic and Pa - cif - ic, Thine out - er por - tals hold.
The great lakes of the North-land, And leagues of ver - dant plain.
And rich the yel - low har - vests That pierce the fer - tile mould.
With - in whose hearts of cour - age Thy free blood warm - ly runs.
mf
p
Lo, North and South clasp hand, The East and West are broth - ers
p
mf
f
rit.
In love for thee our na - tive land, for thee our na - tive land.
mf
f
rit.

The River Hudson

MARIE VANCE MORITZ VOGEL

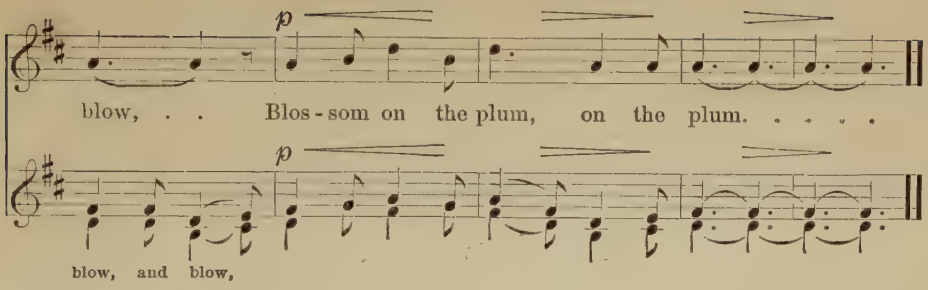

f
Tempo di Marcia
1. The Hud - son, the Hud - son, how might - y its stream! How
2. Its breast bears a bur - den of glim - mer - ing sails, A
3. Here feast Mas - ter Hen - drik and all of his crew. At
4. The nine - pin it tot - ters, the nine - pin it falls, The
f
cresc.
deep, how ma - jes - tic its flood! How crys - tal in win - ter its
tree - crown-ed height is its shore, Its woods and its hills ech - o
night when the thun - der it rolls, The phan-toms are tak - ing their
light - ning doth shim-mer and shine. Dis - turb not their rev - els in
cresc.
f
dim.
long i - cy dream! In spring how it swells with the bud!
still with the tales That po - ets re - peat o'er and o'er.
pleas - ure a - new— The mar - i - ners an - cient, at bowls.
high moun-tain halls, And drink not their mag - ic - al wine.
f
dim.

Blossom on the Plum

NORA HOPPER — MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG

Lightly and quickly

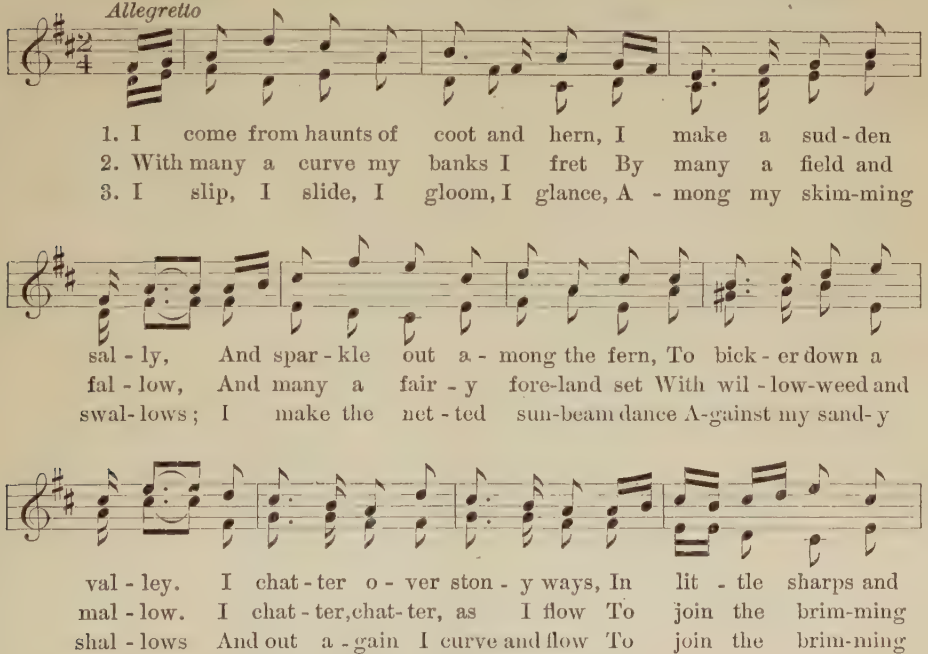
mp
1. Blos-som on the plum, Wild wind and mer-ry; Leaves up-on the
2. Red wind-y dawn, Swift rain and sun-ny; Wild bees seek-ing
p
cher-ry And one swal-low come. Blos-som on the plum. . . . . .
hon-ey, Cro-cus on the lawn; Blos-som on the plum. . . . . .
p
on the plum. . . . .
mf
3. Grass be-gins to grow, Dan-de-li-ons come; Snow-drops haste to
mf
ritard.
mp a tempo
go Aft-er last month's snow; . . Rough winds beat and
ritard.
mp a tempo
last month's snow;



The Brook

ALFRED TENNYSON W. W. GILCHRIST

Allegretto


1. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sud - den
2. With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and
3. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance, A - mong my skim-ming
sal - ly, And spar - kle out a - mong the fern, To bick - er down a
fal - low, And many a fair - y fore-land set With wil - low-weed and
swal-lows; I make the net - ted sun-beam dance A-gainst my sand- y
val - ley. I chat - ter o - ver ston - y ways, In lit - tle sharps and
mal - low. I chat - ter, chat- ter, as I flow To join the brim-ming
shal - lows And out a - gain I curve and flow To join the brim-ming
tre - bles, I bub - ble in - to ed - dying bays, I bab-ble on the peb-bles.
riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ev - er.
riv - er, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ev - er.

Oh, Wha's for Scotland and Charlie

Jacobite Song

Jacobite Air

Con anima

1. Oh, wha's for Scotland and Char - lie? Oh, wha's for Scotland and
2. It's up in the morn - ing ear - ly; It's up in the morn - ing
3. The flags are flee-ing fu' rare - ly, The flags are flee-ing fu'

Char - lie? He's come o'er the sea to his ain coun-trie, Now,
ear - ly; The bon - nie white rose, The plaid and the hose Are
rare - ly; And Char-lie's a - wa' To see his ain ha', And to

wha's for Scot-land and Char-lie? A - wa', a - wa', auld car - lie, A -
on for Scot-land and Char-lie. The swords are drawn now fair - ly, The
bang his faes right sair - ly. Then wha's for Soot-land and Char-lie, Then

wa', a - wa', auld car - lie, Gi'e Char - lie his crown and
swords are drawn now fair - ly, The swords they are drawn, And the
wha's for Scot - land and Char - lie, He's come o'er the sea To

let him sit down Whaur ye've been sae lang, auld car - lie!
pipes they hae blawn A pi - broch for Scot - land and Char - lie.
his ain coun - trie, Then wha's for Scot - land and Char - lie?

A Study

Arthur Edward Johnstone

Moderato *mp* *cres.*

p *cres.*

The Swallows

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN — FELICIEN DAVID

Moderato

1. Hap - py bird, spring's compan - ion! Wing your swift air - y flight;
2. Ros - es red, snow-y lau - rel, Gai - ly sweet flow'rs en - twine;
3. Flick - 'ring light dart-ing o - ver, Dip-ping bright wings in foam,

Glint - ing thro' cav - erns hol - low, Brush-ing high cliffs, O swal - low,
Free - ly their perfumes fling - ing, Far where the sea waves, sing - ing,
Fare - well for you, O swal - low, On - ly the winds may fol - low,

Her - ald bright, Her - ald bright, Her - ald bright. . . .
Dance and shine, Dance and shine, Dance and shine! . . . .
Fly - ing home, Fly - ing home, Fly - ing home. . . . .

Sea and Sky

KATE FORMAN

BRUNO WANDELT

Andante

mf

1. O, mys-tic sea, how great and far Your roll-ing, bounding bil - lows are; The
2. Your restless steps a-round the earth The pale moon sees with end-less mirth; Tho'
3. For all your depth and all your might Are nought in high - est heav-en's sight. You

mf

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

drift that strews your lone- ly sands Was waft- ed far from oth - er lands.
still to tow'r-ing heights you rise, You ne'er shall reach the glit-t'ring prize.
can but mir - ror clouds that fly Or sap - phire deep of crys - tal sky.

cres. *f* *dim.* *p*

A Study

Moderato

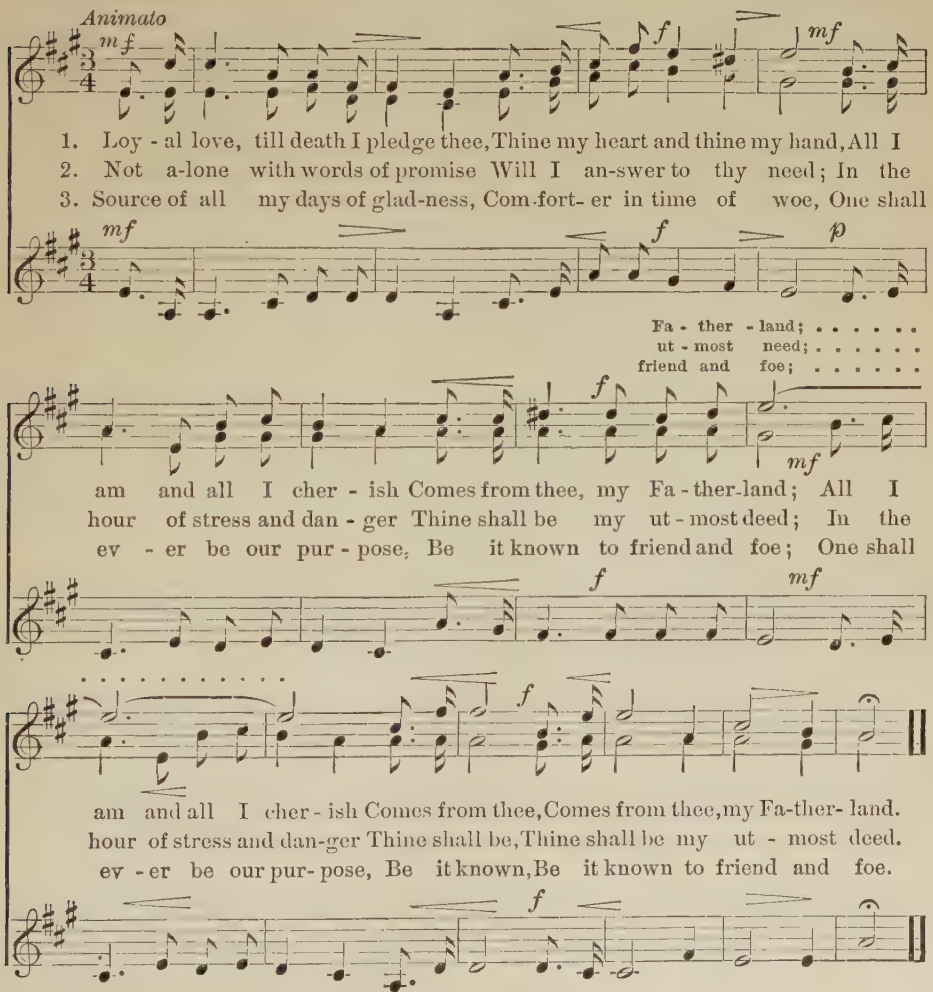
mp

mp *sfz*

sf

My Fatherland

JAMES GEDDES K. L. A. MANGOLD

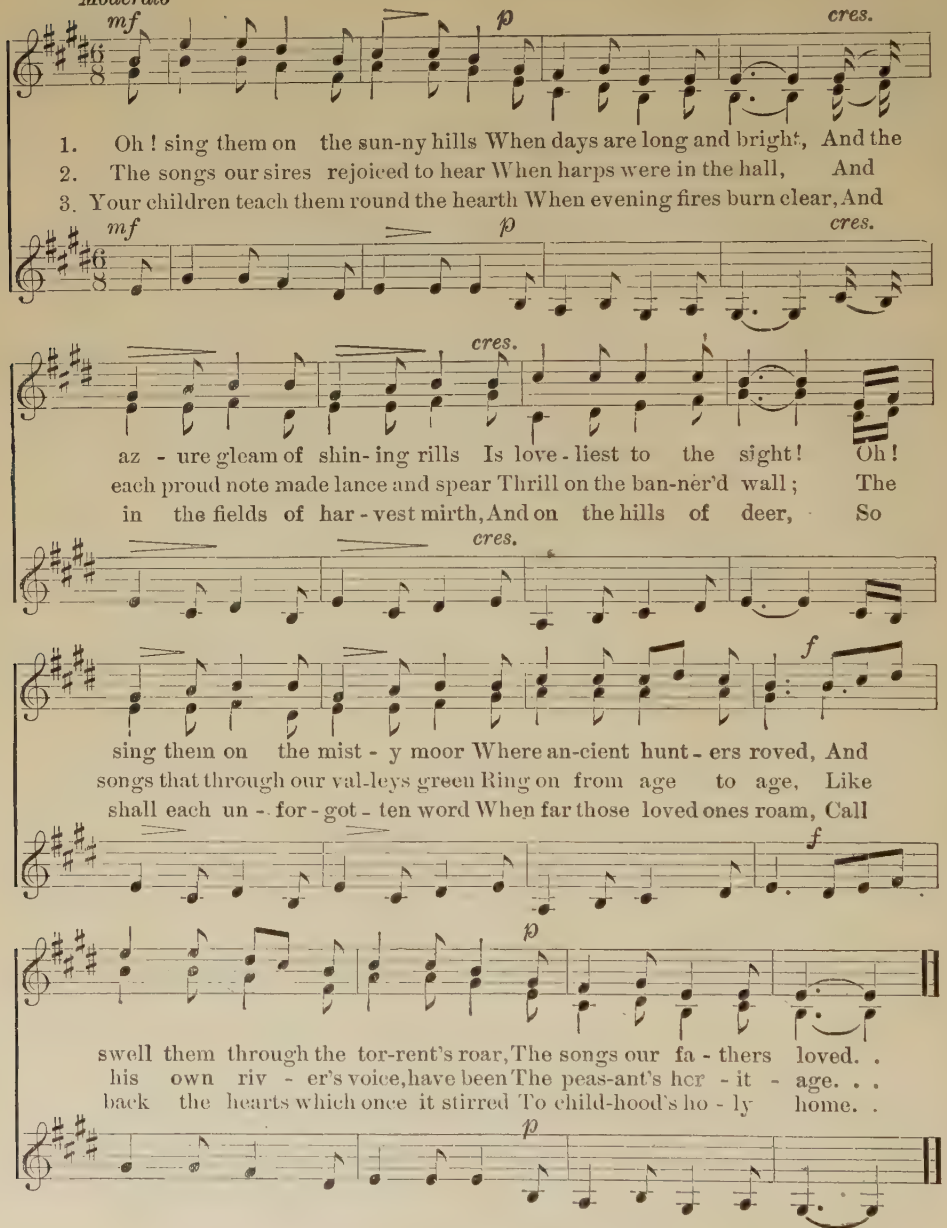

Animato
mf
f
mf
1. Loy - al love, till death I pledge thee, Thine my heart and thine my hand, All I
2. Not a-lone with words of promise Will I an-swer to thy need; In the
3. Source of all my days of glad-ness, Com-fort- er in time of woe, One shall
mf
f
p
Fa - ther - land; . . . . . .
ut - most need; . . . . . .
friend and foe; . . . . . .
f
mf
am and all I cher - ish Comes from thee, my Fa - ther-land; All I
hour of stress and dan - ger Thine shall be my ut - most deed; In the
ev - er be our pur - pose, Be it known to friend and foe; One shall
f
mf
f
am and all I cher - ish Comes from thee, Comes from thee, my Fa-ther- land.
hour of stress and dan-ger Thine shall be, Thine shall be my ut - most deed.
ev - er be our pur- pose, Be it known, Be it known to friend and foe.
f

The Songs Our Fathers Loved

Mrs. Hemans

Irish Air

Moderato


mf
p
cres.
1. Oh! sing them on the sun-ny hills When days are long and bright, And the
2. The songs our sires rejoiced to hear When harps were in the hall, And
3. Your children teach them round the hearth When evening fires burn clear, And
mf
p
cres.
cres.
az - ure gleam of shin- ing rills Is love - liest to the sight! Oh!
each proud note made lance and spear Thrill on the ban-ner'd wall; The
in the fields of har - vest mirth, And on the hills of deer, So
cres.
f
sing them on the mist - y moor Where an-cient hunt - ers roved, And
songs that through our val-leys green Ring on from age to age, Like
shall each un - for - got - ten word When far those loved ones roam, Call
f
p
swell them through the tor-rent's roar, The songs our fa - thers loved. .
his own riv - er's voice, have been The peas-ant's hor - it - age. . .
back the hearts which once it stirred To child-hood's ho - ly home. .
p

Norse Cradle Song

From the Norwegian

Norwegian Melody
Arr. H. W. L.

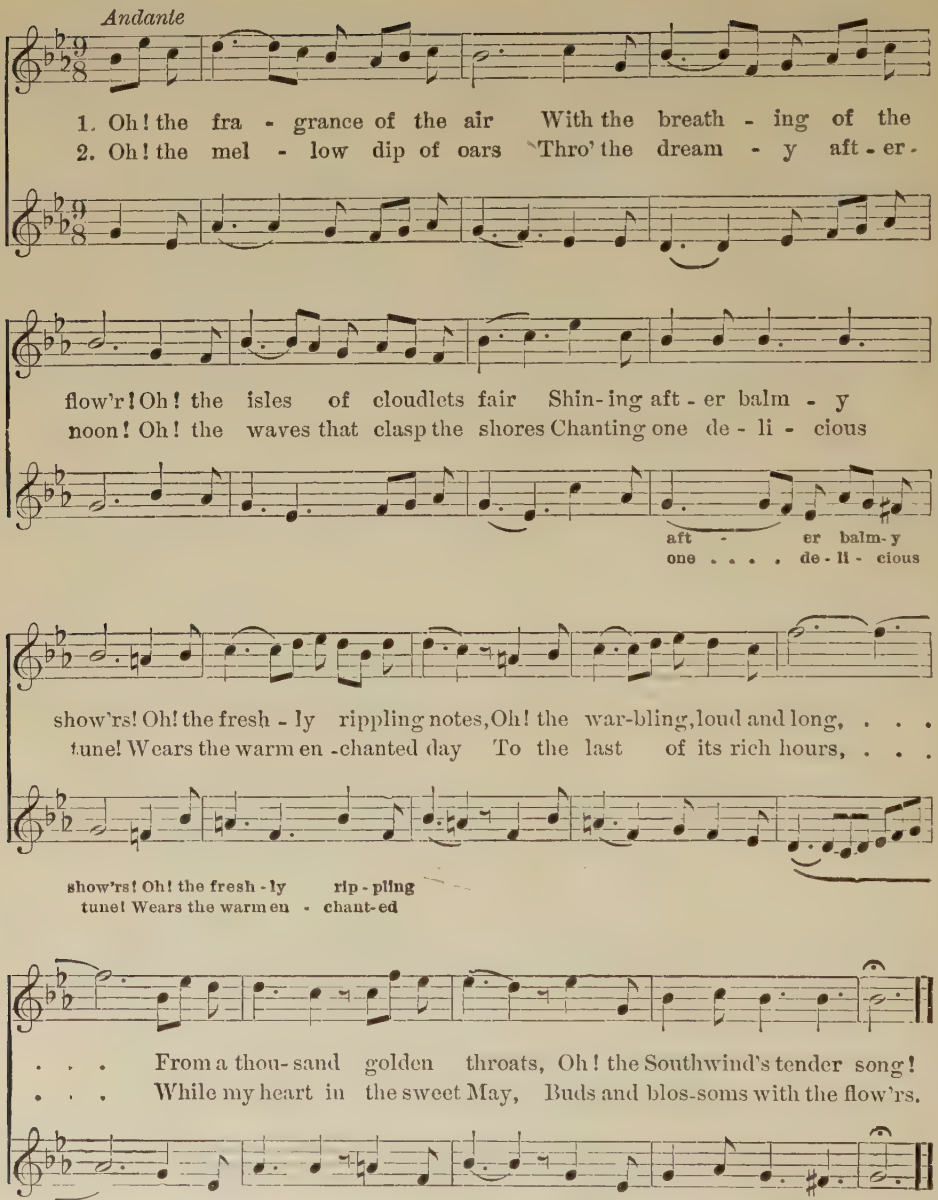
Allegretto

pp
mp
1. Hush - a - by, my ba - by dear, Win - ter winds are bleak and drear;
2. Lul - la - by, my gold - en heart, Sweet in life may be thy part;
3. Rock - a - by, my lit - tle boy, Off to dream-land where is joy.
2d Sop. Hush a - by, my ba - by,
mp
p
Alto. Off to dream-land now,
pp
mp
But they will not blow for - ev - er, Will not blow for - ev - er;
Here I pray while thou art sleep - ing, While my babe is sleep - ing.
Slum - ber with no care or sor - row, Have no care or sor - row.
Here I pray while thou'rt a - sleep,
mp
p
mf
sleep,
p
mf
Ice and snow will melt a-way, Spring will bring the birds some day;
Tho' thy fa - ther is not near He has tho'ts of thee, my dear,
Ho - ly an - gels, sweet and mild, Night - ly guard thee, dar - ling child;
mf
my ba - by, sleep. Slum - ber soft and sweet - ly,
mp
pp
rit.
Then the smil - ing sun - ny weath - er, Smil - ing sun - ny weath - er!
Know - ing thou art safe in keep - ing, Safe in moth - er's keep - ing.
They will bring thee back to - mor - row, Bring thee back to - mor - row.
mp
pp
rit.
Slum - ber, my ba - by, Sleep, my ba - by!

Sweet May

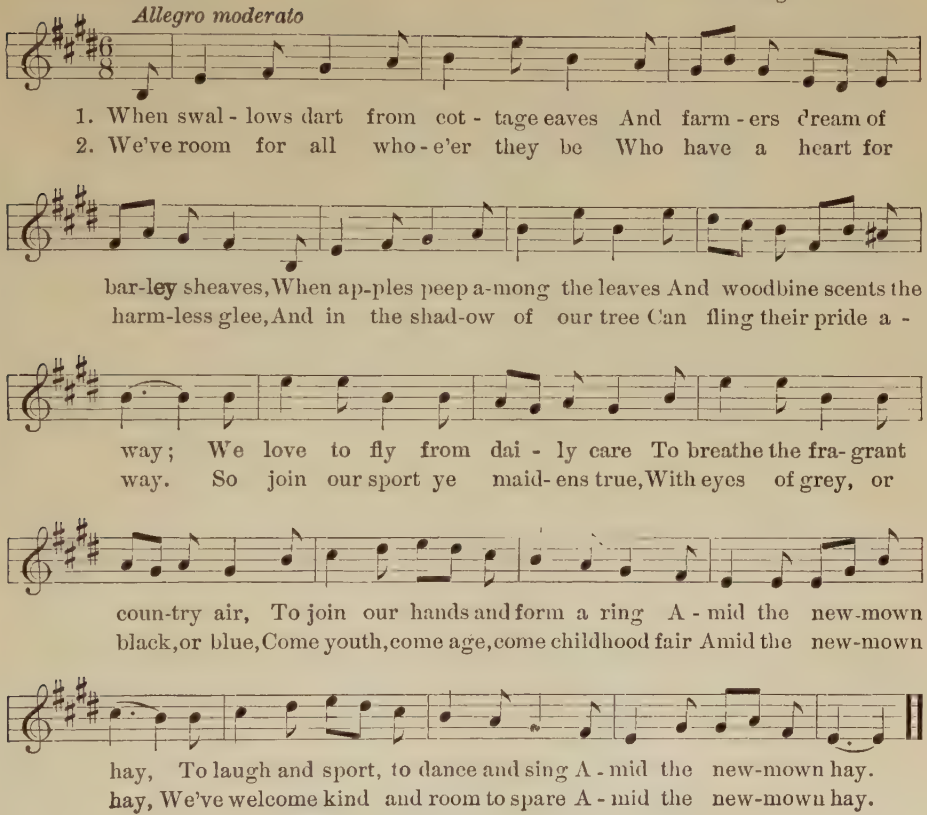
CELIA THAXTER — W. W. GILCHRIST

Andante


1. Oh! the fra - grance of the air With the breath - ing of the
2. Oh! the mel - low dip of oars Thro' the dream - y aft - er -
flow'r! Oh! the isles of cloudlets fair Shin- ing aft - er balm - y
noon! Oh! the waves that clasp the shores Chanting one de - li - cious
aft - er balm- y
one . . . . de - li - cious
show'rs! Oh! the fresh - ly rippling notes, Oh! the war-bling, loud and long, . . .
tune! Wears the warm en - chanted day To the last of its rich hours, . . .
show'rs! Oh! the fresh - ly rip - pling
tune! Wears the warm en - chant-ed
. . . From a thou- sand golden throats, Oh! the Southwind's tender song!
. . . While my heart in the sweet May, Buds and blos-soms with the flow'rs.

The New Mown Hay

CHARLES MACKAY — Old English Tune


Allegro moderato
1. When swal - lows dart from cot - tage eaves And farm - ers dream of bar-ley sheaves, When ap-ples peep a-mong the leaves And woodbine scents the way; We love to fly from dai - ly care To breathe the fra- grant coun-try air, To join our hands and form a ring A - mid the new-mown hay, To laugh and sport, to dance and sing A - mid the new-mown hay.
2. We've room for all who - e'er they be Who have a heart for harm-less glee, And in the shad-ow of our tree Can fling their pride a - way. So join our sport ye maid- ens true, With eyes of grey, or black, or blue, Come youth, come age, come childhood fair Amid the new-mown hay, We've welcome kind and room to spare A - mid the new-mown hay.

A Study

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Golden Days

Brightly and joyfully

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

mf

1. The days are glid-ing swift-ly by, The days so bright and gold - en; In
2. The earth is warm with life and joy, The air is full of splen - dor; And
3. Oh Giv - er of these sum-mer hours, All na-ture sings Thy prais - es, From
4. And at Thy feet we too would sing With all Thy crea-tures liv - ing. A

mf

cres.

leaf and flow'r the sum - mer writes Her po - em sweet and old - en.
un - to all the south wind brings Her mes - sage sweet and ten - der.
moun-tain peak to where the flow'r Its low - ly bloom up - rais - es.
song of mirth, a song of joy, A song of glad thanks-giv - ing.

cres.

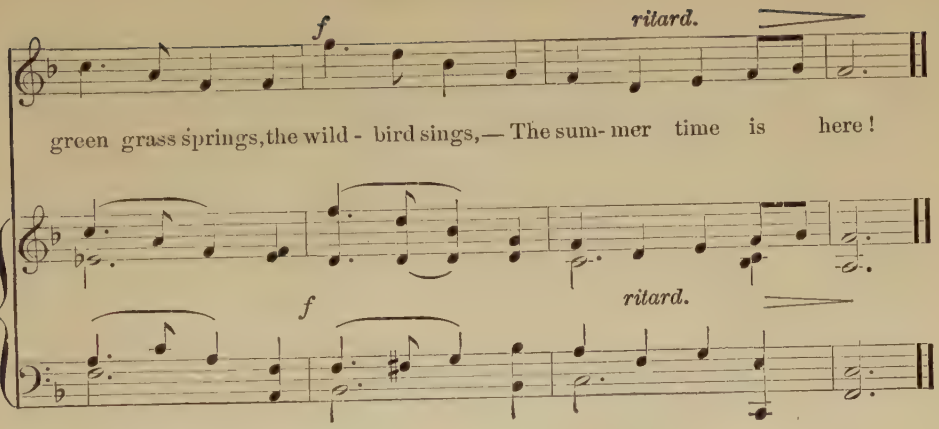
REFRAIN

a little slower

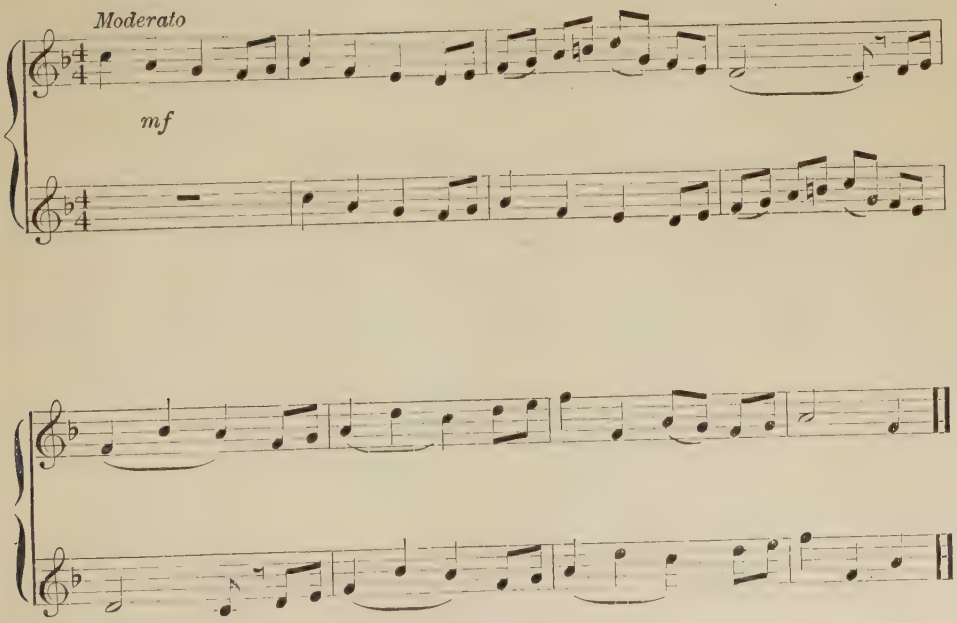
cres.

The gold - en days! The long bright days! The glad-dest of the year, The

cres.


f
ritard.
green grass springs, the wild - bird sings,— The sum- mer time is here!
f
ritard.

A Canon

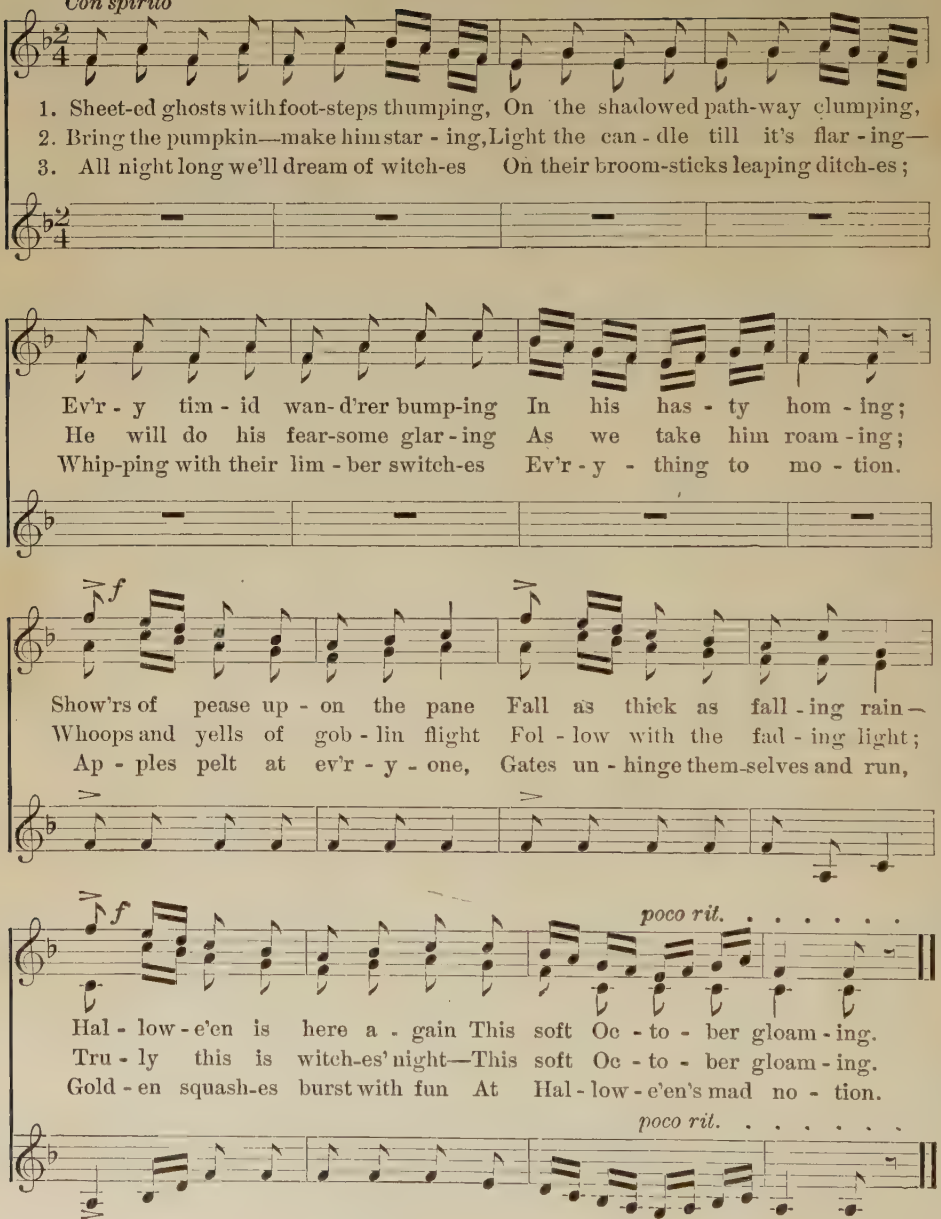

Moderato
mf

Hallowe'en

ELIZABETH NOXON

Old English Tune

Con spirito


1. Sheet-ed ghosts with foot-steps thumping, On the shadowed path-way clumping,
2. Bring the pumpkin—make him star - ing, Light the can - dle till it's flar - ing—
3. All night long we'll dream of witch-es On their broom-sticks leaping ditch-es;
Ev'r - y tim - id wan-d'rer bump-ing In his has - ty hom - ing;
He will do his fear-some glar - ing As we take him roam - ing;
Whip-ping with their lim - ber switch-es Ev'r - y - thing to mo - tion.
f
Show'rs of pease up - on the pane Fall as thick as fall - ing rain—
Whoops and yells of gob - lin flight Fol - low with the fad - ing light;
Ap - ples pelt at ev'r - y - one, Gates un - hinge them-selves and run,
f
poco rit.
Hal - low - e'en is here a - gain This soft Oc - to - ber gloam - ing.
Tru - ly this is witch-es' night—This soft Oc - to - ber gloam - ing.
Gold - en squash-es burst with fun At Hal - low - e'en's mad no - tion.
poco rit.

Hail, Evening Bright

Queen Marie Antoinette

Andantino
p
pp
poco rit.
1. Hush'd in si - lence, even-ing clo - ses On the bus - y scenes of toil,
2. High the sil - ver moon is soar - ing, In the blue ex - panse of sky;
3. Hills and val - leys cooled by breez - es Flush with life ere dawns the morn;
p
mf
cres.
Wea - ry na - ture soon com - pos - es In - to rest her teem-ing soil.
Swift her pale ef - ful - gence pour - ing On earth's fair - est scen - er - y.
Slumb'ring beau-ty nev - er cea - ses Fair her feat - ures to a - dorn.
mf
cres.
a poco sostenuto
p
cres.
p
Still - ness a - round; Si - lence pro - found! Even - ing has earth in
Pil - low'd to rest, Na - ture op - press'd, Even - ing re - stores with
Hail, even - ing bright, Soft glows thy light, Even - ing, oh, leave us
p
poco rit.
a tempo
slum - ber bound, Even-ing has earth in slum - ber bound.
qui - et blest, Even-ing re - stores with qui - et blest.
thy de - light, Even-ing, oh, leave us thy de - light.

Evening Song

JAMES GEDDES

Andante

mp

C. M. BECKER

1. The gold of the even - ing is o - ver, The
2. The sounds of the night - fall—how fleet - ing— A
3. The si - lence of twi - light is bro - ken By

mf

sil - ver of twi - light is nigh; Soon fire - flies will flit o'er the
twit-tered good - night from the birds, The lamb-kin's last tim - or - ous
nought but the whip-poor-will's cry, And quiv - er - ing leaves that be -

p

clo - ver, And stars fill the dome of the sky.
bleat - ing, The last tink - ling bell of the herds.
to - ken The breeze that goes drow - si - ly by.

Evening Song

H. VON FALLERSLEBEN

Andante

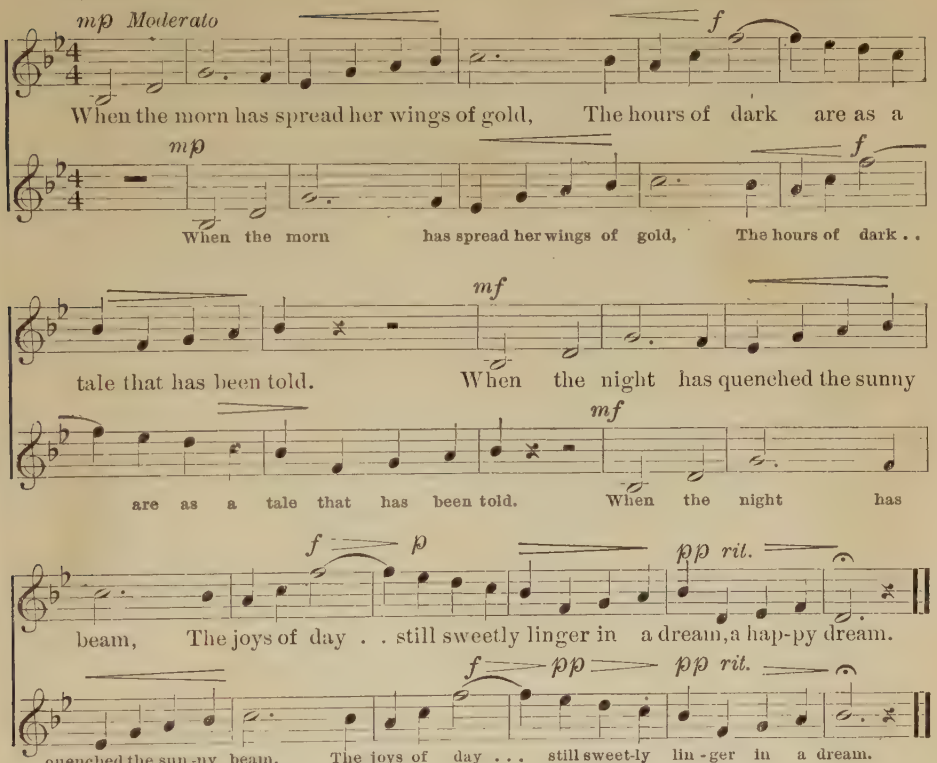
C. H. RINCK

1. Even - ing hith - er wend - ing Dark - ens wood and wold;
2. Still the brook - let gush - es O'er its rock - y floor,
3. When the chimes are ring - ing Day - light down the west,
4. Such my heart so lone - ly Is thine anx - ious guest—

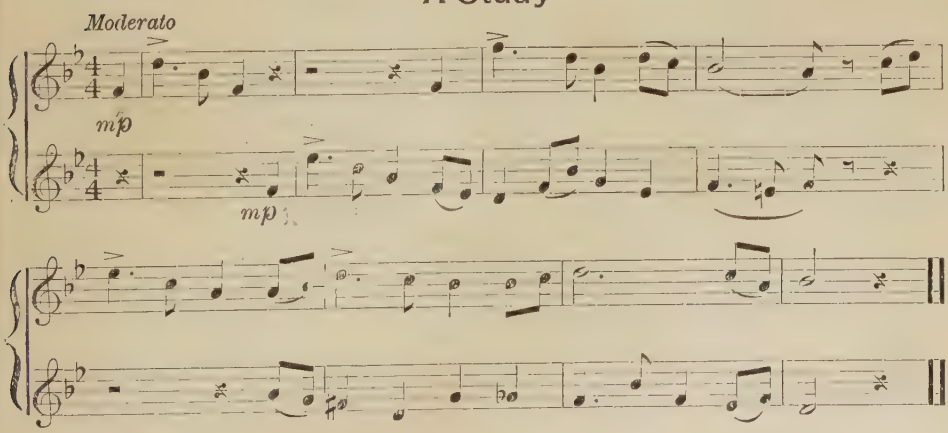
Si - lent - ly de - scend - ing, Peace the earth doth fold.
Bab - bling, leaps and rush - es On - ward ev - er - more.
Even - ing ne'er is bring - ing Brook - let peace nor rest.
Heav'n and heav - en on - ly Gives thee per - fect rest.

Morn and Eve

VICTOR N. PIERPONT. ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE


mp Moderato
f
When the morn has spread her wings of gold, The hours of dark are as a
mp
f
When the morn has spread her wings of gold, The hours of dark . .
mf
tale that has been told. When the night has quenched the sunny
mf
are as a tale that has been told. When the night has
f
p
pp rit.
beam, The joys of day . . still sweetly linger in a dream, a hap-py dream.
f
pp
pp rit.
quenched the sun-ny beam, The joys of day . . . still sweet-ly lin-ger in a dream.

A Study



Sleep, Baby, Sleep

Old Rhyme

German Cradle Song

Moderato

p *pp*

1. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, ah, sleep; Thy fa - ther minds the
2. Sleep, ba - by, sleep, ah, sleep; The sky is full of

p *pp*

sheep, the sheep; Thy moth - er shakes the dream - land tree, And
sheep, of sheep; The stars are lamb - kins soft and white, A

pp

lit - tle dreams fall down on thee. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.
shep - herd - ess, the moon so bright. Sleep, ba - by, sleep.

pp

The Sergeant

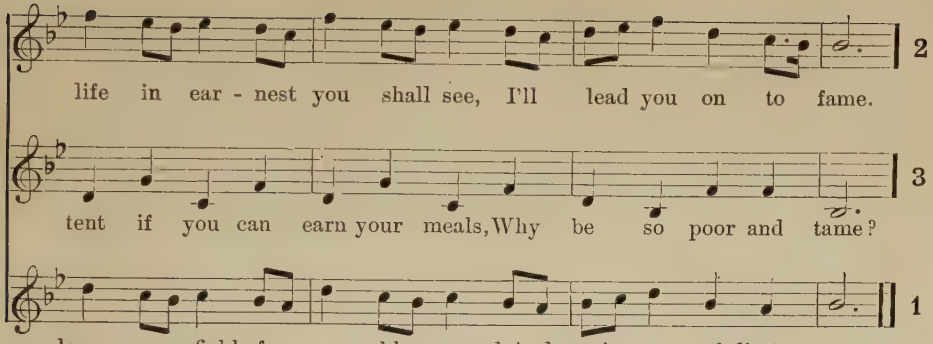
Andantino

J. S. Smith

1 Come, no - ble lads, en - list with me And

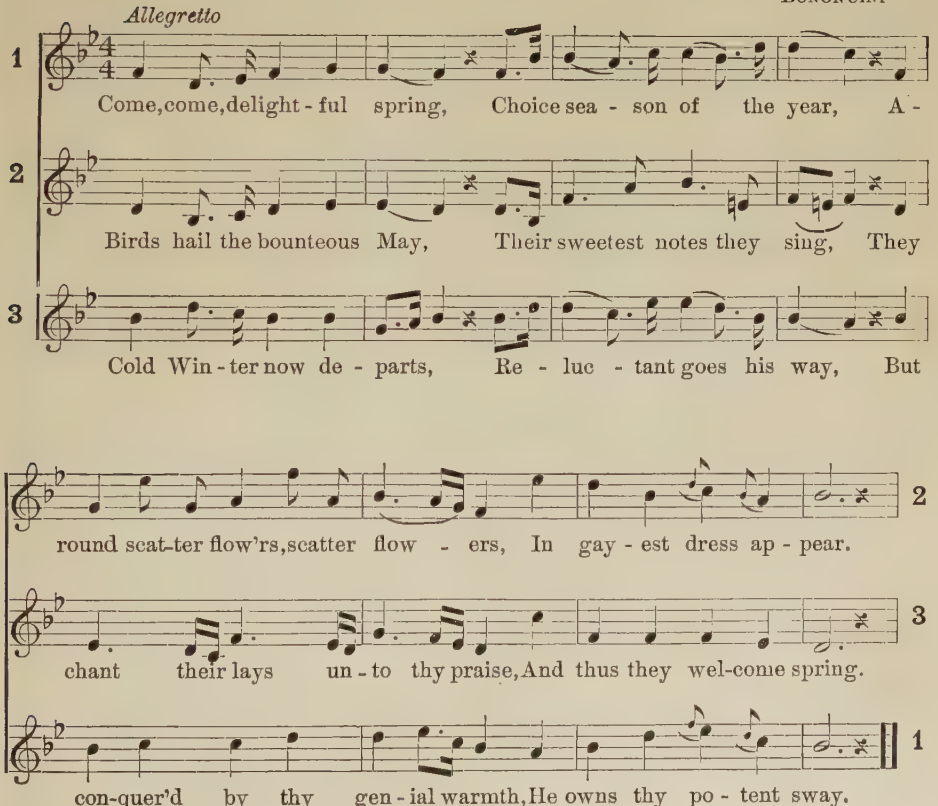
2 Why waste your life in plough - ing fields? Con -

3 Now hear the roll - ing drums re - sound, Come


life in ear - nest you shall see, I'll lead you on to fame. 2
tent if you can earn your meals, Why be so poor and tame? 3
leave your fields for no - bler ground, And win a sol-dier's name. 1

Round

BONONCINI


Allegretto
1
Come, come, delight - ful spring, Choice sea - son of the year, A -
2
Birds hail the bounteous May, Their sweetest notes they sing, They
3
Cold Win - ter now de - parts, Re - luc - tant goes his way, But
round scat-ter flow'rs, scatter flow - ers, In gay - est dress ap - pear. 2
chant their lays un - to thy praise, And thus they wel-come spring. 3
con-quer'd by thy gen - ial warmth, He owns thy po - tent sway. 1

Garden Fancies

GEORGE WESTPARK

G. B. MARTINI

Andantino

p

1. A- down the grav-el gar-den walk The four - o'-clocks are grow-ing; They're
2. The la - dy- slip-pers hanging here, O how their col - ors va - ry! I

cres.

p

rath - er la - zy flow-er - folk To be so late in blow - ing. They
won-der who the la - dy is Who wears those sandals air - y. Her

cres.

miss the ear - ly af - ter-noon, 'Tis now past three, they'll o - pen soon And
foot must be so ver - y small You'd scarcely no - tice it at all—Per -

f

mp *molto rall.*

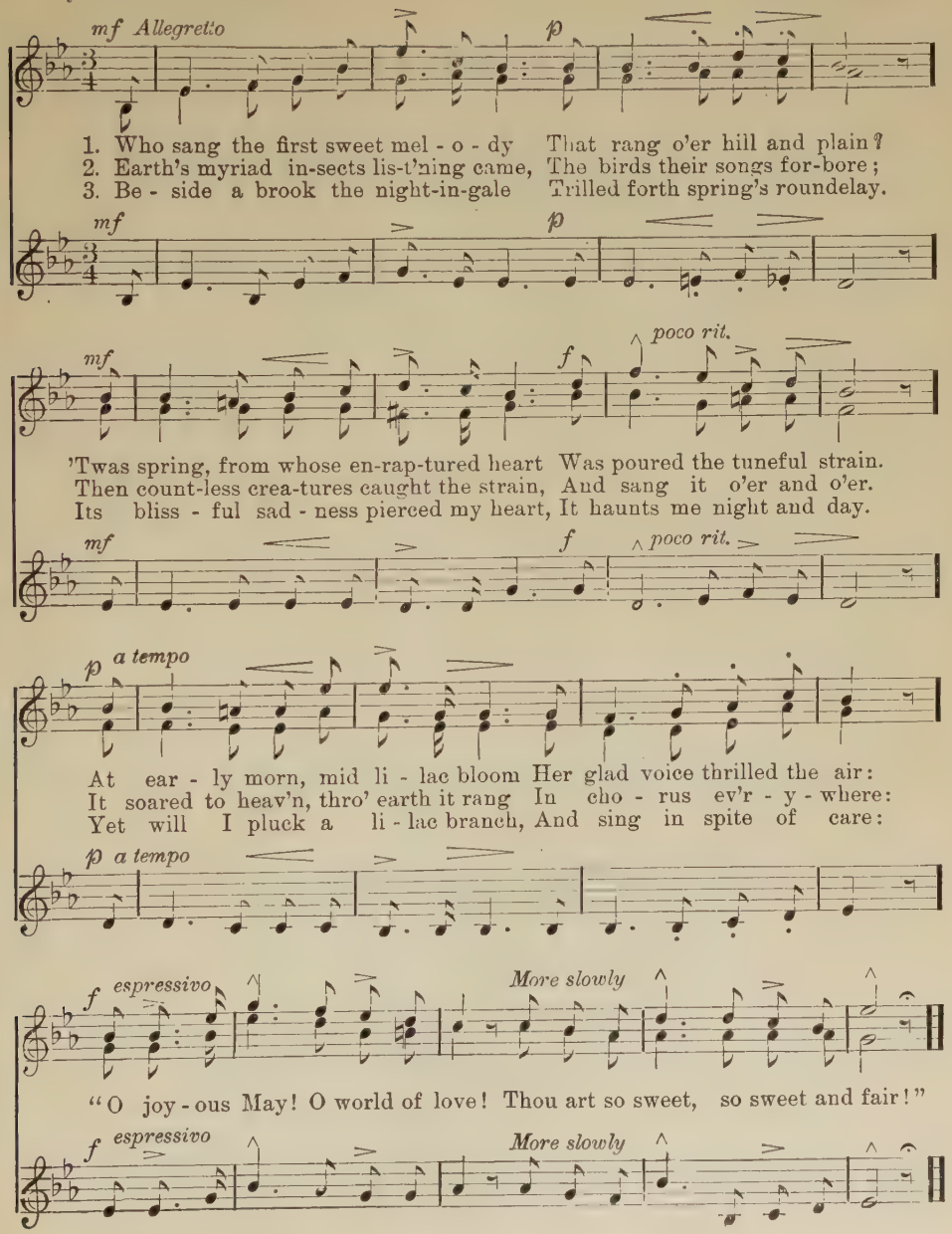
make a bril - liant show-ing, And make a bril- liant show - ing.
haps she is a fair - y, Per - haps she is a fair - y!

A Study

The First Song

Adapted from the German
by Laura E. Poulsson

Hugo Jüngst


mf Allegretto
p
1. Who sang the first sweet mel - o - dy That rang o'er hill and plain?
2. Earth's myriad in-sects lis-t'ning came, The birds their songs for-bore;
3. Be - side a brook the night-in-gale Trilled forth spring's roundelay.
mf
p
mf
poco rit.
f
'Twas spring, from whose en-rap-tured heart Was poured the tuneful strain.
Then count-less crea-tures caught the strain, And sang it o'er and o'er.
Its bliss - ful sad - ness pierced my heart, It haunts me night and day.
mf
f
poco rit.
p a tempo
At ear - ly morn, mid li - lac bloom Her glad voice thrilled the air:
It soared to heav'n, thro' earth it rang In cho - rus ev'r - y - where:
Yet will I pluck a li - lac branch, And sing in spite of care:
p a tempo
f espressivo
More slowly
"O joy - ous May! O world of love! Thou art so sweet, so sweet and fair!"
f espressivo
More slowly

The Greenwood

English

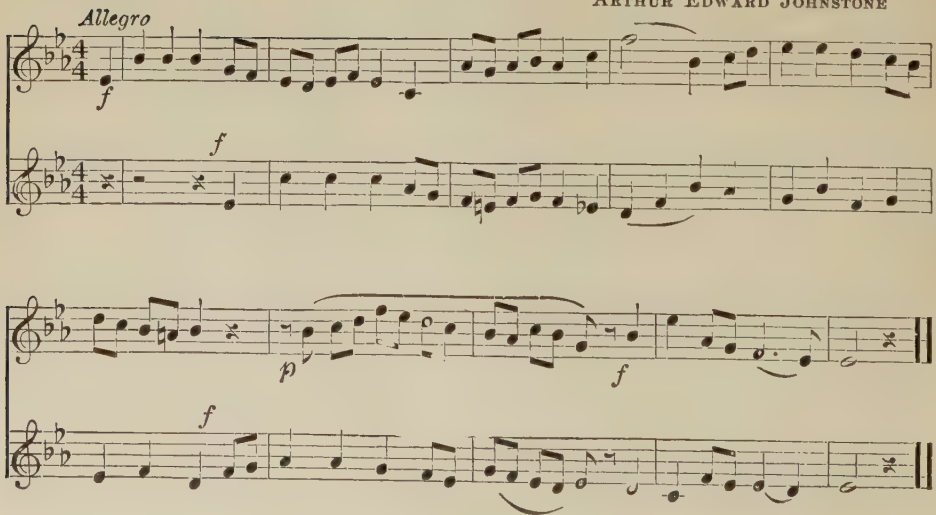
JAMES HOOK

Allegro

1. The sail - or loves the sea, The sol - dier, fife and bu - gle; Of
2. When morn-ing gilds the skies I rove be - neath the beech - es, The
pleas - ant ways there ma - ny be But one a - lone has
lark, the thrush, her car - ol plies, I bathe in fresh - ness
charms for me, The wood, the blithe green-wood, the wood for me!
heart and eyes, The wood, the blithe green-wood, the wood for me!

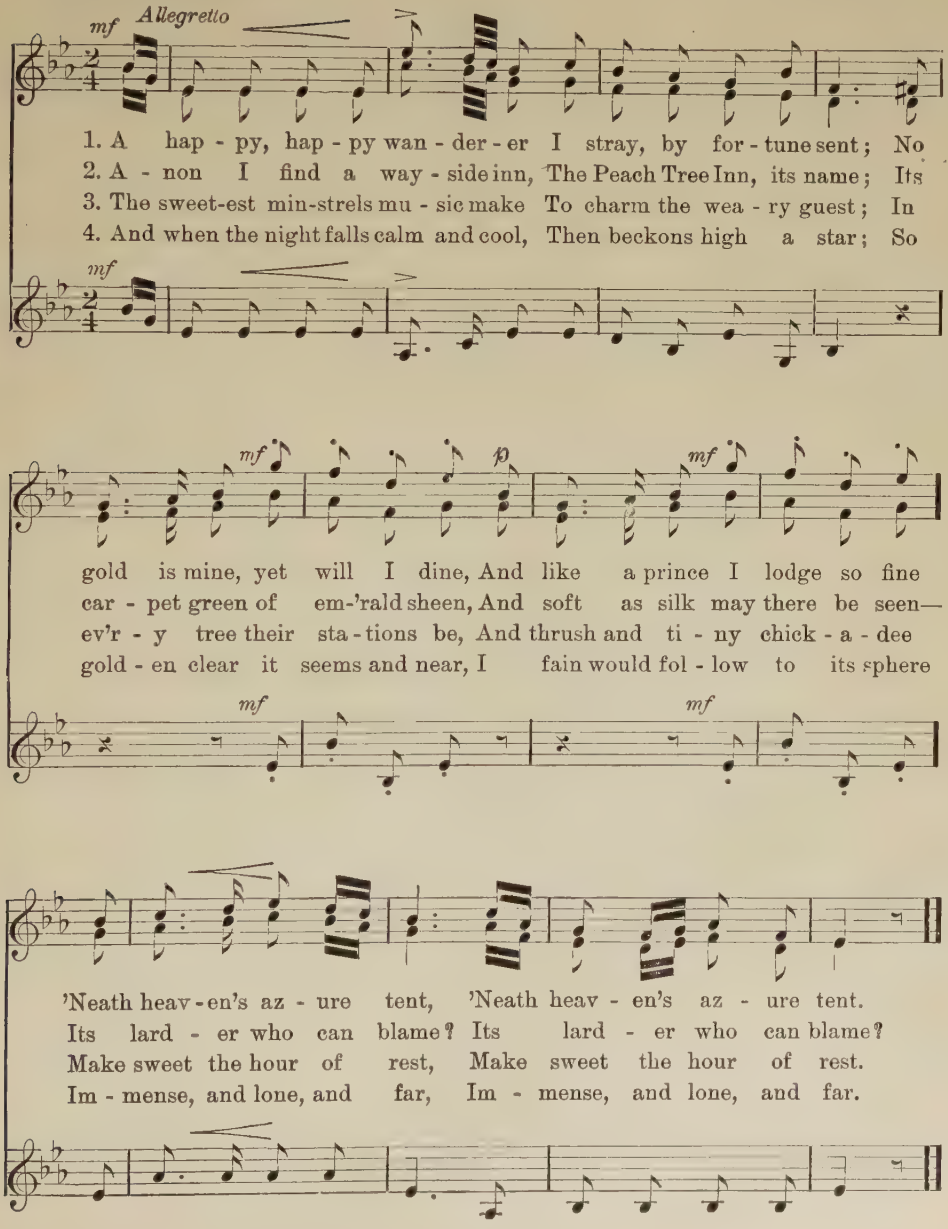
A Study

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



The Happy Wanderer

FRIEDRICH FORSTER F. CURSCHMANN


mf Allegretto
1. A hap - py, hap - py wan - der - er I stray, by for - tune sent; No
2. A - non I find a way - side inn, The Peach Tree Inn, its name; Its
3. The sweet-est min-strels mu - sic make To charm the wea - ry guest; In
4. And when the night falls calm and cool, Then beckons high a star; So
mf
mf p mf
gold is mine, yet will I dine, And like a prince I lodge so fine
car - pet green of em-'rald sheen, And soft as silk may there be seen—
ev'r - y tree their sta - tions be, And thrush and ti - ny chick - a - dee
gold - en clear it seems and near, I fain would fol - low to its sphere
mf mf
'Neath heav - en's az - ure tent, 'Neath heav - en's az - ure tent.
Its lard - er who can blame? Its lard - er who can blame?
Make sweet the hour of rest, Make sweet the hour of rest.
Im - mense, and lone, and far, Im - mense, and lone, and far.

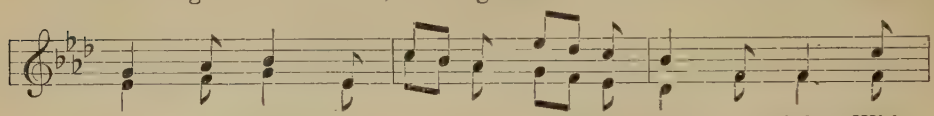
Christmas Song

Trans. from the German

BENJAMINE HAMMA

Andantino

1. 'Tis Christ - mas eve with all its cheer, The chim - ing bells sound
2. The ta - per'd trees are all a - glow, Their la - den branch - es
3. The joy of giv - ing fills the heart And makes the day a
4. A song that sweet - er, stron - ger swells And ev - er of re -



crisp and clear; With - out, the cold and frost - y night, With -
bend - ing low With fruit-age rich of Christ - mas store As
day a - part; The heart o'er - flows, till clear and strong Rings
joi - cing tells, Till wea-ried hearts must needs for - get The

in, the yule log's rud - dy light; With - out, the cold and
ne'er bright sum - mer branch - es bore; With fruit - age rich of
out a heart - y yule - tide song; The heart o'er - flows, till
dai - ly round of toil and fret; Till wea - ried hearts must

frost - y night, With - in, the yule log's rud - dy light.
Christ - mas store As ne'er bright sum - mer branch-es bore.
clear and strong Rings out a heart - y yule - tide song.
needs for - get The dai - ly round of toil and fret.

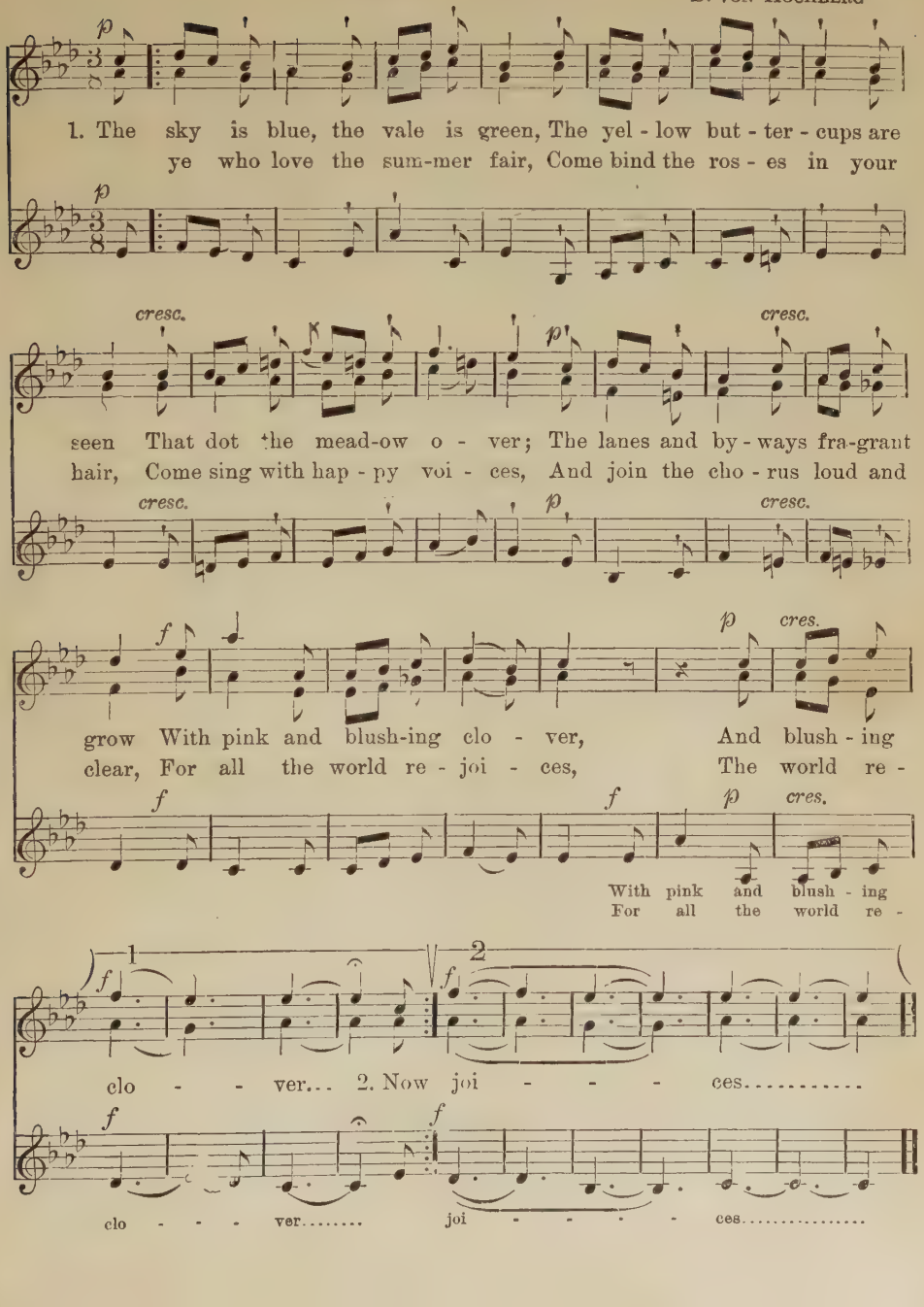
A Study

With gentle, swinging motion

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

Song of Summer

B. von Hochberg

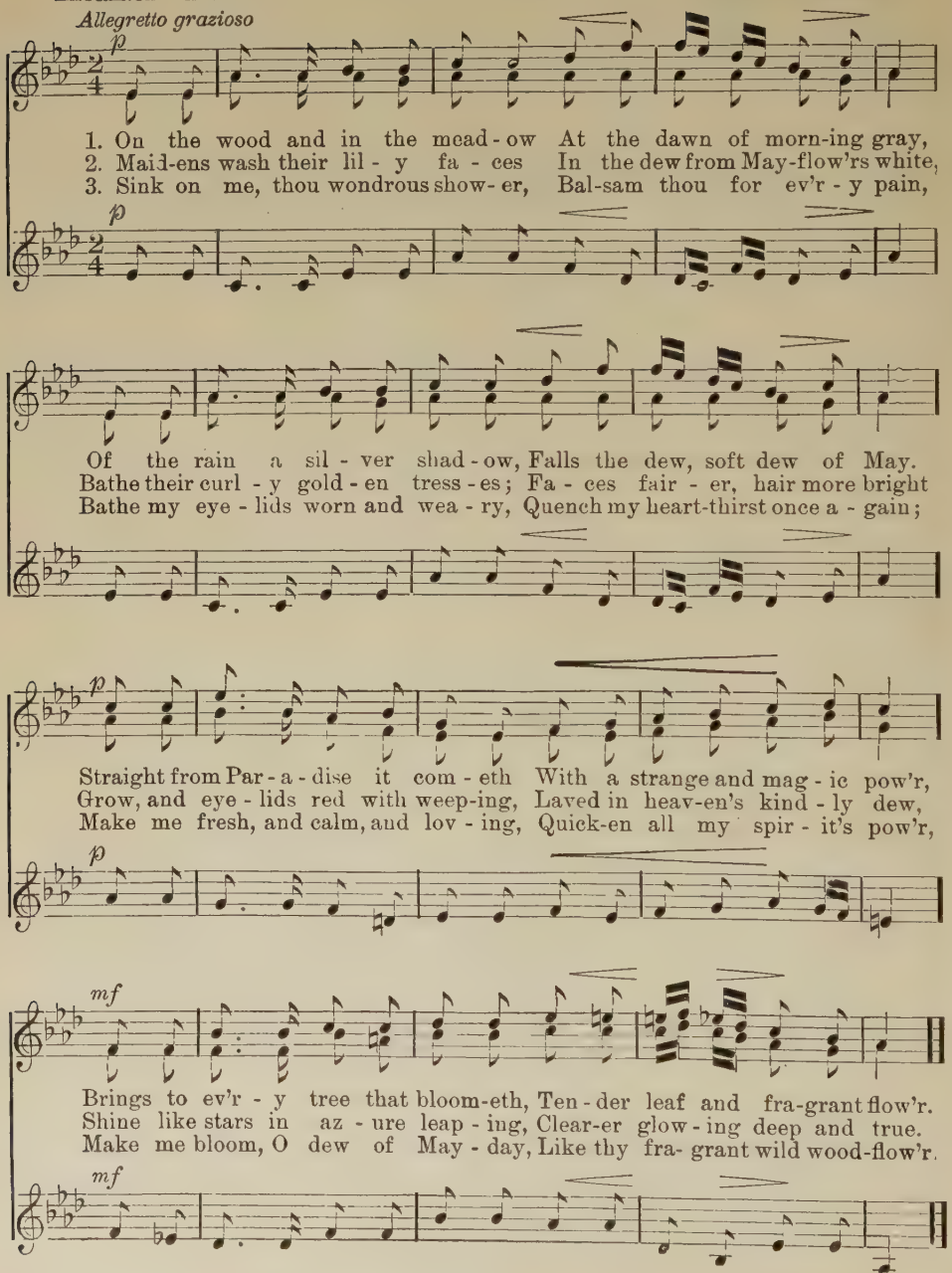

p
1. The sky is blue, the vale is green, The yel - low but - ter - cups are
ye who love the sum-mer fair, Come bind the ros - es in your
cresc.
p
cresc.
seen That dot the mead-ow o - ver; The lanes and by - ways fra-grant
hair, Come sing with hap - py voi - ces, And join the cho - rus loud and
cresc.
p
cresc.
f
p
cres.
grow With pink and blush-ing clo - ver, And blush - ing
clear, For all the world re - joi - ces, The world re -
f
f
p
cres.
With pink and blush - ing
For all the world re -
1
2
f
f
clo - - ver... 2. Now joi - - - ces.....
f
f
clo - - - ver..... joi - - - - - ces.....

May Dew

LAURENCE HARPER

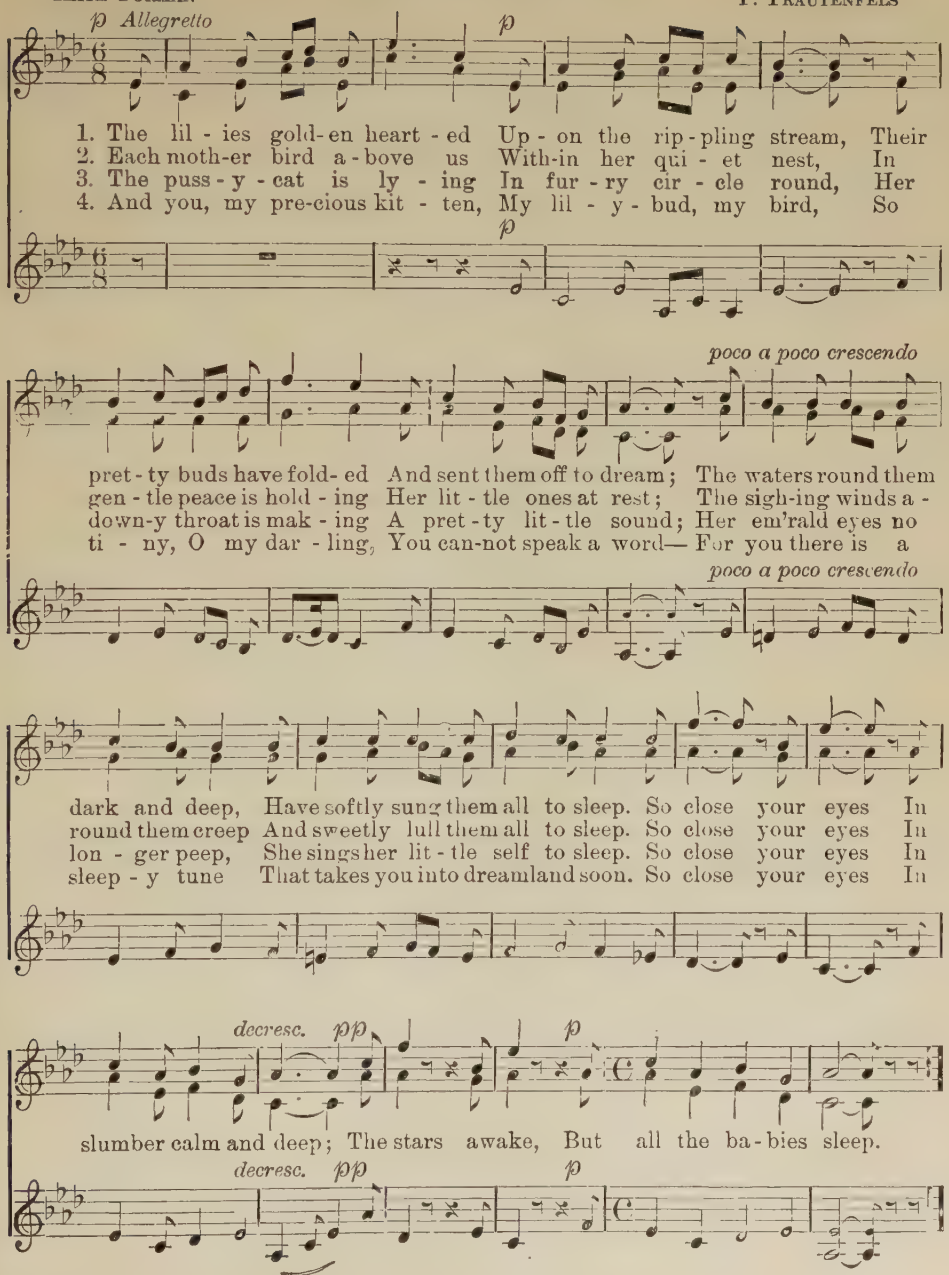
ROBERT SCHUMANN

Allegretto grazioso


p
1. On the wood and in the mead - ow At the dawn of morn-ing gray,
2. Maid-ens wash their lil - y fa - ces In the dew from May-flow'rs white,
3. Sink on me, thou wondrous show - er, Bal-sam thou for ev'r - y pain,
Of the rain a sil - ver shad - ow, Falls the dew, soft dew of May.
Bathe their curl - y gold - en tress - es; Fa - ces fair - er, hair more bright
Bathe my eye - lids worn and wea - ry, Quench my heart-thirst once a - gain;
Straight from Par - a - dise it com - eth With a strange and mag - ic pow'r,
Grow, and eye - lids red with weep-ing, Laved in heav-en's kind - ly dew,
Make me fresh, and calm, and lov - ing, Quick-en all my spir - it's pow'r,
mf
Brings to ev'r - y tree that bloom-eth, Ten - der leaf and fra-grant flow'r.
Shine like stars in az - ure leap - ing, Clear-er glow - ing deep and true.
Make me bloom, O dew of May - day, Like thy fra- grant wild wood-flow'r.

Cradle Song

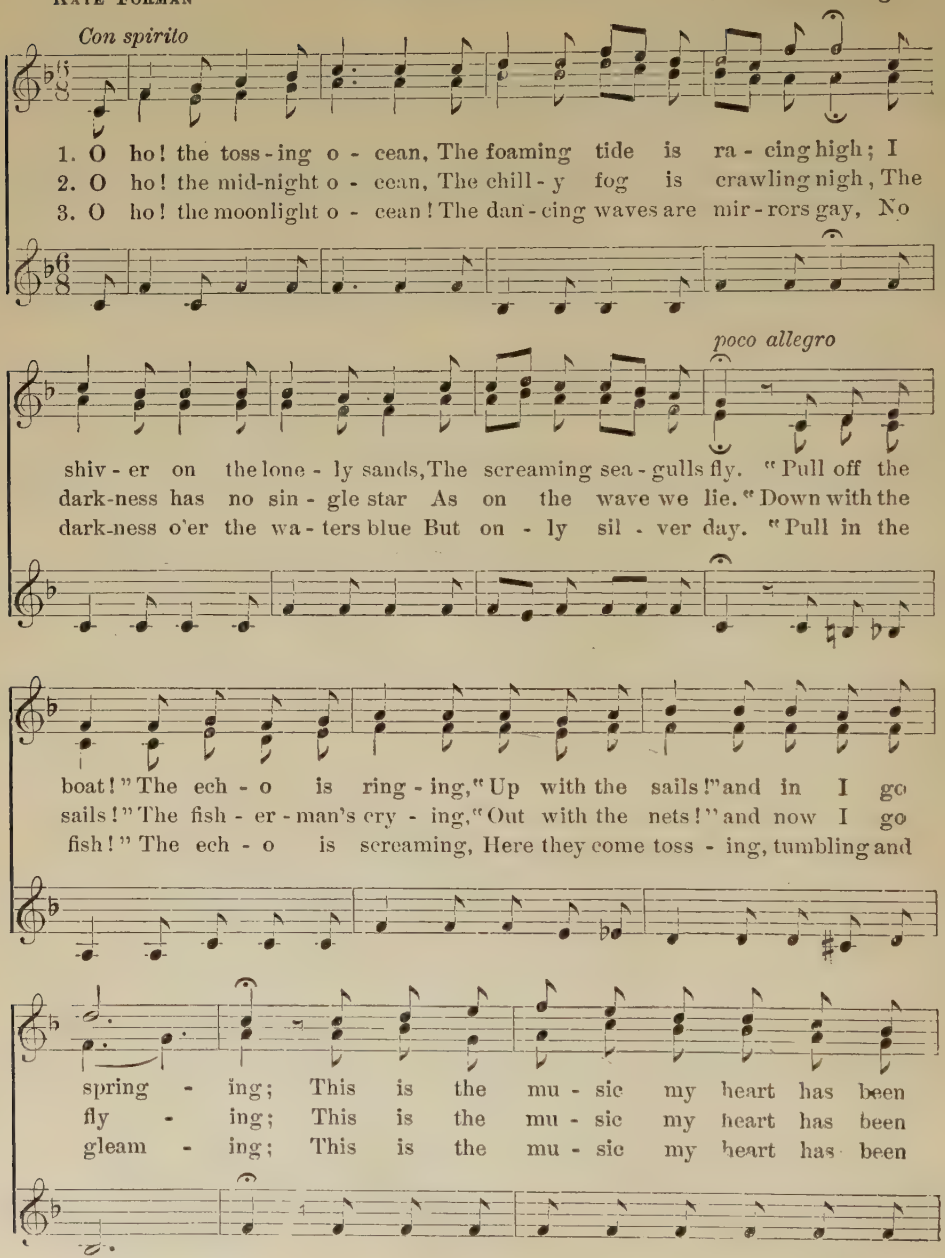
KATE FORMAN P. TRAUTENFELS

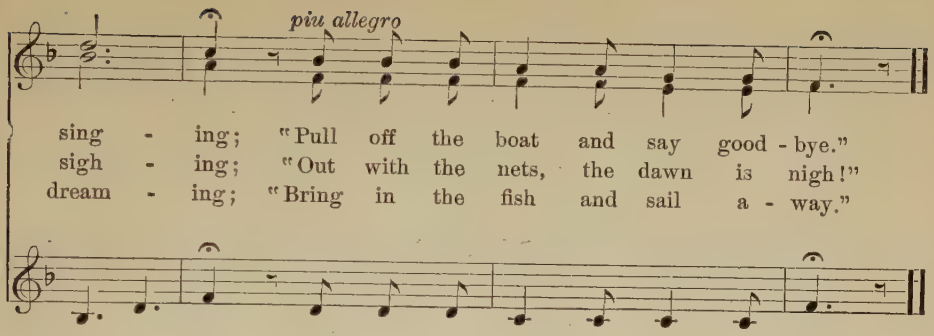

p Allegretto
p
1. The lil - ies gold-en heart - ed Up - on the rip - pling stream, Their
2. Each moth-er bird a - bove us With-in her qui - et nest, In
3. The puss - y - cat is ly - ing In fur - ry cir - cle round, Her
4. And you, my pre-cious kit - ten, My lil - y - bud, my bird, So
p
poco a poco crescendo
pret - ty buds have fold- ed And sent them off to dream; The waters round them
gen - tle peace is hold - ing Her lit - tle ones at rest; The sigh-ing winds a -
down-y throat is mak - ing A pret - ty lit - tle sound; Her em'rald eyes no
ti - ny, O my dar - ling, You can-not speak a word— For you there is a
poco a poco crescendo
dark and deep, Have softly sung them all to sleep. So close your eyes In
round them creep And sweetly lull them all to sleep. So close your eyes In
lon - ger peep, She sings her lit - tle self to sleep. So close your eyes In
sleep - y tune That takes you into dreamland soon. So close your eyes In
decresc. pp
p
slumber calm and deep; The stars awake, But all the ba - bies sleep.
decresc. pp
p

The Fisher Boy

KATE FORMAN

Old Flemish Song

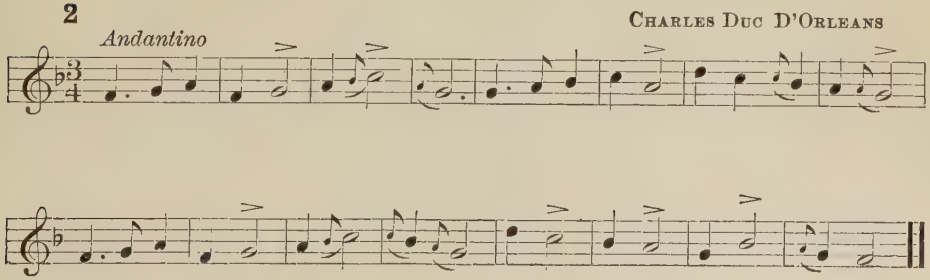

Con spirito
1. O ho! the toss-ing o - cean, The foaming tide is ra - cing high; I
2. O ho! the mid-night o - cean, The chill-y fog is crawling nigh, The
3. O ho! the moonlight o - cean! The dan-cing waves are mir-rors gay, No
poco allegro
shiv - er on the lone - ly sands, The screaming sea - gulls fly. "Pull off the
dark-ness has no sin - gle star As on the wave we lie. "Down with the
dark-ness o'er the wa - ters blue But on - ly sil - ver day. "Pull in the
boat!" The ech - o is ring - ing, "Up with the sails!" and in I go
sails!" The fish - er - man's cry - ing, "Out with the nets!" and now I go
fish!" The ech - o is screaming, Here they come toss - ing, tumbling and
spring - ing; This is the mu - sic my heart has been
fly - ing; This is the mu - sic my heart has been
gleam - ing; This is the mu - sic my heart has been


piu allegro
sing - ing; "Pull off the boat and say good - bye."
sigh - ing; "Out with the nets, the dawn is nigh!"
dream - ing; "Bring in the fish and sail a - way."

Studies in Syncopation

1

2



The Maidens of Sorrento

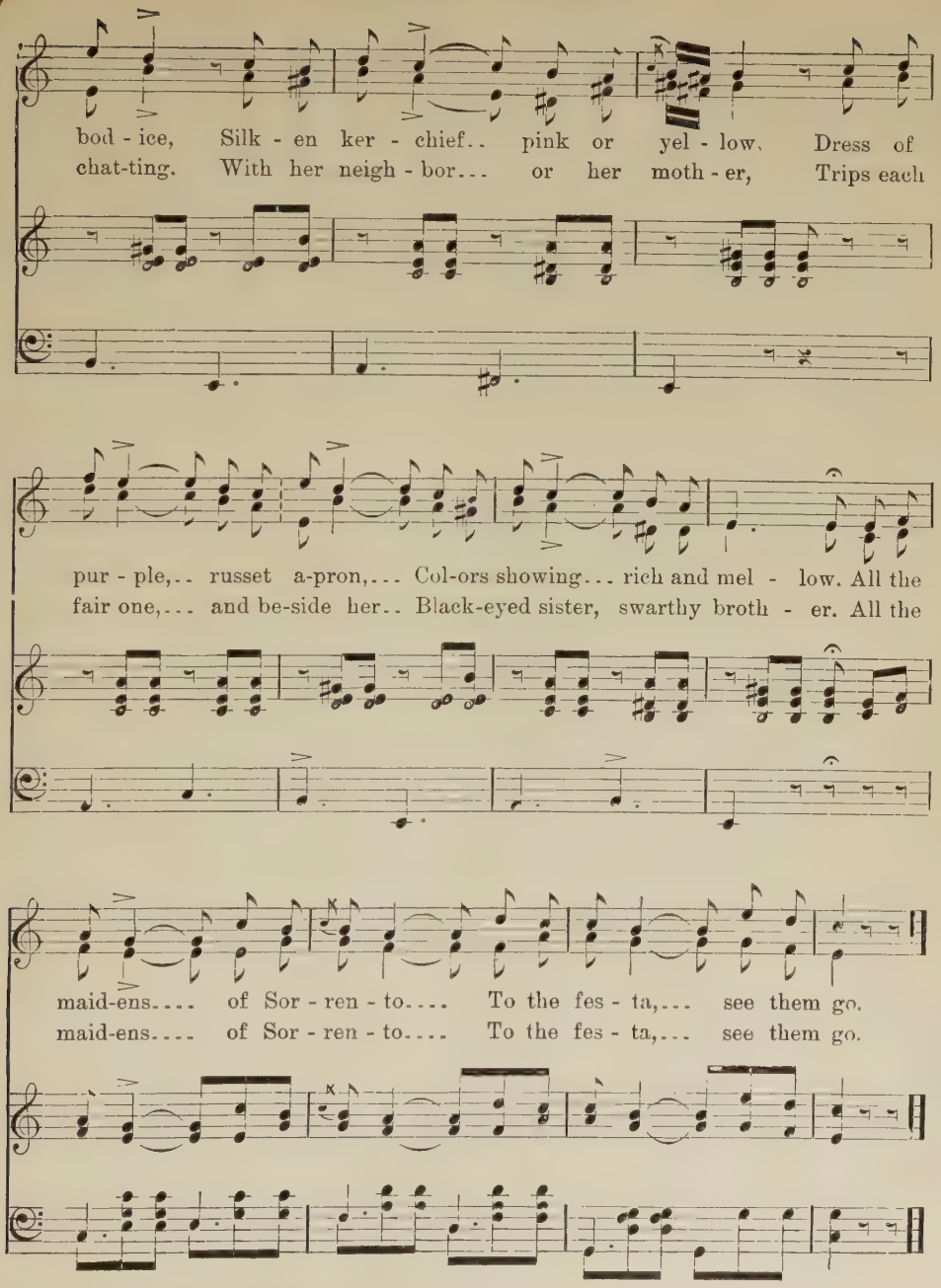
Translated from the Italian
by LAURENCE HARPER

Neapolitan Folksong

Allegretto

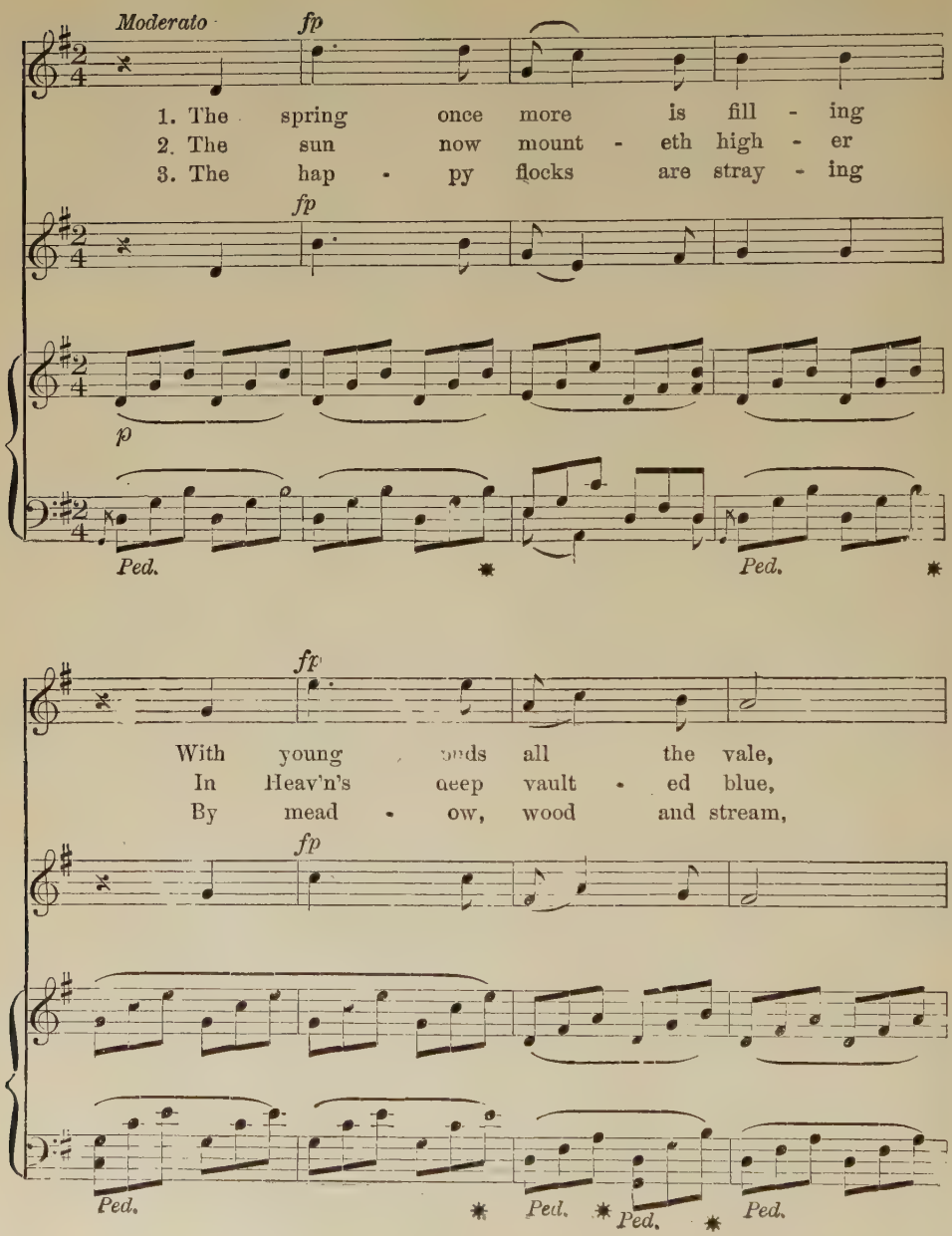
1. See the maid-ens.. of Sor - ren-to; To the fes - ta,.. all are
2. See the maid-ens.. of Sor - ren-to; To the fes - ta,.. all are
p
go - ing, Best and fin - est.... rai - ment wear - ing, Eyes a -
go - ing, Pret - ty fa - ces.... bright - ly smil - ing, Joy and
spar - kling,.. cheeks a - glow - ing. Gold the la - ces.... of each
pleas - ure each is show - ing. On the road - side,.. laugh - ing,

The Maidens of Sorrento


bod - ice, Silk - en ker - chief.. pink or yel - low, Dress of
chat-ting. With her neigh - bor... or her moth - er, Trips each
pur - ple,.. russet a-pron,... Col-ors showing... rich and mel - low. All the
fair one,... and be-side her.. Black-eyed sister, swarthy broth - er. All the
maid-ens.... of Sor - ren - to.... To the fes - ta,... see them go.
maid-ens.... of Sor - ren - to.... To the fes - ta,... see them go.

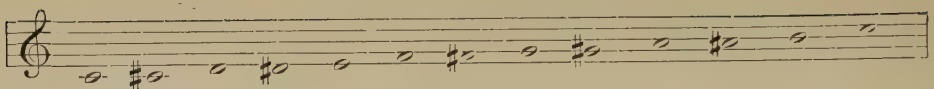
Song of Spring

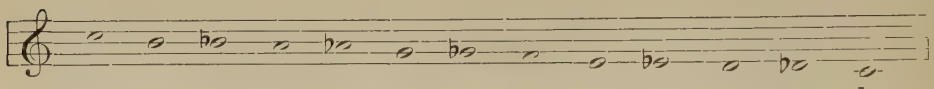
R. Schumann



cres.
Her song a - gain . . . is trill - ing, The
A - long his path . . . of fire, ... Glad
Glad voi - ces of chil - dren play - ing, They
cres.
cres.
fp
sweet . . . . . voic'd night - in - gale.
life . . . . . springs up a - new.
sound . . . . . through ev'r - y sweet dream.
Ped.
Ped.

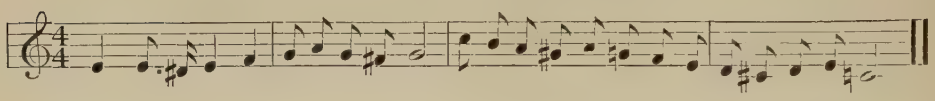
The Chromatic Scale





Easy Chromatic Studies

1



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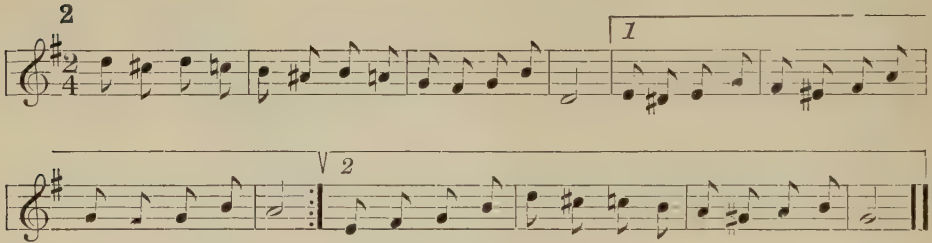

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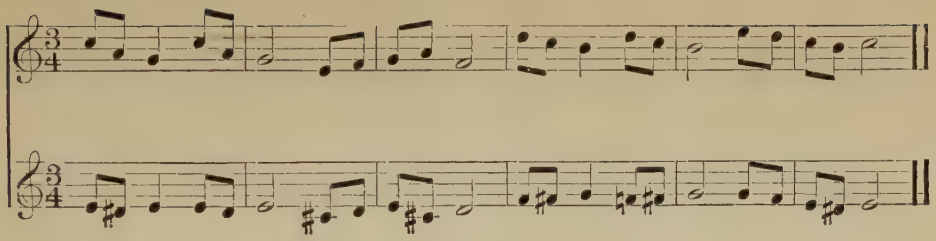
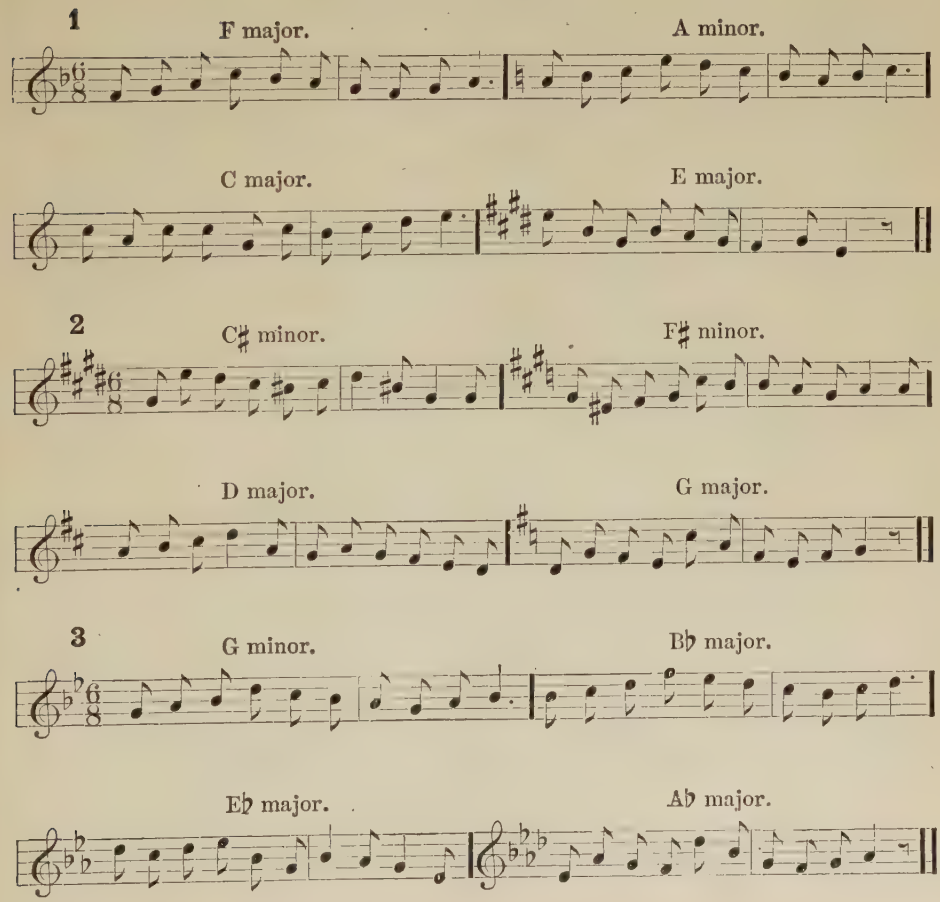


Modulation


1
F major.
A minor.
C major.
E major.
2
C♯ minor.
F♯ minor.
D major.
G major.
3
G minor.
B♭ major.
E♭ major.
A♭ major.

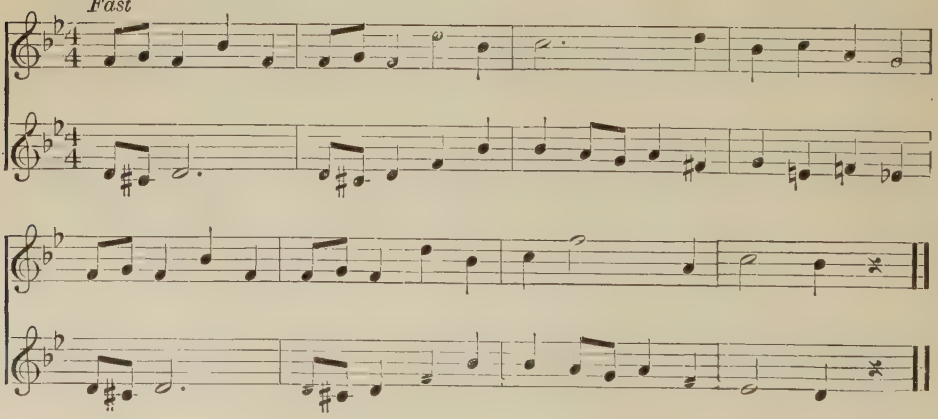
Chromatics

Andante

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE

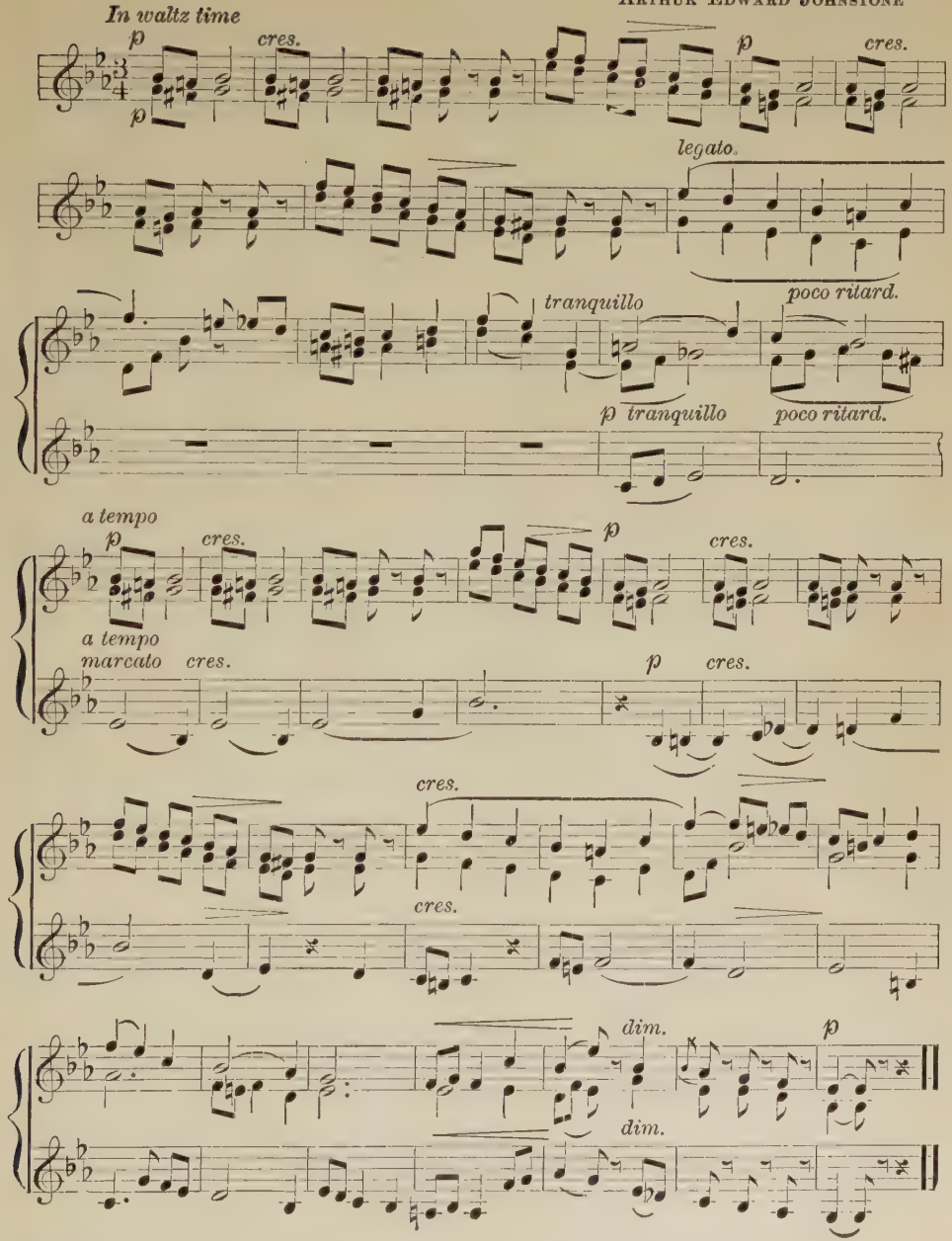
H. W. L.

Fast



A Study

Arthur Edward Johnstone

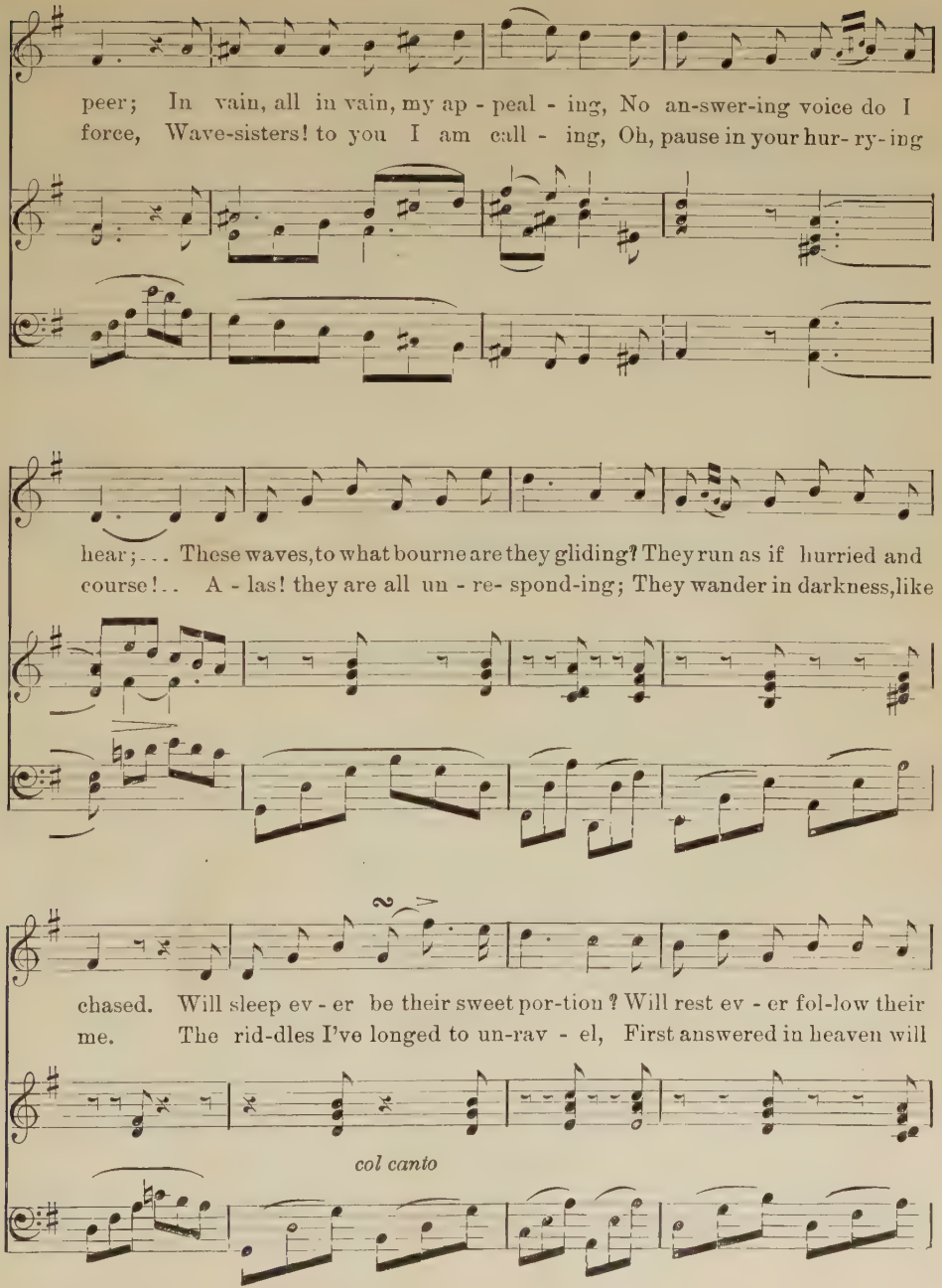


On the Lake

Translated from the Norwegian
by Laura E. Poulsson

Isidor Dannstrom

Andante moss
1. My boat on the lake gen-tly rock - ing, The murmuring waves lapping
2. I won-der, if guid-ed by an - gels, Un-stayed in their rhythmical
p
low, I dream-i - ly muse o'er the questions, Aroused by the lake's rhythmic
pace, Yon heav-en-ly world they are seek - ing, More beau-ti-ful shores to en -
flow. "What are you?" I ask, oh, so soft - ly, As in - to the blue depths I
brace. O waves of the lake, soft and gen - tle, And Neptune's waves, mighty in


peer; In vain, all in vain, my ap - peal - ing, No an-swer-ing voice do I
force, Wave-sisters! to you I am call - ing, Oh, pause in your hur- ry-ing
hear;... These waves, to what bourne are they gliding? They run as if hurried and
course!.. A - las! they are all un - re- spond-ing; They wander in darkness, like
chased. Will sleep ev - er be their sweet por-tion? Will rest ev - er fol-low their
me. The rid-dles I've longed to un-rav - el, First answered in heaven will
col canto

On the Lake

haste? Will rest ev - er fol - low their haste?
be, First an-swered in heav-en will be.

mf *rit.* *col canto*

The Call of the Woods

MARGARET VAN DYKE PAUL STIEBER

Allegro

mf

1. The world is fresh and dew - y, The sky is full of light, Who
2. The green trees stir and whis - per, The gray hills cast their spell, The

mf

bloom is white, When
love me well, Come

doth not love to wan - der When hawthorn, When haw-thorn bloom is
brook-let calls en - ti - cing "Come fol-low, All ye who love me

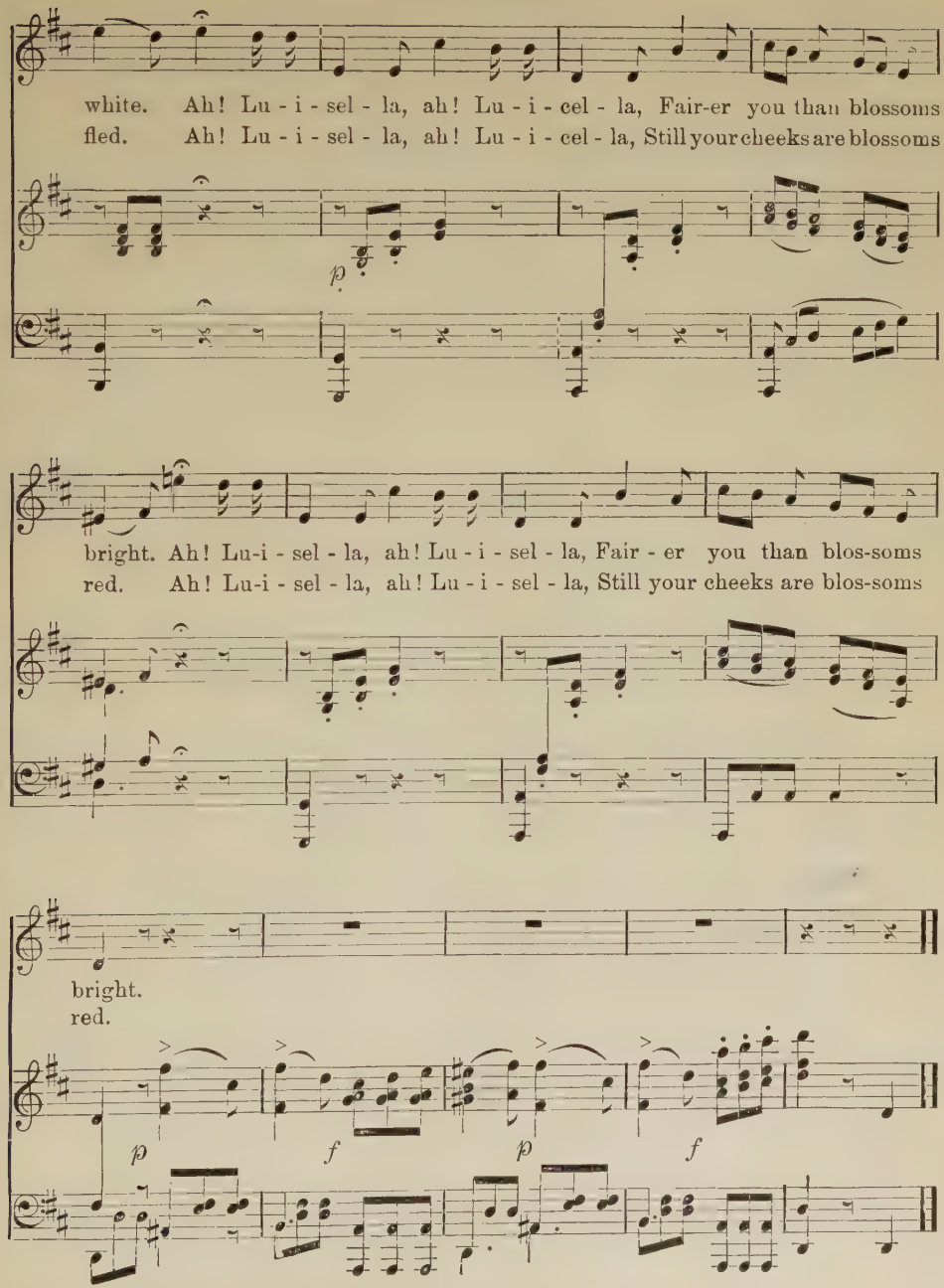
ten.
a tempo
cres.
haw - thorn bloom is white? Then beck - on - ing and
ye who love me well!" Shall bird - lings car - ol
Then beck
Shall bird - -
cres.
ten.
f
greet-ing, The smil- ing mountains stand, And fra-grant woods in -
vain - ly And flow'rs their sweetness spend? Ah no! we'll wan - der,
f
vite . . us, And sun - ny mead - ow land, . . . And
wan - der, From morn till day's sweet end, . . . Ah
molto rit.
f
riten.
fra - grant woods in - vite . . us, And sun - ny mead - ow land.
no! we'll wan - der, wan - der, From morn till day's sweet end.
riten.

Luisella

Words adapted from the Italian

Neapolitan Folksong

Allegretto
1. The love - ly gar - den bow - er Down by the wa - ter
2. The sweet - est ros - es per - ished Down by the wa - ter
p
si le,.... Its trees and vines and flow - ers Are Lu - i - sel - la's
side .... The lil - ies that you cher - ished— Gone is their summer
pride. There bloom sweet lil - ies, rose - ma - ry And ros - es red and
pride. But tho' the gen - tle rose - ma - ry Is with her sis - ters


white. Ah! Lu - i - sel - la, ah! Lu - i - cel - la, Fair-er you than blossoms
fled. Ah! Lu - i - sel - la, ah! Lu - i - cel - la, Still your cheeks are blossoms
p
bright. Ah! Lu-i - sel - la, ah! Lu - i - sel - la, Fair - er you than blos-soms
red. Ah! Lu-i - sel - la, ah! Lu - i - sel - la, Still your cheeks are blos-soms
bright.
red.
p
f
p
f

My Choice

Melody by Arnold Krug
Arr. for three voices by H. W. L.

Felix Goddard

With spirited rhythm

mp

1. There grows in the gar - den, 'mid shel - ter - ing green, A flow - er so low - ly, it scarce may be seen; Tho' guard-ed the place where it hides its shy head, Its se - cret is known when its per - fume is
2. The lil - ly may flaunt her gay rib - bons of silk, And boast a com- plex - ion far whit - er than milk; The I - ris that decks the fair ban - ner of France, May rear her proud head with a queen's no - ble

Guard - ed the place it
I - ris that decks fair

hides its se - cret,
Fran ce's ban - ner,

Shed;
Glance;

Ah! where it grows,
Ah! where it hides,

shed; Tho' hum - ble the spot where the vi - o - let grows, Its
glance; Tho' rare are these beau-ties, and oth - ers be - sides, For

My Choice

slight ritard.
ex - qui - site beau - ty shall vie with the rose!
me is the nook where the vi - o - let hides.
mp
slight ritard.
Its beau - - ty vies with the rose!
The nook where vi - o - let hides!

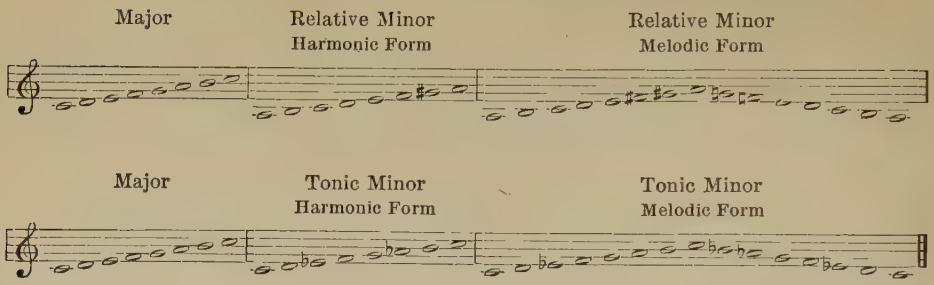
May Song

KATE FORMAN FRANZ ABT

Allegretto grazioso

1. Come, come a - May - ing, Breez - es are stray - ing,
2. Frol - ick - ing, roar - ing, Rol - lick - ing, pour - ing,
3. Pleas - ant or plain - ing, Shin - ing or rain - ing,
cres.
Morn - ing is dew - y bright; Blos - soms are full of light;
Wa - ters in rain - bow play, Laugh - ing in mist a - way,
Still let us stray a - long, Led by the cuck - oo's song,
cres.
Laugh - ing and play - ing, Let.... us go May - ing.
Mur - mur for - ev - er, Slum - ber - ing nev - er.
Here.... in the May - time, This.... is our play - time!

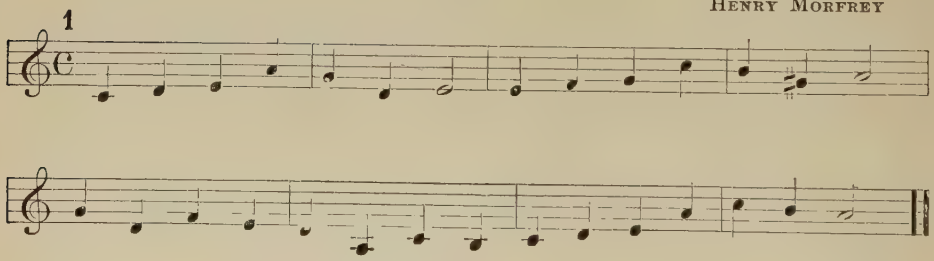
Scale of C Major and Its Related Minor Scales



Songs in A Minor

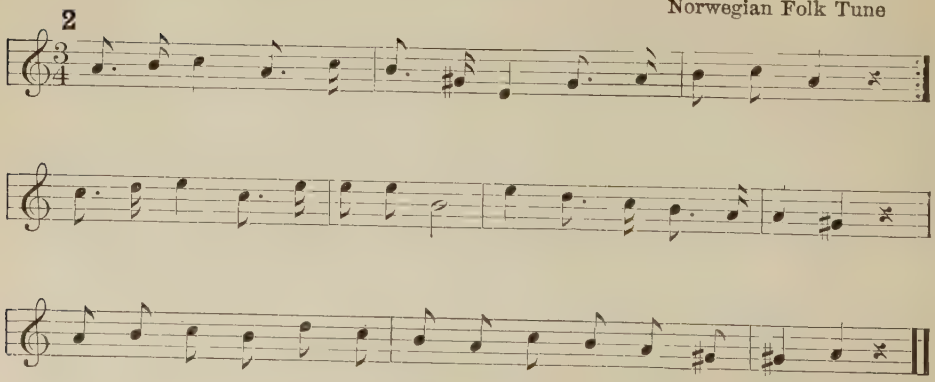
1

HENRY MORFREY

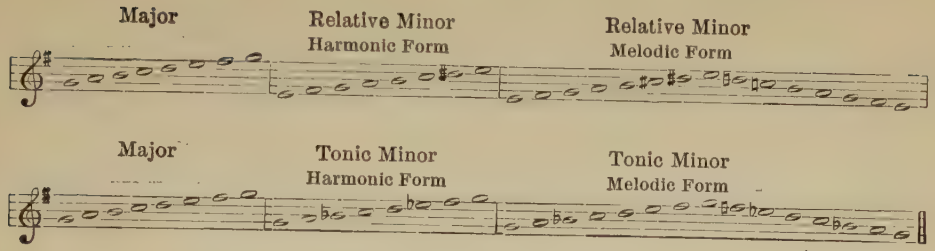


2

Norwegian Folk Tune



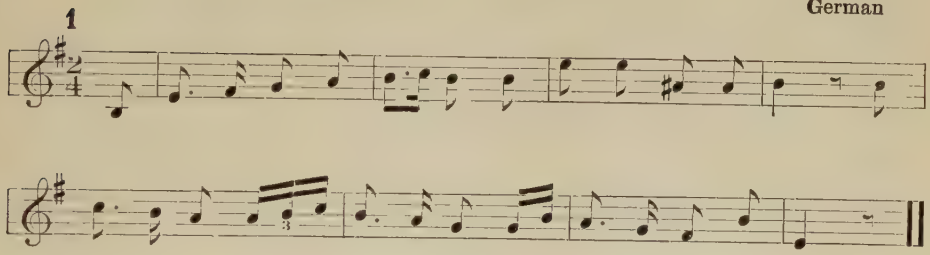
Scale of G and Its Related Minor Scales



Minor Studies

1

German



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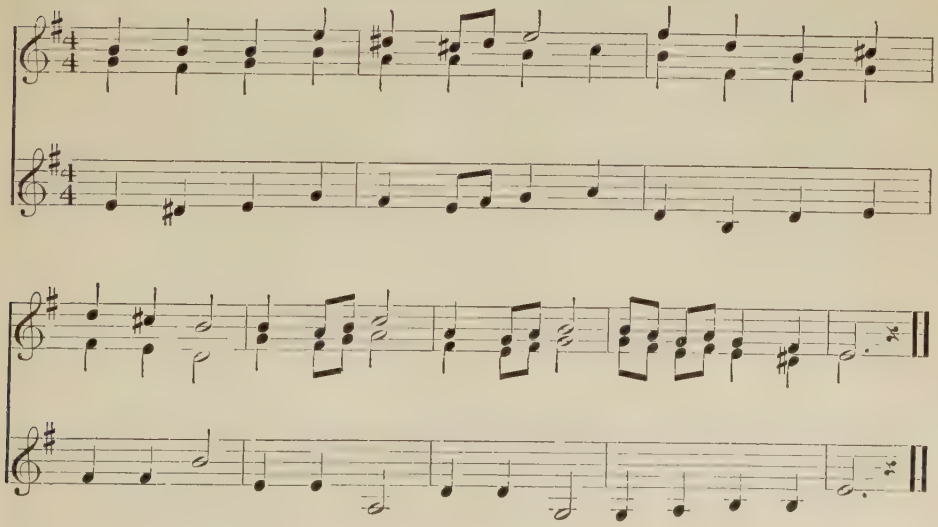
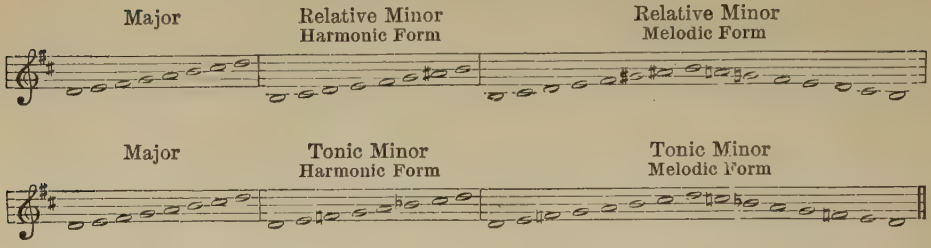
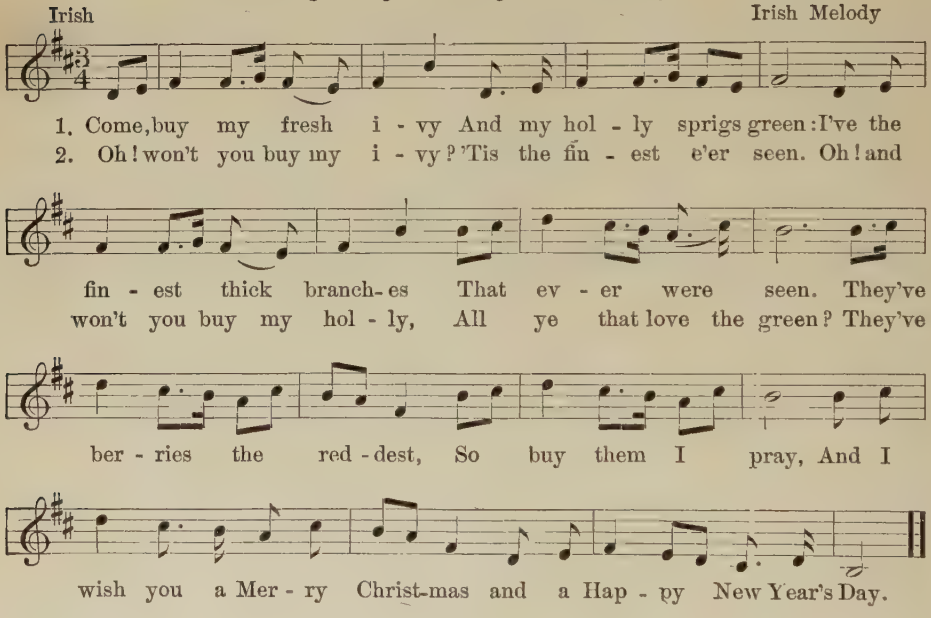


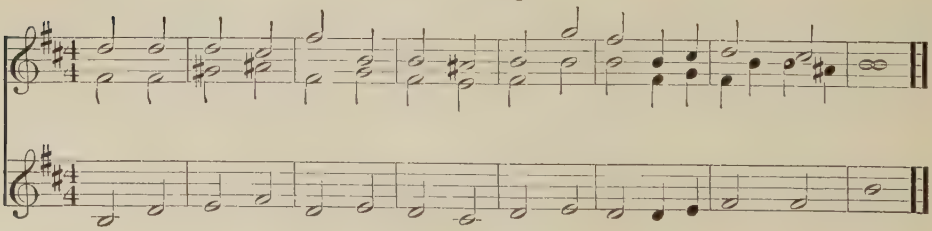
Scale of D and Its Related Minor Scales



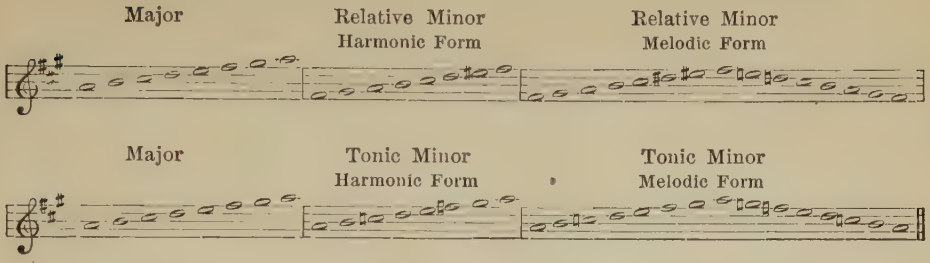
Buy My Holly and Ivy


Irish
Irish Melody
1. Come, buy my fresh i - vy And my hol - ly sprigs green: I've the
2. Oh! won't you buy my i - vy? 'Tis the fin - est e'er seen. Oh! and
fin - est thick branch-es That ev - er were seen. They've
won't you buy my hol - ly, All ye that love the green? They've
ber - ries the red - dest, So buy them I pray, And I
wish you a Mer - ry Christ-mas and a Hap - py New Year's Day.

A Study



Scale of A and Its Related Minor Scales



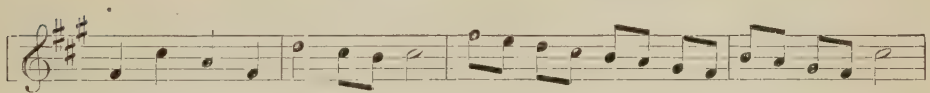
The Sailor and His King

English

Traditional English Tune

Con spirito

1. While o'er-head the storms are howl-ing Sail-ors, sir, are ne'er a-fraid.
   What if skies with cloud are howl-ing? Sure-ly sail-ing is our trade.
2. What if boat-swains sometimes blus-ter? What if purs-ers steal our grub?
   Does that keep us from a mus-ter? Still the Span-ish foe we'll drub.

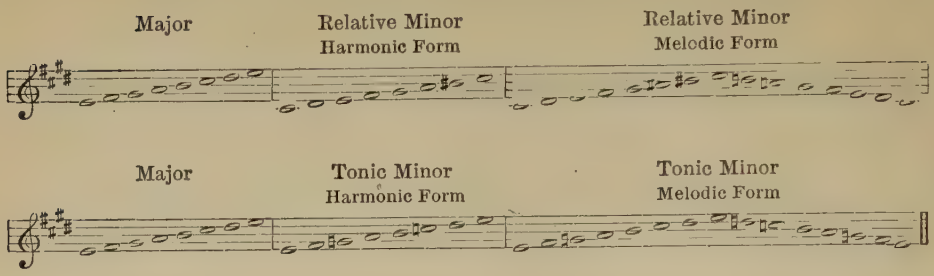


What if Death flies with the ball? Sure his chan-ces are but small;
French or Spaniard 'tis but one: Soon we'll jump to serve the gun.

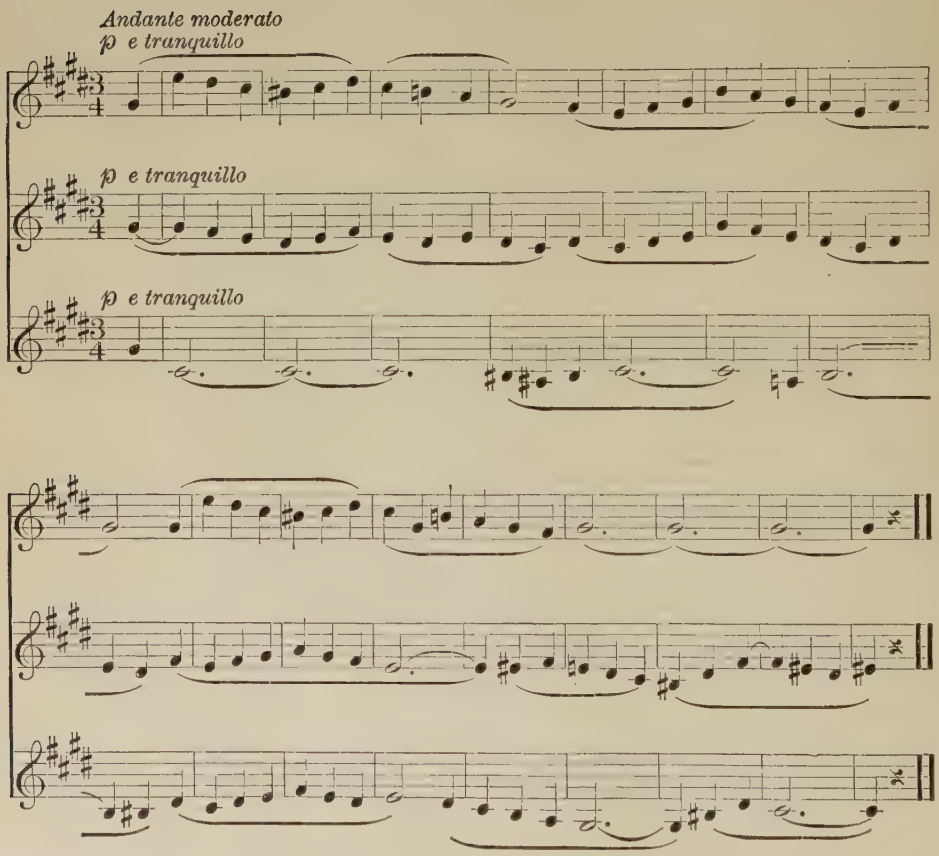
He may a bil-let to you bring, But then you die to serve your king.
Spaniards will shake and Frenchmen dance And wish themselves in sun-ny France.

Dring a jol-ly health, Drink a jol-ly health To the sail-or and his king.

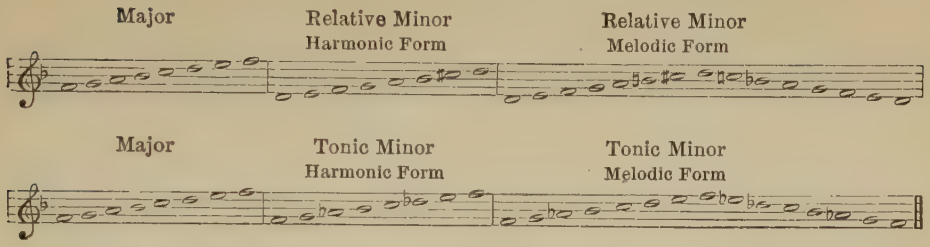
Scale of E and Its Related Minor Scales



A Study



Scale of F and Its Related Minor Scales

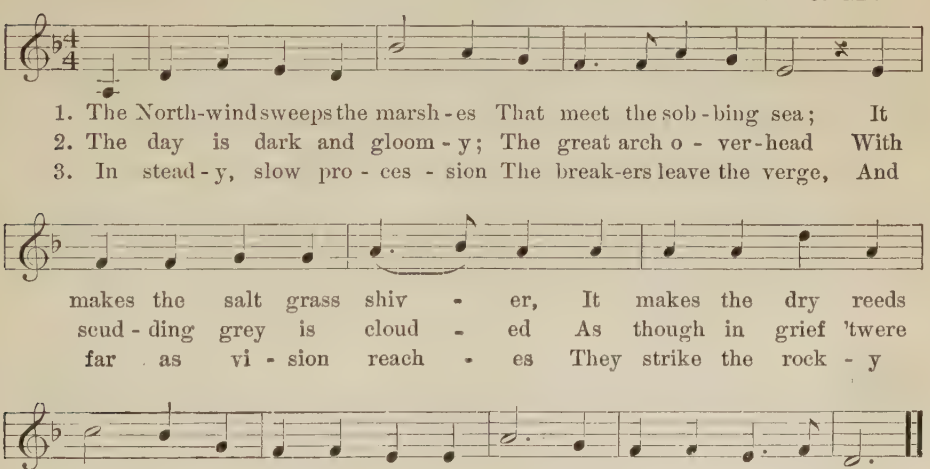


A Study

Norwegian Melody

The Lonely Sea

JAMES GEDDES — TH. HAUPTNER

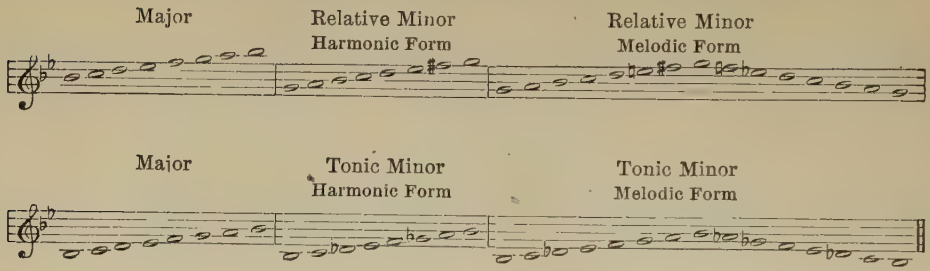


1. The North-wind sweeps the marsh - es That meet the sob - bing sea; It
2. The day is dark and gloom - y; The great arch o - ver-head With
3. In stead - y, slow pro - ces - sion The break-ers leave the verge, And

makes the salt grass shiv - er, It makes the dry reeds
scud - ding grey is cloud - ed As though in grief 'twere
far as vi - sion reach - es They strike the rock - y

quiv - er And chills the sul - len sea, And chills the sul - len sea.
shroud - ed, In grief for o - cean's dead, In grief for o - cean's dead.
beach - es Like drum-beats of a dirge, Like drum-beats of a dirge

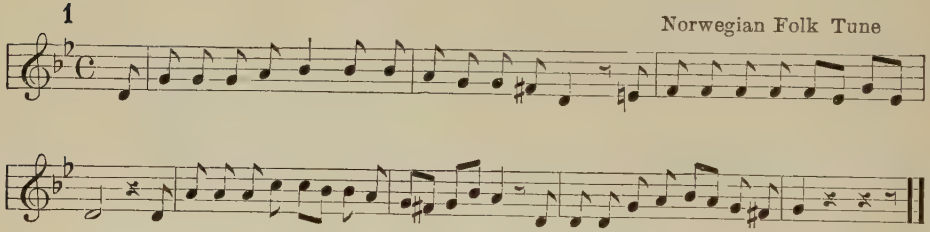
Scale of B-Flat and Its Related Minor Scale



Studies

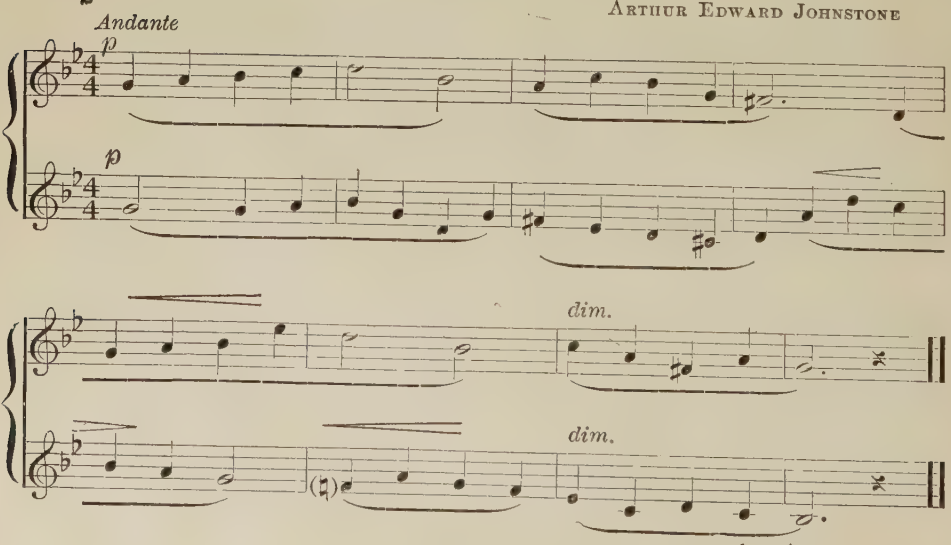
1

Norwegian Folk Tune

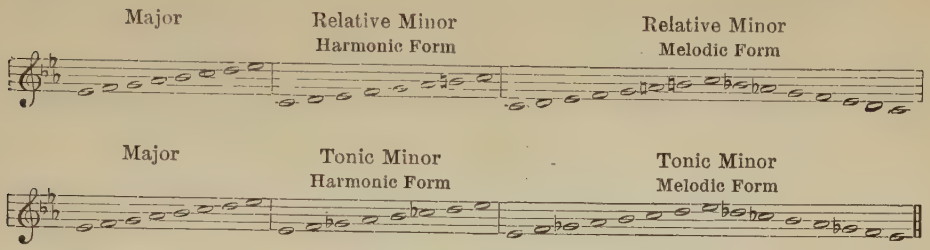


2

Arthur Edward Johnstone

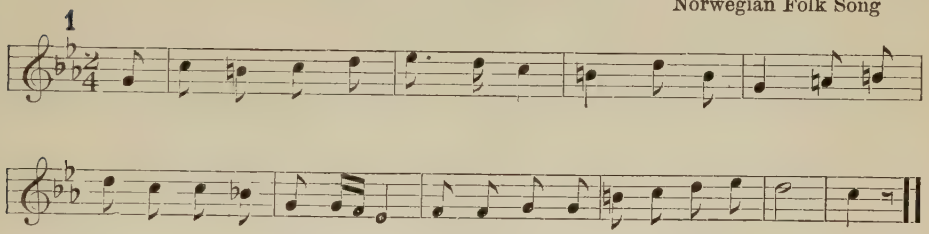


Scale of E-Flat and Its Relative Minor Scales

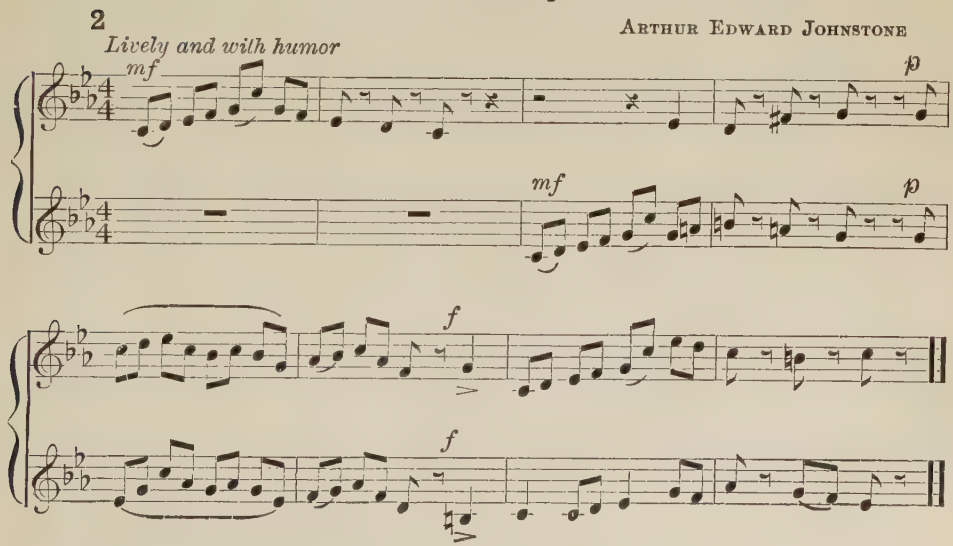


A Study

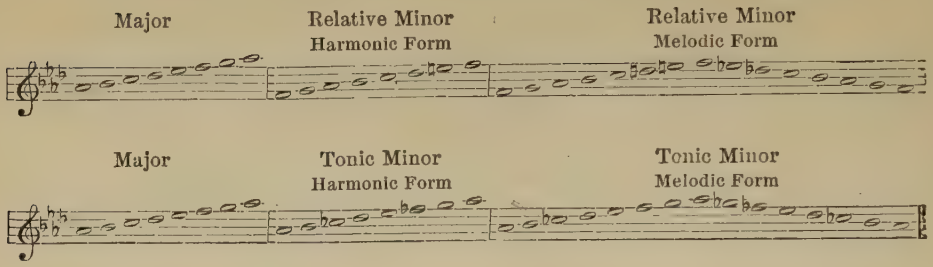
Norwegian Folk Song



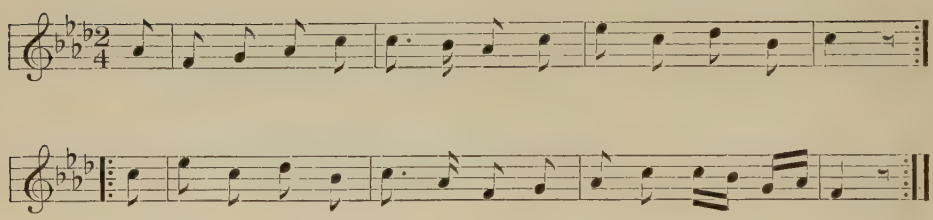
A Study



Scale of A-Flat and Its Related Minor Scales

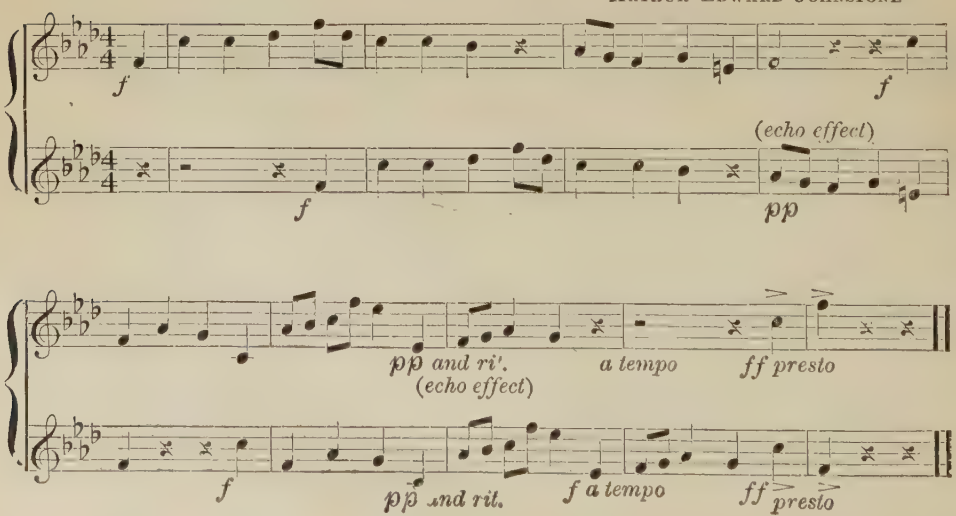


Norwegian Ballad

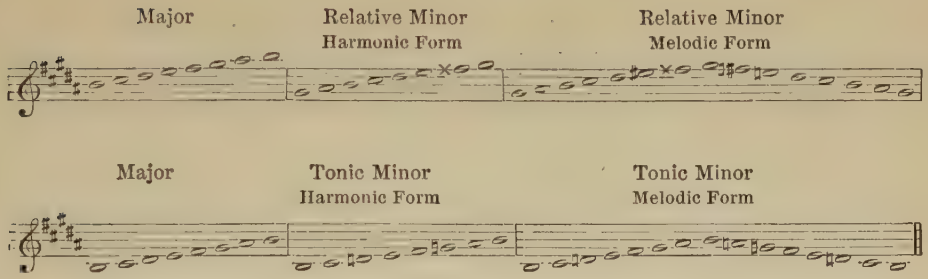


A Canon

Arthur Edward Johnstone

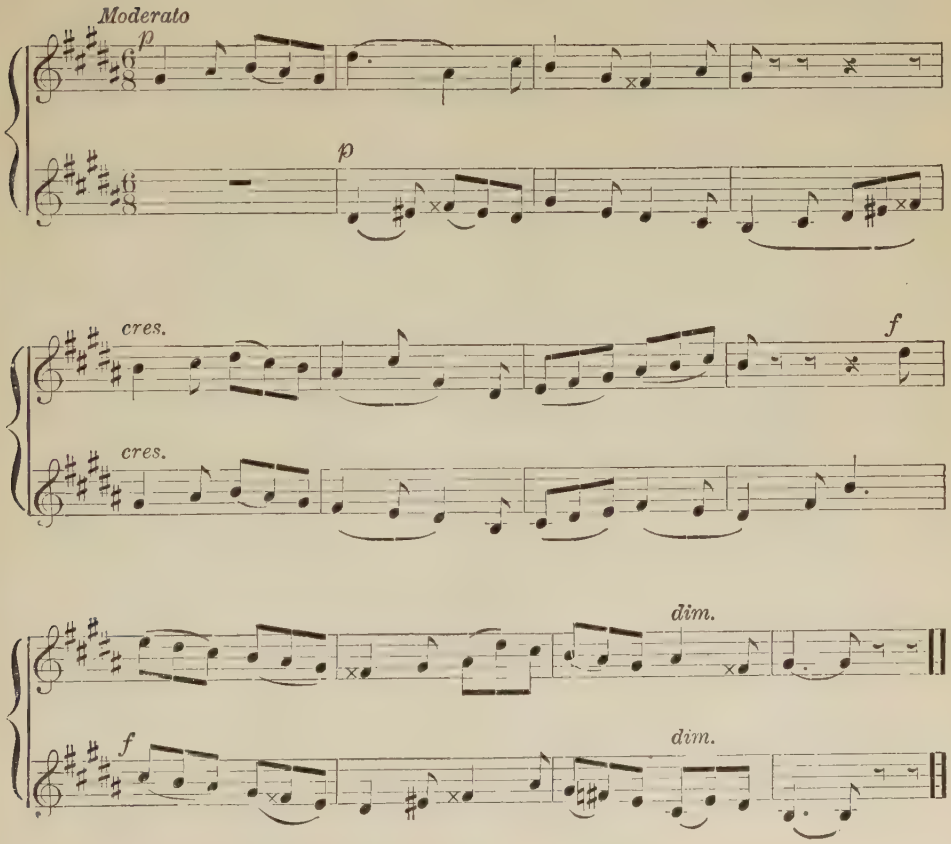


Scale of B and Its Related Minor Scales

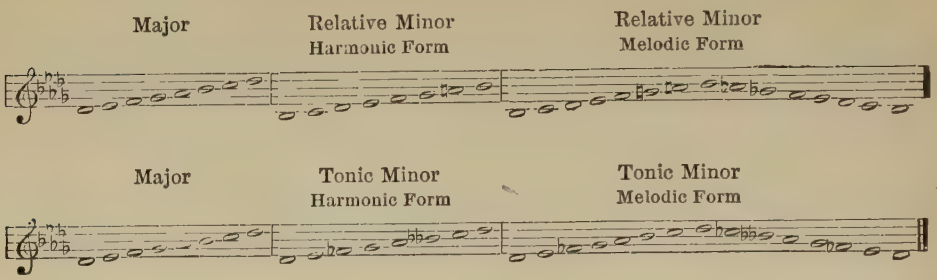


A Study

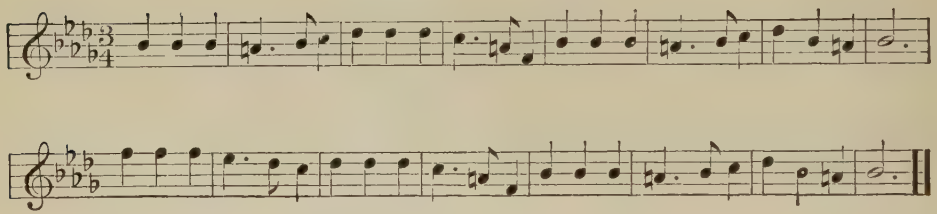
ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



Scale of D-Flat and Its Related Minor Scales



Swedish Tune



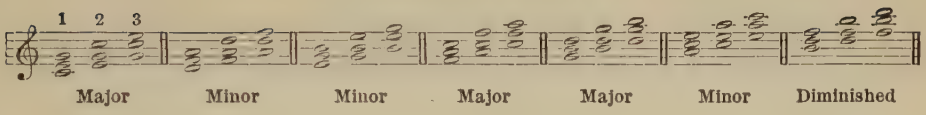
The Charming Month of May

Old English

Oh! the charm-ing month of May, When the breez-es fan the trees, Is full of blos-soms fresh and gay, Full of blos-soms fresh and gay, Oh! the love-ly month of May! Oh! the love-ly month of May!

Triads of the Scale of C Major

(In their three positions)

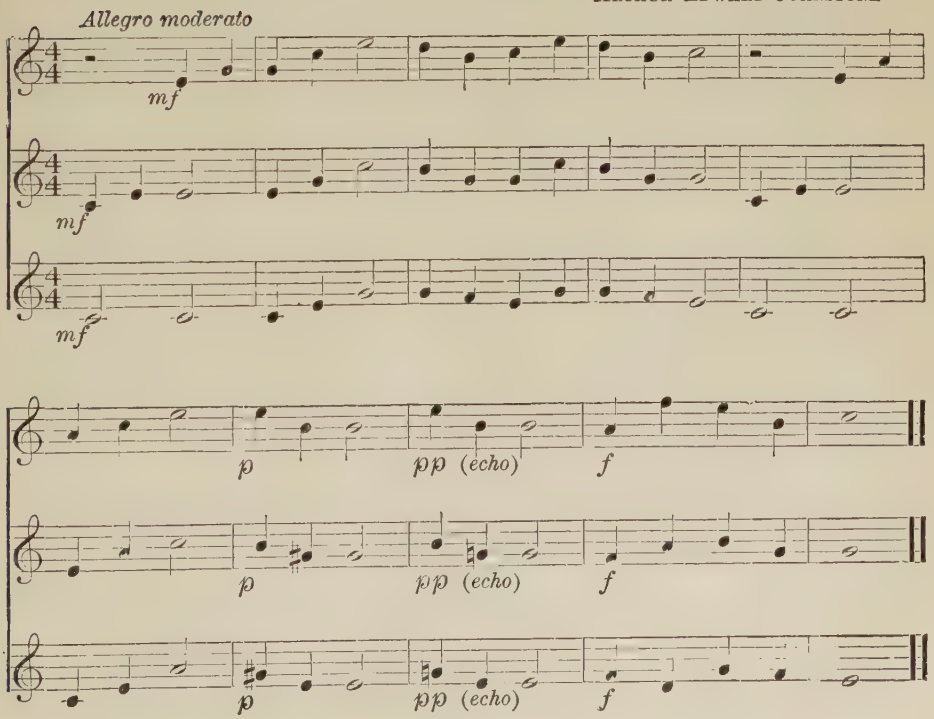


Triads of the Scale of A Minor

(In their three positions)

Triad Study

Arthur Edward Johnstone



Arscott of Tetcott

WEST COUNTRY BALLAD

Old English Legend

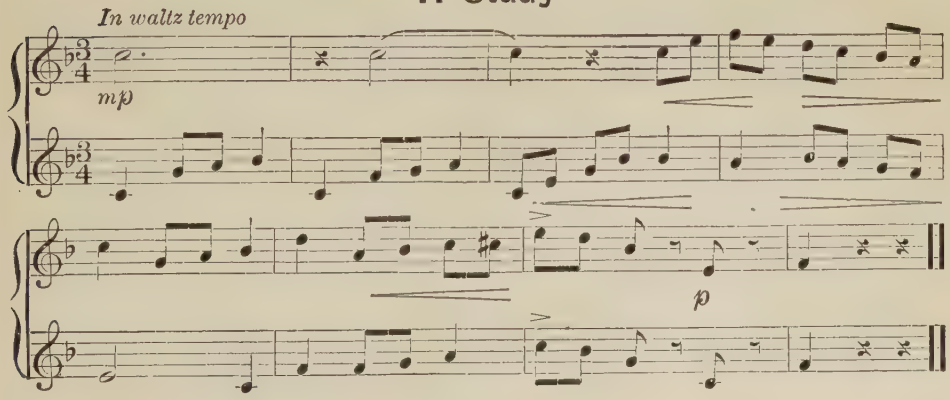
Old English

With spirit

1. In the month of No - vem - ber, in the year fif - ty - two, Three
2. The day it was dawn - ing, right ra - diant the morn, As
3. They hunt - ed o'er fal - low, o'er field and o'er moor, But
4. O'er Whit - comb and Pound-stock, St. Den - nis, they run, Till a
5. When the full moon is shin - ing as clear as the day, Bold
6. You can hear his wild ech - o - ing, ghost - ly "Hal - loo!" As
p
jol - ly fox-hunt - ers all sons of the blue. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
Ars-cott of Tet - cott he wind - ed his horn. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
nev - er a man, horse or hound would give o'er. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
fire - ball red in the sea set the sun. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
Ars-cott of Tet - cott goes hunt - ing they say. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
o - ver the cliff to the o - cean they go. Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol,
mf
lol - de - rol - lay, Sing fol - de - rol, lol - de - rol, lol - de - rol - lay.

1. Came o'er from Pen - car - row, not fear - ing a wet coat, To
2. He blew such a flour - ish, so loud in the hall, The
3. Sly Rey - nard kept dis - tance for ma - ny a mile, And
4. Then out on Pen - hal - low — a leap and they go, Full
5. You can see him on Dan - cer, his hound you can hear, And the
6. For Ars - cott of Tet - cott loves hunt - ing so well That he'd
p
have some di - ver - sion with Ars - cott of Tet - cott.
raft - ers re - ech - oed and danced at the call.
no one dis - mount - ed for gate or for stile.
five hun - dred feet to the o - cean be - low.
bay of his hounds in their head - long ca - reer.
break for the pas - time, from heav - en, they tell.

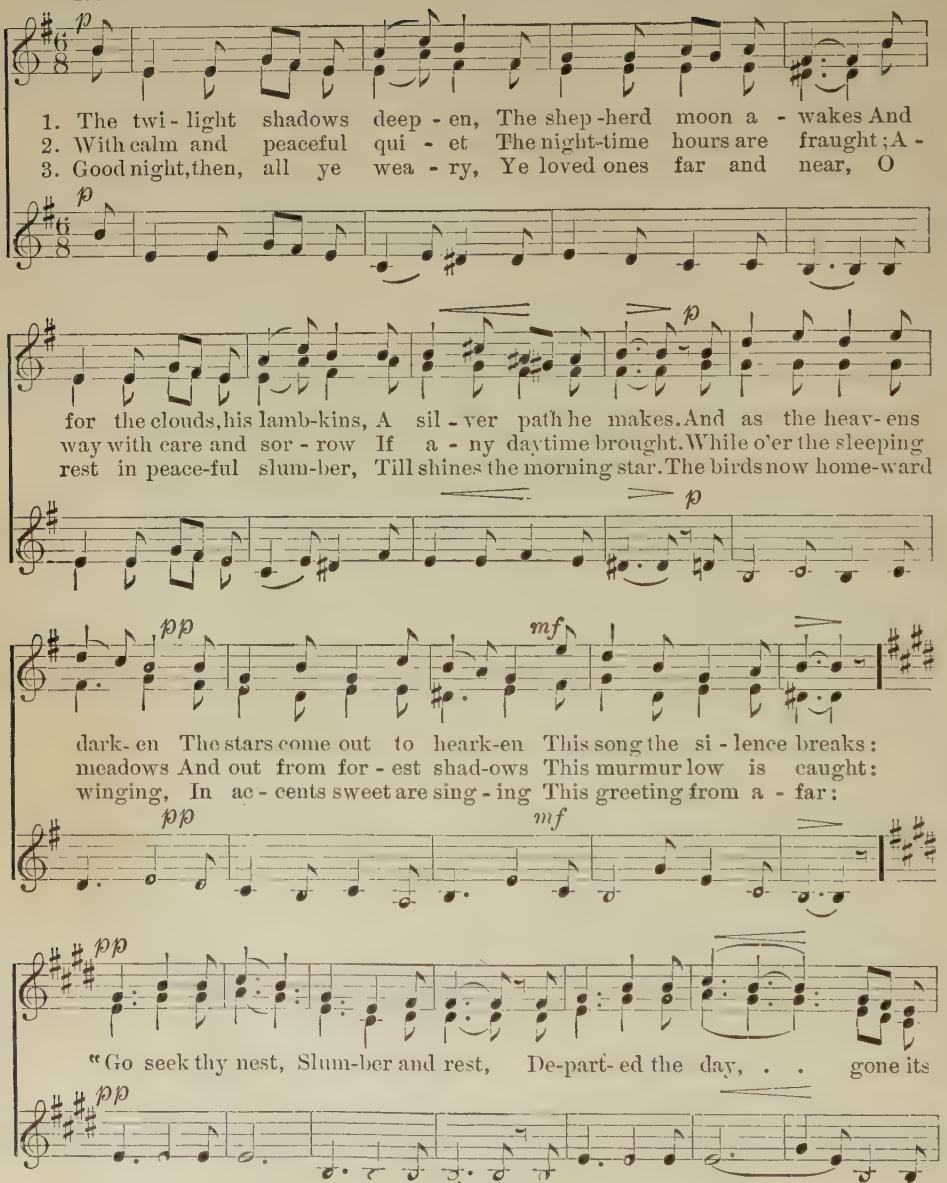
A Study

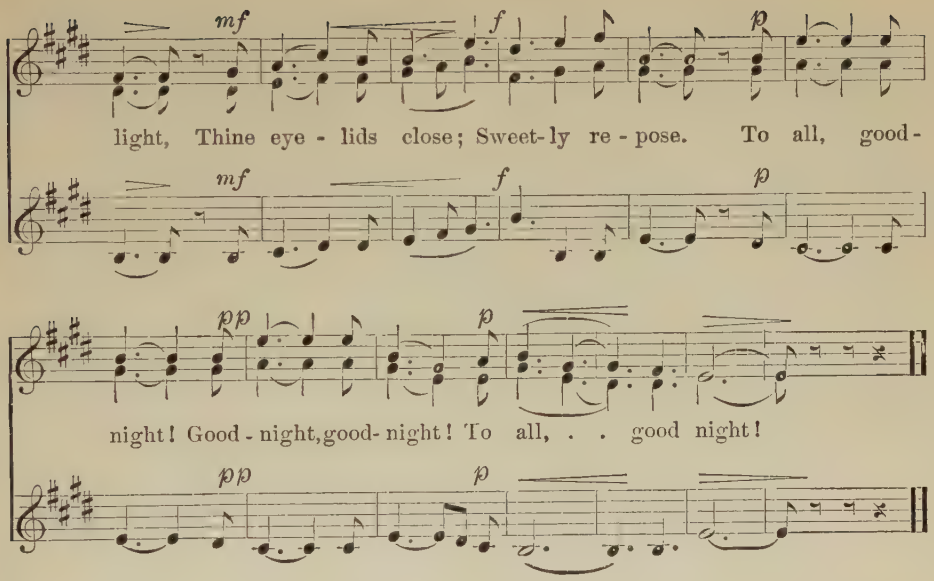

In waltz tempo
mp
p

Good-Night

Adapted from GEIBEL
ROBERT GRAHAM
Moderato

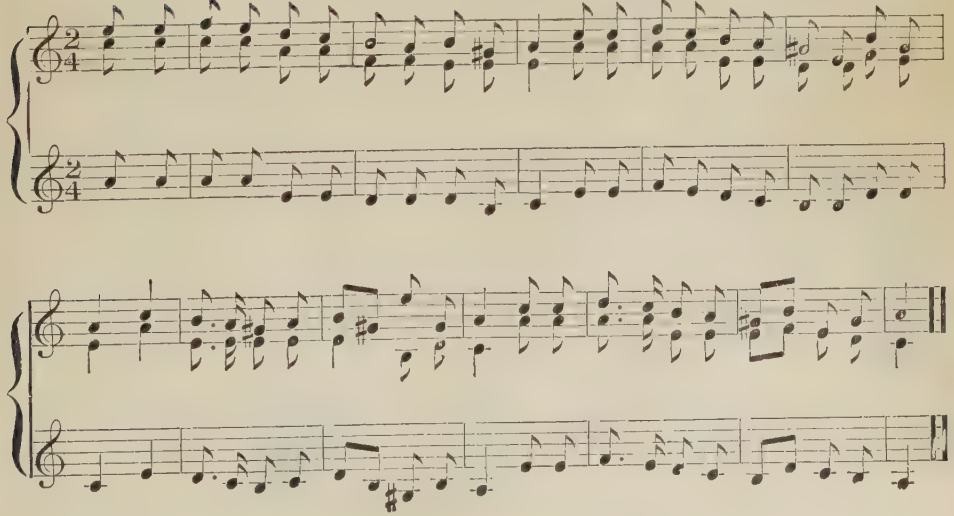
FRANZ OTTO STURM


p
1. The twi - light shadows deep - en, The shep - herd moon a - wakes And
2. With calm and peaceful qui - et The night-time hours are fraught; A -
3. Good night, then, all ye wea - ry, Ye loved ones far and near, O
p
for the clouds, his lamb-kins, A sil - ver path he makes. And as the heav - ens
way with care and sor - row If a - ny daytime brought. While o'er the sleeping
rest in peace-ful slum-ber, Till shines the morning star. The birds now home-ward
p
pp
mf
dark - en The stars come out to heark-en This song the si - lence breaks:
meadows And out from for - est shad-ows This murmur low is caught:
winging, In ac - cents sweet are sing - ing This greeting from a - far:
pp
mf
pp
"Go seek thy nest, Slum-ber and rest, De-part - ed the day, . . gone its
pp



Russian Melody

Harmonized by W. W. Gilchrist



December

Rachel Trueman

Russian Folk Tune

Allegretto

p

mf

1. White De - cem-ber now is here, The si - lent snowflakes fall,
2. Birds have sought a clime where they Will find e - ter- nal June,

1. Win - - - - ter's here, Si - lent snow-flakes, si - lent snow-flakes
2. Birds . . . . . have flown; They have sought, have sought a clime where

Altos sing soprano text

f

Cov-'ring all the mead-ow - lands And moun-tains with a pall. Ah!
Down to sunkissed shores they've flown To learn a new - er tune. Ah!

fall . . . like . . . . . a pall. The
'tis . . . al . . . . . ways June. By

Cov - 'ring the mead - ow - lands with a pall. Ah!
Down to the sun - kissed shores learn - ing tunes. Ah!

p

Might-y oaks and stal-wart pines Are moan-ing in the cold;
Who would dwell in bar - ren hills Thro' drear-y win - ter days?

might - y oaks are moan - ing . . . with cold; . .
sun - kissed shores they learn new - - er tunes. . .

p

Might - y oaks and pines . . make moan with cold; The
Who, ah, who would dwell . . on bar - - - ren hills? Ah

mf

rall.

Gone the sum - mer mu - sic Like a sto - ry that is told.
Learn a les - son taught by birds And seek the sun - lit ways.

. . . . . 'Tis like a sto - ry that is told.
. . . . . Ah, seek the sun - light - ed ways!

mf

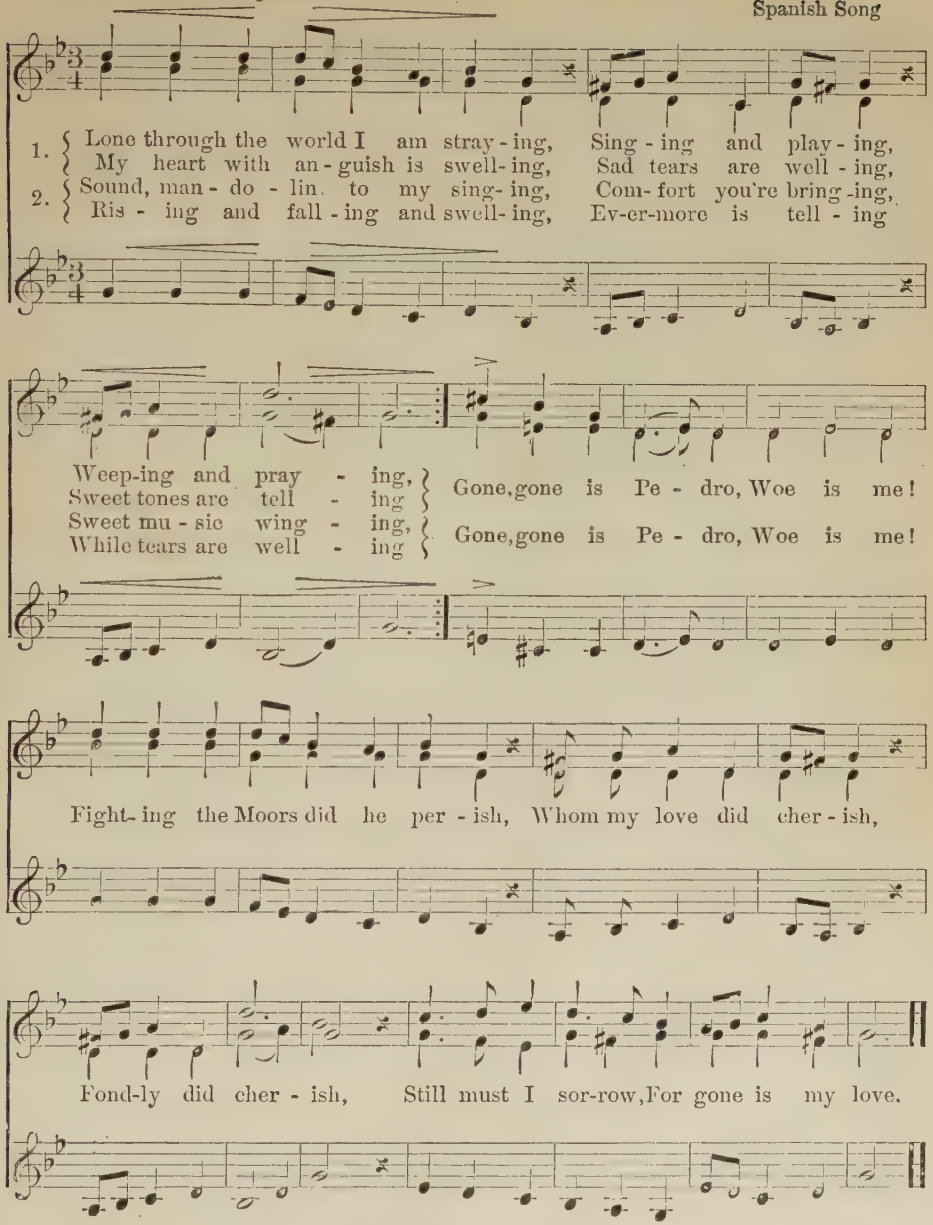
rall.

sum - mer is like a tale that's told.
seek, like the birds the sun - - - lit ways!

The Spanish Gipsy

Lively, but with expression

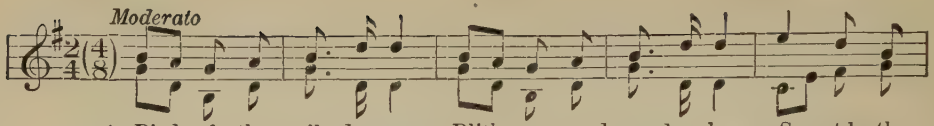
Spanish Song


1. Lone through the world I am stray - ing, Sing - ing and play - ing,
My heart with an - guish is swell - ing, Sad tears are well - ing,
2. Sound, man - do - lin to my sing - ing, Com - fort you're bring - ing,
Ris - ing and fall - ing and swell - ing, Ev-er-more is tell - ing
Weep-ing and pray - ing, Sweet tones are tell - ing
Sweet mu - sic wing - ing, While tears are well - ing
Gone, gone is Pe - dro, Woe is me!
Gone, gone is Pe - dro, Woe is me!
Fight - ing the Moors did he per - ish, Whom my love did cher - ish,
Fond-ly did cher - ish, Still must I sor-row, For gone is my love.

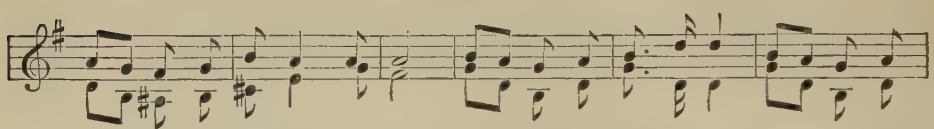
The Skylark

J. Hogg W. W. Gilchrist

Moderato

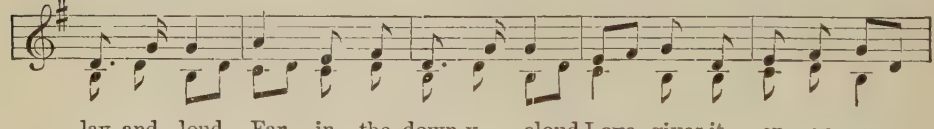


1. Bird of the wil - der-ness, Blithesome and cum-ber-less, Sweet be thy
2. O'er fell and foun-tain sheen, O'er moor and mountain green, O'er the red

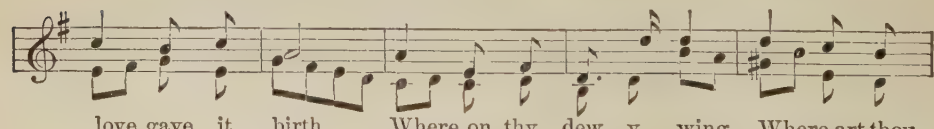


mat - in o'er moorland and lea! Em - blem of hap - pi-ness, Blest is thy
streamer that her-alds the day. O - ver the cloud-let dim, O - ver the

dwell - ing place, O! to a - bide in the des - ert with thee. Wild is thy
rain- bow's rim, Mu - sic - al cher - ub soar, sing - ing a - way. Then when the



lay and loud, Far in the down-y cloud Love gives it en - er - gy,
gloaming comes Low in the heath-er blooms, Sweet will thy welcome and



love gave it birth. . Where, on thy dew - y wing, Where art thou
bed of love be. . . Em- blem of hap - pi - ness, Blest is thy

jour-ney - ing? Thy lay is in heav- en, Thy love on the earth.
dwell-ing place, Oh! to a - bide in the des - ert with thee.

Off to the Saeter*

From the Norwegian by Laura E. Poulsson

Norwegian Folksong

Andantino

1. Green the moor-land, bare the moun-tain, Fades the snow-drift, starts the rill;
2. Birds are heard in hap-py cho-rus On the moun-tain far and near;
Flow-ers deck the bright'ning val-leys, Cows in pas-tures roam at will;
Mate greets mate with song ex-ult-ant: "Win-ter's o-ver! spring is here!"
Spring-time stirs in ev'r-y crea-ture, Bru-in wakes from win-ter's sleep;
Sun-beams warm the fields and mead-ows; Farm-ers now must plow and sow,
Calves and kids and pret-ty lamb-kins Forth from barns re-joi-cing leap.
Mead-ow-grass to hay must rip-en, Flocks and herds to Sae-ter go.

*Mountain Dairy-farm.

New Year

MRS. BYRON J. RAFF

Largo p

1. Like mu - sic far flow - ing with feet ros - y glow - ing, A
2. By him are up-hold - en the star - glo-ries gold - en, By

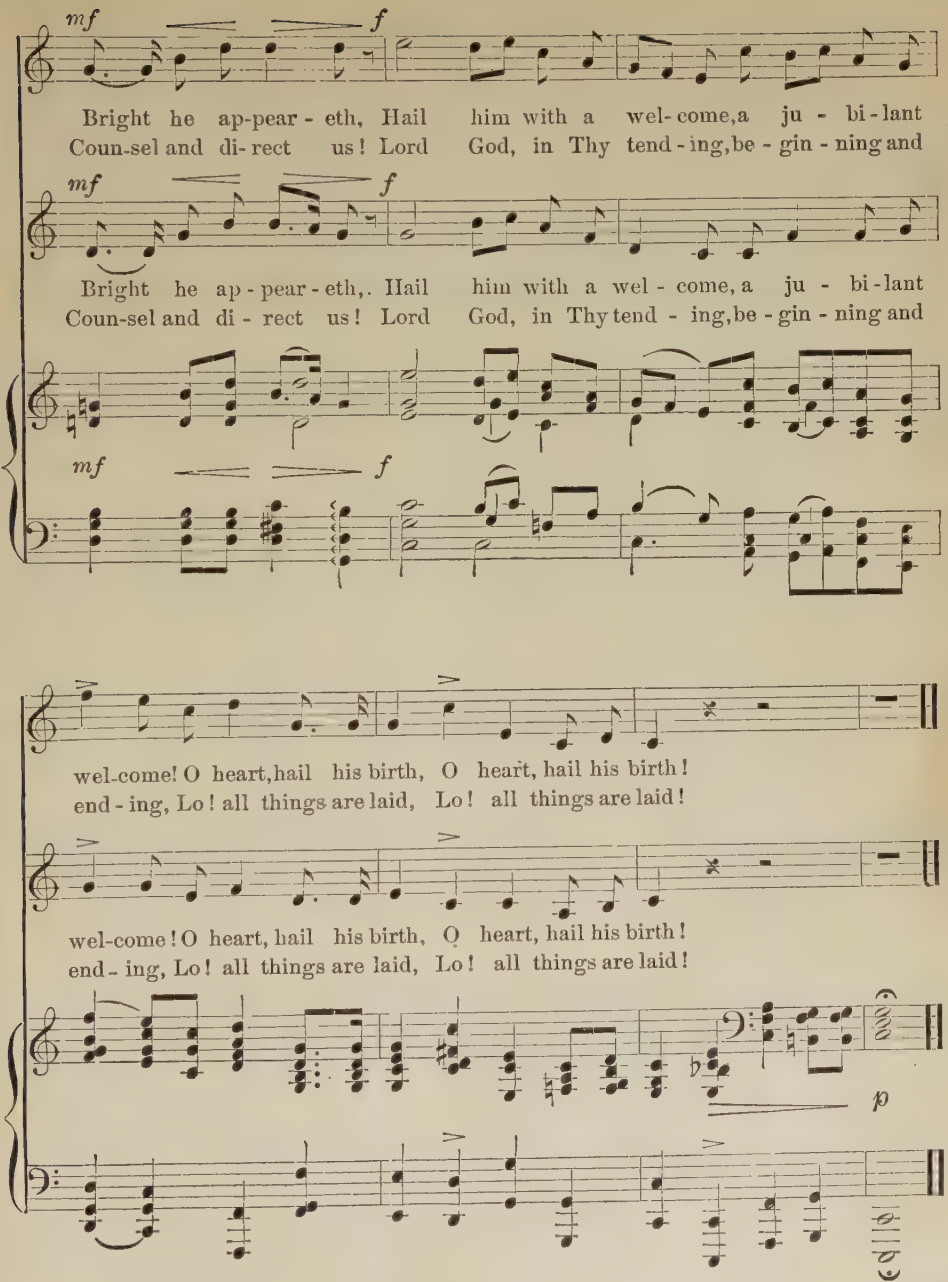
p

1. Like mu - sic far flow - ing with feet ros - y glow - ing, A
2. By him are up - hold - en the star - glo-ries gold - en, By

p

child-an - gel soft - ly comes down to the earth, Like moon when it near - eth,
him sun and moon and the blue skies were made, O Fa - ther, cor-rect us!

child - an - gel soft - ly comes down to the earth, Like moon when it near - eth,
him sun and moon and the blue skies were made, O Fa - ther, cor - rect us!


mf
f
Bright he ap-pear-eth, Hail him with a wel-come, a ju-bi-lant
Coun-sel and di-rect us! Lord God, in Thy tend-ing, be-gin-ning and
Bright he ap-pear-eth,. Hail him with a wel-come, a ju-bi-lant
Coun-sel and di-rect us! Lord God, in Thy tend-ing, be-gin-ning and
wel-come! O heart, hail his birth, O heart, hail his birth!
end-ing, Lo! all things are laid, Lo! all things are laid!
wel-come! O heart, hail his birth, O heart, hail his birth!
end-ing, Lo! all things are laid, Lo! all things are laid!
p

The Swimmer

Translated from the German
by MARIE VANCE

Folksong

mp Moderato

1. A prince and a roy - al prin - cess, They loved each oth - er dear;
2. "Wilt hith - er-ward swim be - lov - ed At night to come to me?
3. She kin - dled a loft - y bea - con To light him lov - ing - ly;
4. "Ah! fish - er - man, gen - tle fish - er, A - rise and fish for me,
5. The fish - er a net he cast - eth; What treas - ure hath he won?
6. She wrap - ped her in her man - tle And sprung be - neath the wave,

mp

Deep wa - ter rolled be - tween them, 'Twas spring - time of the year,
I'll light three loft - y torch - es To guide thee o'er the sea,
Her wick - ed, wick - ed sis - ter She quenched the torch - es three,
And cast your net for treas - ure, I lost be - neath the sea,"
The corpse of her true lov - er, The roy - al king's own son,
"Fare - well dear fa - ther, moth - er, His grave must be my grave,

'Twas spring-time of the year.
To guide thee o'er the sea."
She quenched the torch - es three.
I lost be - neath the sea."
The roy - al king's own son.
His grave must be my grave."

Summer

From the German, by LAURENCE HARPER — Old German Folksong

Allegretto mf
cresc.
1. The sum-mer comes with sing - ing, The hap - py sum-mer time, With
2. The fields are green - er turn - ing, The haw-thorn tree is white, The
3. Then join the hap - py cho - rus Of birds, and flow'rs, and bees, The
mf
cresc.
lil - y - bells a - ring - ing And blue - bird's lilt - ing rhyme; The
ros - es red are burn - ing, They dot the meads with light; And
smil - ing heav - ens o'er us And soft - ly whis - p'ring trees; With
poco rit.
lark his breast is bath - ing In morn-ing's crim-son light, And
pe - o - ny and lark - spur, And blue for - get - me - not, And
mer - ry voi - ces ring - ing, We'll chant the sea - son's praise, And
poco rit.
And blos -
And mi -
And thank.....
blos - som - buds un - swath - ing Their pet - als soft and bright.
mi - gnon - ette and pan - sy Make sweet the gar - den spot.
thank her in our sing - ing For fair and gold - en days.
- - - som - buds un - swath - ing
- - - gnon - ette and pan - sy
..... her in our sing - ing

Consolation

E. Brachvogel

C. Attenhofer

Semplice

p

1. No
2. And
3. So

mf

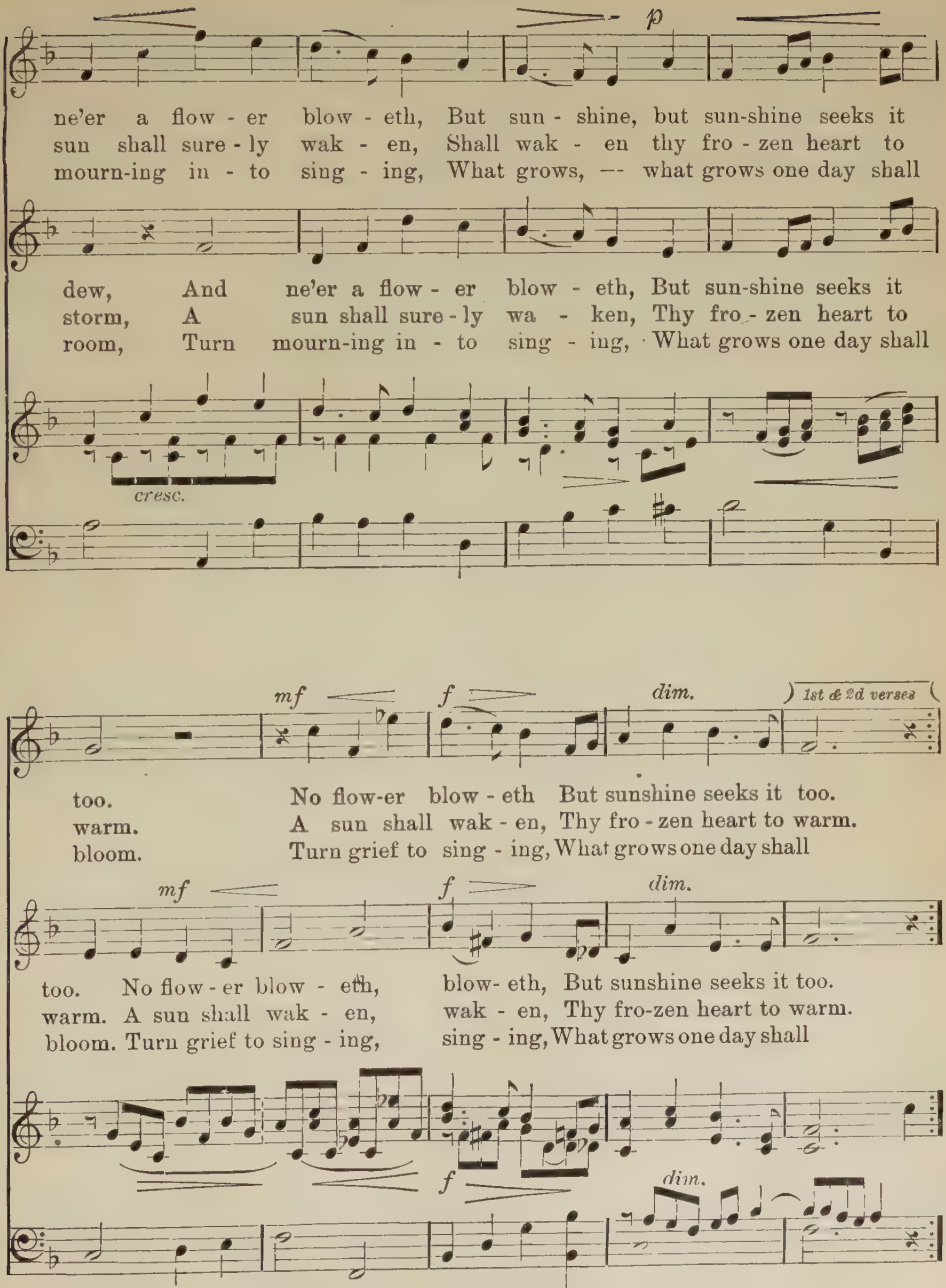
p

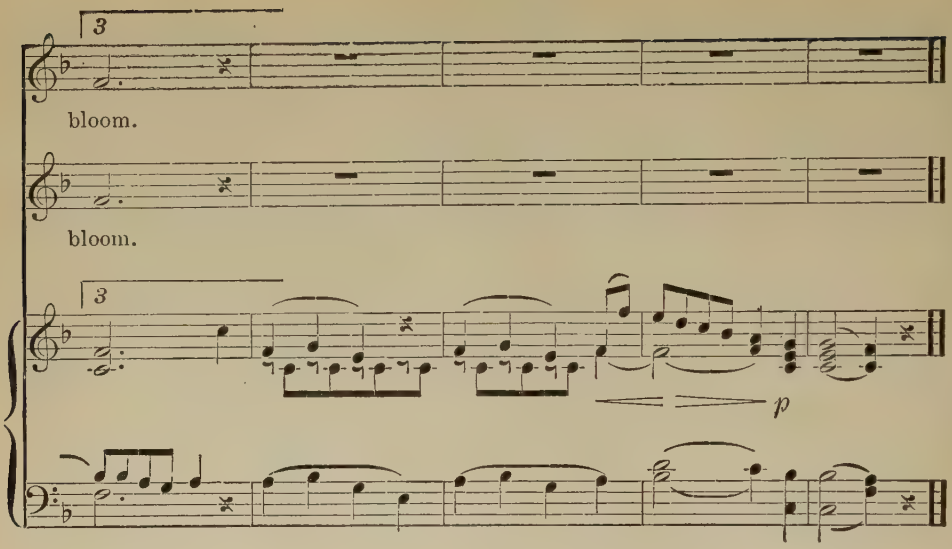
blade of grass that grow - eth, But finds its drop of dew, And
art thou grief-o'er - tak - en, In shad - ow and in storm, A
shall the joy up - spring - ing That in thy heart hath room, Turn

p

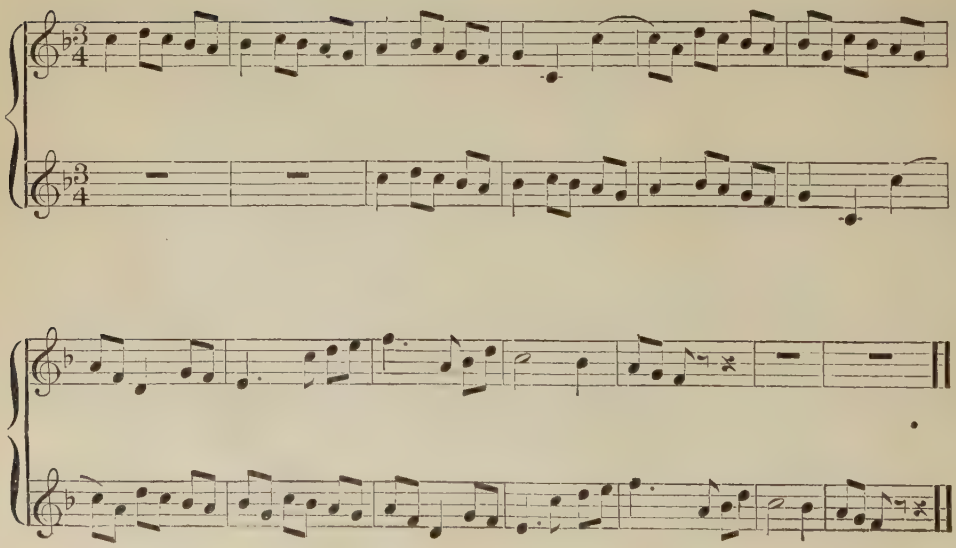
1. No blade of grass that grow - eth But finds its drop of
2. And art thou grief-o'er - tak - en, In shad - ow and in
3. So shall the joy up - spring - ing That in thy heart hath

Consolation


p
ne'er a flow - er blow - eth, But sun - shine, but sun-shine seeks it
sun shall sure - ly wak - en, Shall wak - en thy fro - zen heart to
mourn-ing in - to sing - ing, What grows, — what grows one day shall
dew, And ne'er a flow - er blow - eth, But sun-shine seeks it
storm, A sun shall sure - ly wa - ken, Thy fro - zen heart to
room, Turn mourn-ing in - to sing - ing, What grows one day shall
cresc.
mf
f
dim.
1st & 2d verses
too. No flow-er blow - eth But sunshine seeks it too.
warm. A sun shall wak - en, Thy fro - zen heart to warm.
bloom. Turn grief to sing - ing, What grows one day shall
mf
f
dim.
too. No flow - er blow - eth, blow- eth, But sunshine seeks it too.
warm. A sun shall wak - en, wak - en, Thy fro-zen heart to warm.
bloom. Turn grief to sing - ing, sing - ing, What grows one day shall
f
dim.



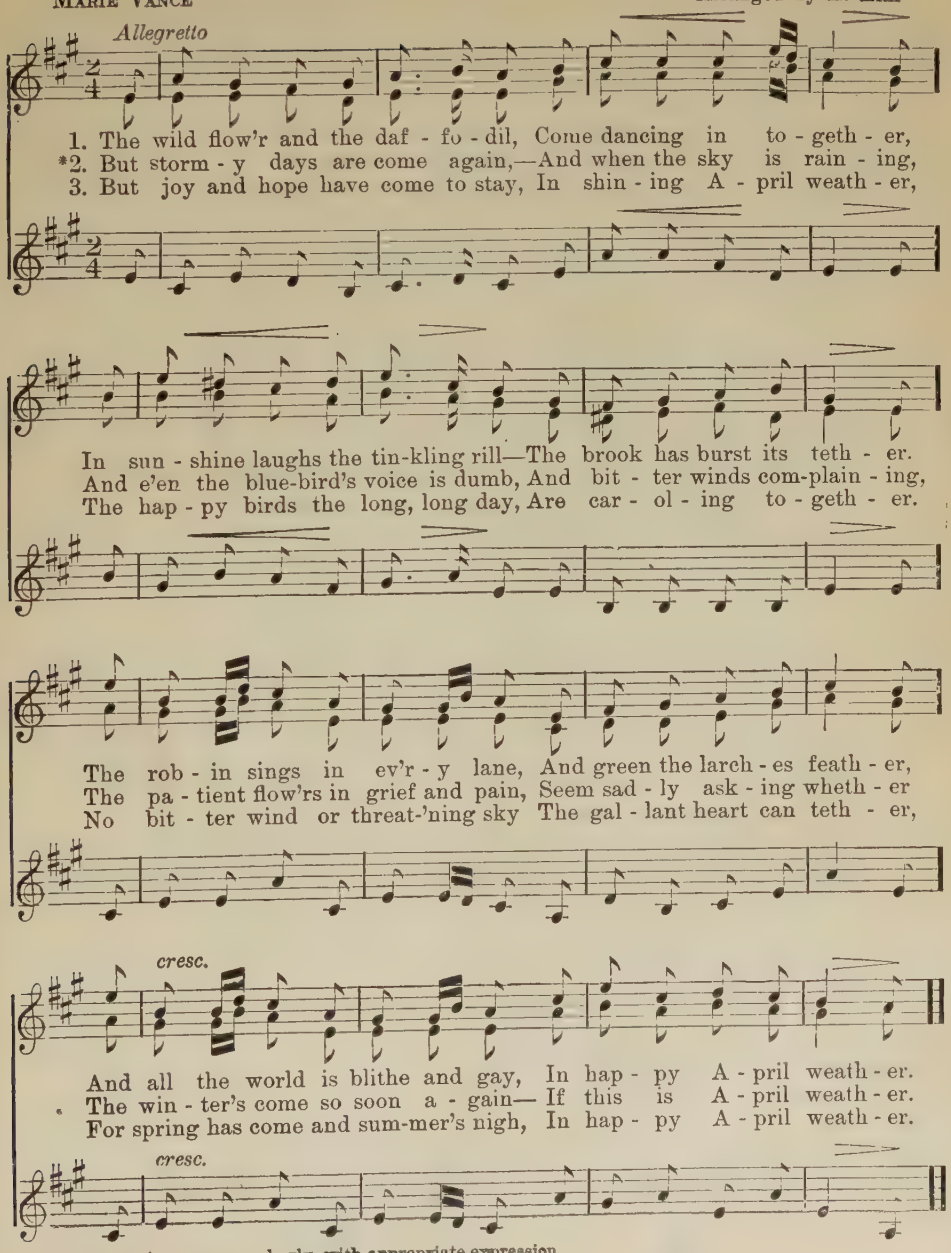
Canon



April Weather

MARIE VANCE

JOSEPH GERSHBACH
Arranged by L. ERK


Allegretto
1. The wild flow'r and the daf - fo - dil, Come dancing in to - geth - er,
*2. But storm - y days are come again,—And when the sky is rain - ing,
3. But joy and hope have come to stay, In shin - ing A - pril weath - er,
In sun - shine laughs the tin-kling rill—The brook has burst its teth - er.
And e'en the blue-bird's voice is dumb, And bit - ter winds com-plain - ing,
The hap - py birds the long, long day, Are car - ol - ing to - geth - er.
The rob - in sings in ev'r - y lane, And green the larch - es feath - er,
The pa - tient flow'rs in grief and pain, Seem sad - ly ask - ing wheth - er
No bit - ter wind or threat-'ning sky The gal - lant heart can teth - er,
cresc.
And all the world is blithe and gay, In hap - py A - pril weath - er.
The win - ter's come so soon a - gain— If this is A - pril weath - er.
For spring has come and sum-mer's nigh, In hap - py A - pril weath - er.
cresc.

*This stanza is sung more slowly, with appropriate expression.

The Dances

Edwin Star Belknap

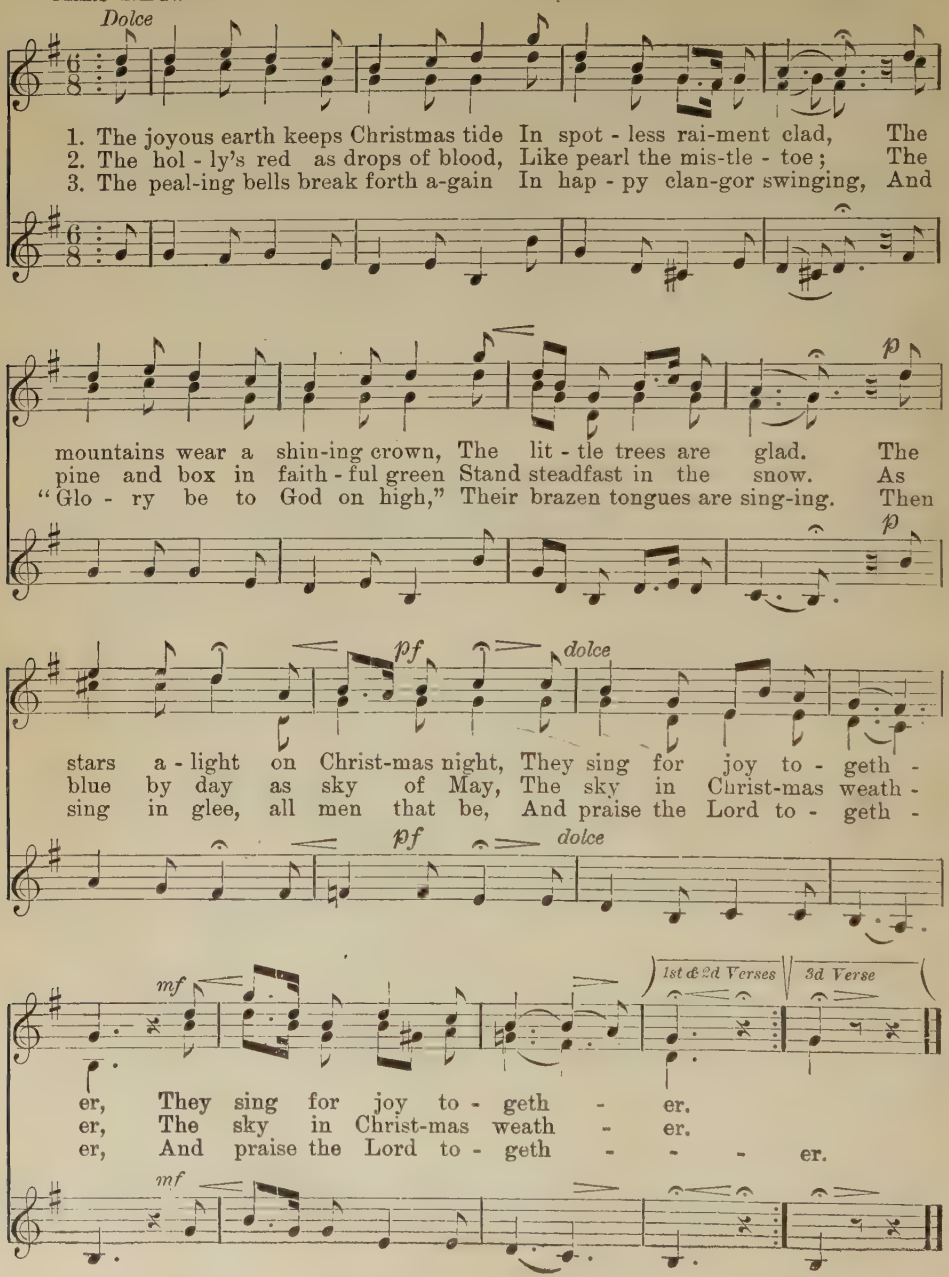
Sir Arthur S. Sullivan
Arr. for Three Voices, H. W. L.

mf Rapidly
p
1. When the prim ga-votte you're dancing Most se-date-ly, most se-date-ly,
2. When the cake-walk you are try-ing, Fun and frol-ic, fun and frol-ic!
3. When you tread the coun-try dan-ces Trip it light-ly, trip it light-ly,
4. When you dance a waltz-ing measure Gen-tly swaying, gen-tly sway-ing,
mf
Old-time dance the most en-tran-cing, Move so state-ly, move so state-ly,
Cou-ples with each oth-er vy-ing, Ri-ot, rol-lic, ri-ot, rol-lic;
Smil-ing lips and laugh-ing glan-ces, Gay and sprightly, gay and sprightly,
Mu-sic lends an add-ed pleas-ure Soft-ly play-ing, soft-ly play-ing,
mp
Curt-sy low and point your toe, Lift your sat-in flounce just so,
Toss your head and bend your back, Stamp the floor with sound-ing whack,
All join hands and swing a-bout, Right and left and in and out,
Glide with un-du-la-tion slow, Swing the bod-y to and fro,
ritard.
Foot it
Wave your fan with movement slow. . . Foot it
Ca-per like a jump-ing-jack. . . Foot it
Bal-ance part-ners! such a rout! . . Foot it
Float a-long like flakes of snow. . . Foot it
ritard.
f (Melody)
Come join, Ah! Join the dan-cing, join the dan-cing,

light and gay! Join the dan - cing, join!
light and gay! round. Join the dan - cing!
Weave the gay round.
Ah, come, join, Ah, come, join!
Curt - sy low and point your toe, Lift the sat - in flounce just so,
Toss your head and bend your back, Stamp the floor with sound-ing whack,
All join hands and swing a - bout, Right and left and in and out,
Glide with un - du - la - tion slow, Swing the bod - y to and fro,
Come, join! Come, join!
Foot it
ritard.
Wave your fan with move-ment slow. . Foot the
Ca - per like a jump - ing - jack. . Foot the
Bal - ance part - ners! such a rout!. . Foot the
Float a - long like flakes of snow. . Foot the
ritard.
(Melody)
Come join, Ah! Join the dan - cing, join the dan - cing;
light and gay; Join the dan cing, come, all join! . . .
light and gay round. Come, all join! . .
Weave the gay round.
All join! . . .

Christmas Bells

MARY SEDGWICK A. CANTOR


Dolce
1. The joyous earth keeps Christmas tide In spot - less rai-ment clad, The
2. The hol - ly's red as drops of blood, Like pearl the mis-tle - toe; The
3. The peal-ing bells break forth a-gain In hap - py clan-gor swinging, And
mountains wear a shin-ing crown, The lit - tle trees are glad. The
pine and box in faith - ful green Stand steadfast in the snow. As
"Glo - ry be to God on high," Their brazen tongues are sing-ing. Then
p
p
stars a - light on Christ-mas night, They sing for joy to - geth -
blue by day as sky of May, The sky in Christ-mas weath -
sing in glee, all men that be, And praise the Lord to - geth -
pf
dolce
pf
dolce
mf
1st & 2d Verses
3d Verse
er, They sing for joy to - geth - er.
er, The sky in Christ-mas weath - er.
er, And praise the Lord to - geth - - - er.
mf

May Time

From the Danish
Adapted by F. Y. W.

Old Danish Folktune
Arr. for three voices by H. W. L.

Fast (*count two in a measure.*)

mp

1. The wings of birds have brought the May, 'Tis the ear - ly
2. The snow - y blooms on ap - ple boughs Tempt the bus - y
3. The prat - tling brook that hur - ries by Thro' the dap - pled

1. The birds have brought the May - time; 'Tis the glad
2. The blooms on ap - ple branch - es Tempt the gay
3. The prat - tling brook that hur - ries Through the fair

mp

1. The birds brought the May, 'Tis ear - ly
2. The white ap - ple boughs Tempt ev'r - y
3. The brook hur - ries by Through dap - pled

mf *p*

morn - ing; The hours of dark have sped a - way,
hum - mer, And dream - ing clouds the zeph - yrs rouse—
mead - ows, Has bor - rowed gems from out the sky,

morn - ing; Hours of dark speed a - way,
hum - mer; Dream - ing clouds zeph - yrs rouse—
mead - ows, Bor - rows gems from the sky,

mf *p*

Altos sing 1st Soprano text

mp *cresc.*

Jon - quils all were a - wake be - fore the dawn - ing.....
White pro - ces - sions a - long the path to sum - mer.....
Scat - t'ring di - a - monds thro' the moss - y shad - ows.....

mp *cresc.*

Jon - quils woke ere the dawn - ing.....
Through the path - way to sum - mer.....
Scat - t'ring light through the shad - ows.....

October

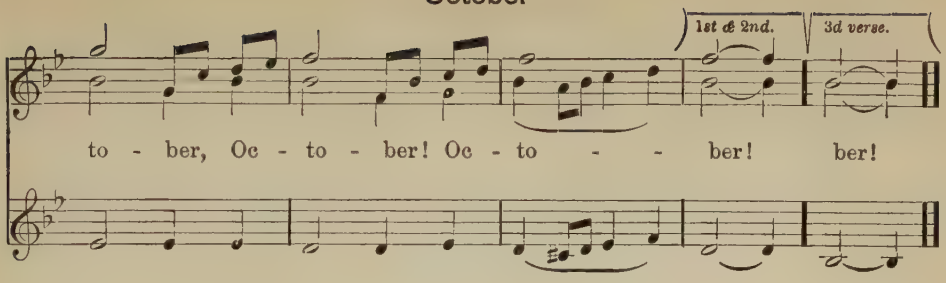
KATE FORMAN

W. W. GILCHRIST

Cheerily

1. You gath - er all the bless-ings of the year, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
2. The fie - ry heat of sum-mer smoulders still, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
3. Your per-fumed glad-ness calls us all to rove, Oc - to - ber, Oc -
to - ber! And spread them out to make us joy - ous cheer, Oc -
to - ber! On har - vest field and ev'r - y wood-land hill, Oc -
to - ber! And seek you in your fair - est in - most grove, Oc -
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! O the tin - gling, i - cy nights as light as
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! O the wav - ing crim - son flame of dy - ing
to - ber, Oc - to - ber! O the roast-ing corn is grow-ing am - ber
noon! O the days soft - ly fair and blue as June,.... Oc -
leaves! O the glow in the heart of gold - en sheaves,.. Oc -
brown! As your nuts, pelt - ing gai - ly, rat - tle down,.... Oc -

October



Round

English

1 Moderato
Fair morn as - cends; fresh zeph - - yr's breath
2
Where sown pro - fuse - ly herb and flow'r,
3
Their souls in fra - grant dews.... ex - hale,
2
Blows lib - 'ral o'er.... the bloom - ing heath,
3
Of balm - y smell, of heal - ing pow'r,
1
And breathe fresh life in ev'r - y gale.

Morning Song

KATE FORMAN

HUGO JÜNGST

mf
1. How fresh - ly you a - wak - en O moun - tain, from re - pose; The
2. What count - less for - est chil - dren With - in your shad-ows deep, O
3. O morn - ing fair and ten - der, On hill - y slope or glen, With -
f
p
som - bre dark for - sak - en For mist - y pearl and rose. The
wood - land green and si - lent, Are fold - ed in - to sleep. But
in your dew - y splen - dor We find new hope a - gain. What -
sun - shine on your gla - ciers In spar - kles of de - light Is
lo! one ru - by twin - kle, One o - pal - es - cent gleam, And
ev - er shad - ow o'er us Has hid us from your sight, O
1 & 2
wel - com - ing the morn - ing And laugh - ing at the night.
ev'r - y bird is wak - ing And bless - ing ev'r - y beam.
(Omit.)

Marigolds

Words from "Songs from Vagabondia"
by Bliss Carman and Richard Hovey

Margaret Ruthven Lang

mp Quietly
1. The mar - i - golds are nod - ding, nod-ding, nod-ding; I won-der what they
2. Go, be their lit - tle broth - er, lit - tle broth-er, As hum-ble as the
3. Put by the pride of knowledge, pride of knowledge, Put by the fear of
4. Be Dar-win in your pa-tience, in your pa-tience, Be Chau-cer in your
know. . . Go lis - ten ver - y gen - tly, ver - y gen - tly—
grass; . . And lean up - on the hill - wind, on the hill - wind
pain; . . You may be count-ed wor - thy, count - ed wor - thy
love, . . . They may re - lent and tell you, they may tell you
p
poco ritard.
You may per-suade them so, You may per-suade them so. . .
And watch the shad-ows pass, And watch the shad - ows pass. .
To live with them a - gain, To live with them a - gain. .
What they are think-ing of, What they are think - ing of. . .
poco ritard.

By kind permission of Small, Maynard & Co.

The Watcher in the Skies

Trans. from the German

B. Hamma

Andante

p

1. In the star - ry realm of heav - en Dwells a Shep-herd kind and
2. All the birds and beasts and flow - ers Know the lov - ing voice of

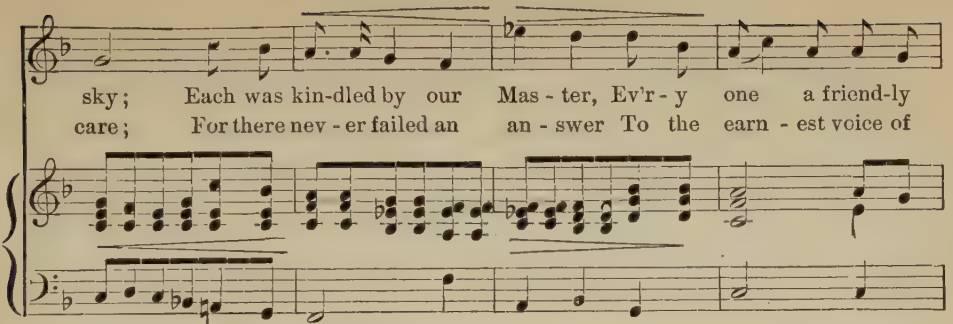
p

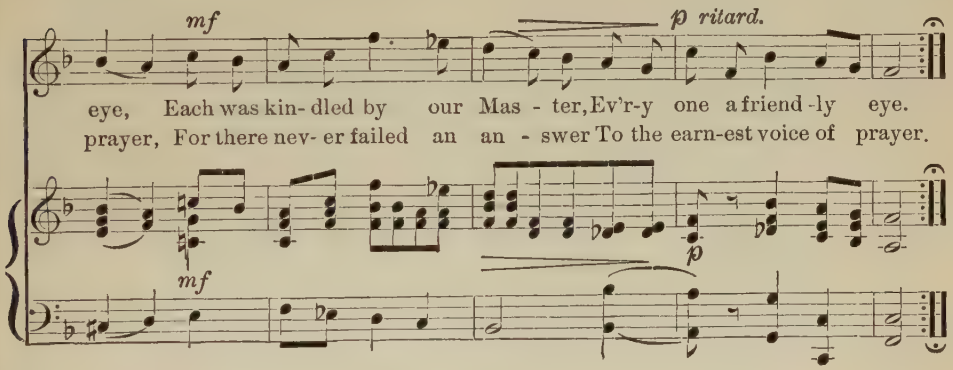
true; When your eye - lids close in slum-ber He is keep - ing watch o'er
God, And the small - est seed that's planted Hears Him call - ing thro' the

mf *p*

you. There's a star for ev'r- y sleep-er, Like a bea- con in the
sod. And the wea-ry or the ail - ing Look a - bove in hours of

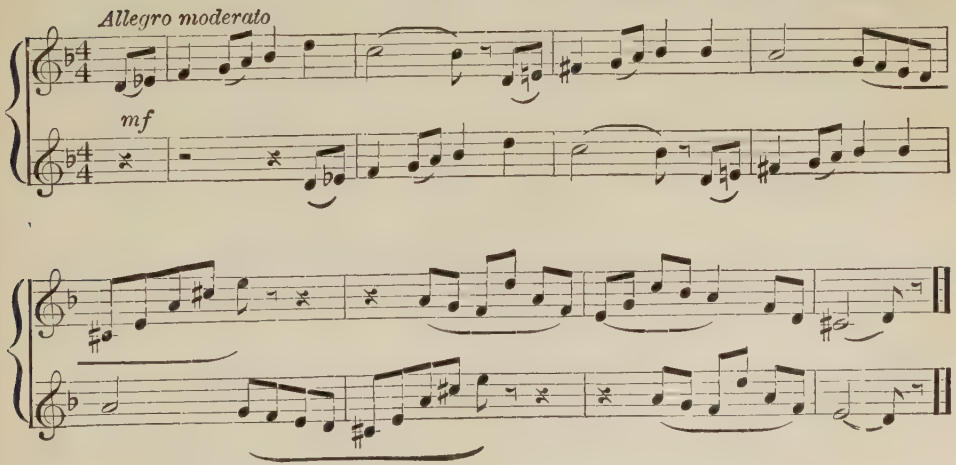
mf *p*




mf
p ritard.
eye, Each was kin- dled by our Mas - ter, Ev'r-y one a friend -ly eye.
prayer, For there nev- er failed an an - swer To the earn-est voice of prayer.
mf
p

Canon

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



In Summer

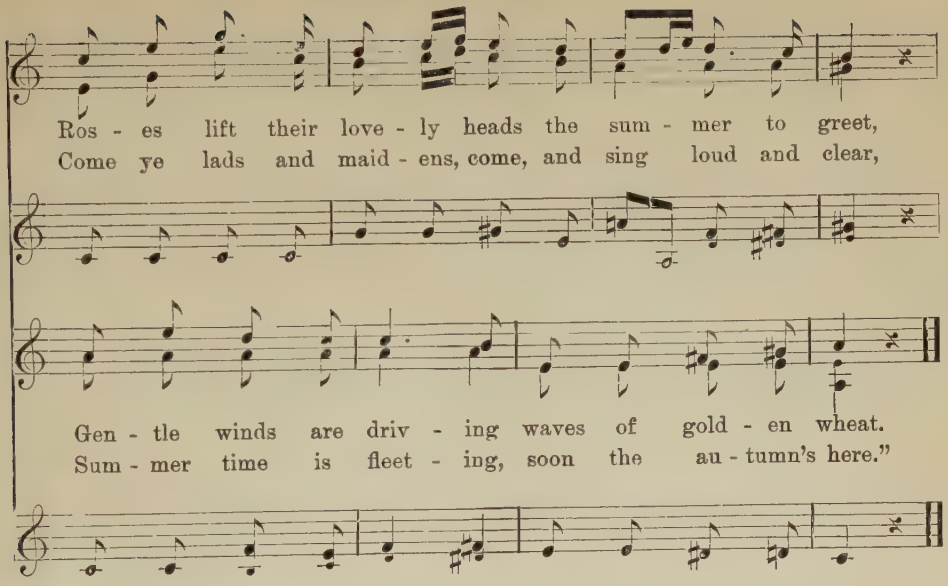
Words adapted from the Russian
by HELEN GOODRICH

A. WARLAMOFF

Allegro moderato

1. Glows the sun a - bove me in the bright blue sky,
2. In the fields the reap - ers wide their cra - dles swing,
1. Glows the
2. In the
Ev'r - y - where the earth in joy - ous beau - ty now doth lie;..
Far a - way I hear their voi - ces thro' the mead - ows ring;
Ros - es lift their love - ly heads the sum - mer to greet,
"Come ye lads and maid - ens, come, and sing loud and clear,
Gen - tle winds are driv - ing waves of gold - en wheat;
Sum - mer time is fleet - ing, soon the au - tumn's here;

In Summer

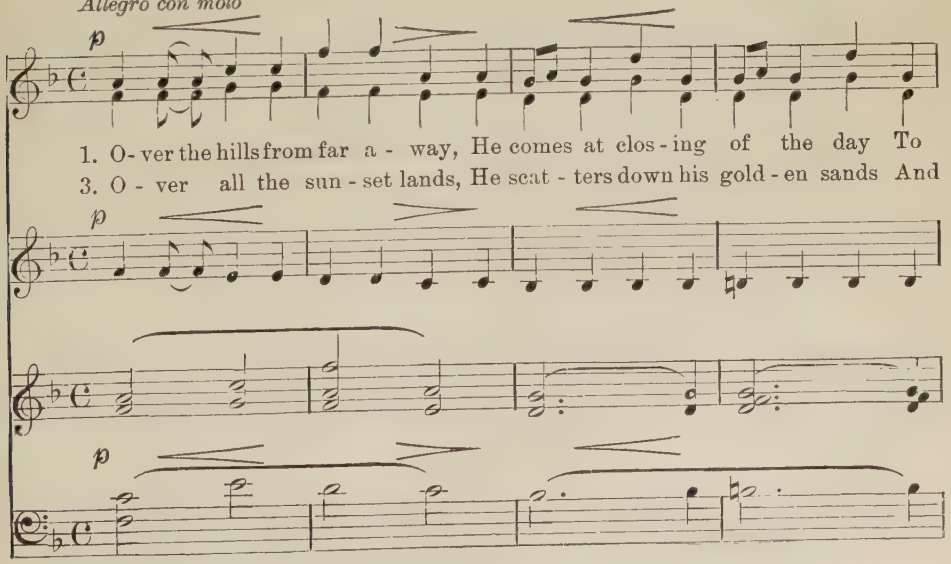

Ros - es lift their love - ly heads the sum - mer to greet,
Come ye lads and maid - ens, come, and sing loud and clear,
Gen - tle winds are driv - ing waves of gold - en wheat.
Sum - mer time is fleet - ing, soon the au - tumn's here."

The Sandman

HARRIET F. BLODGETT

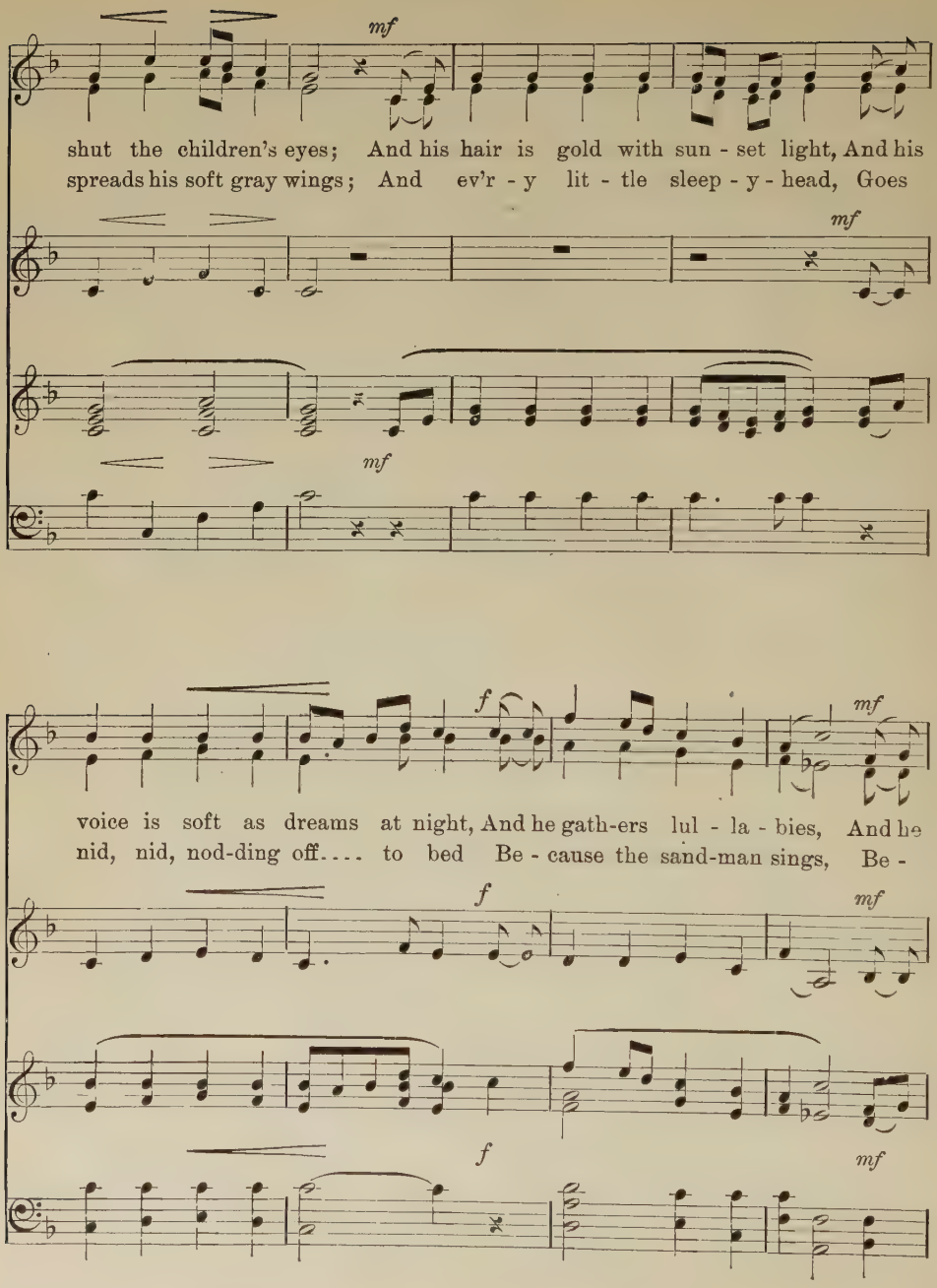
M. MELVILLE

Allegro con moto

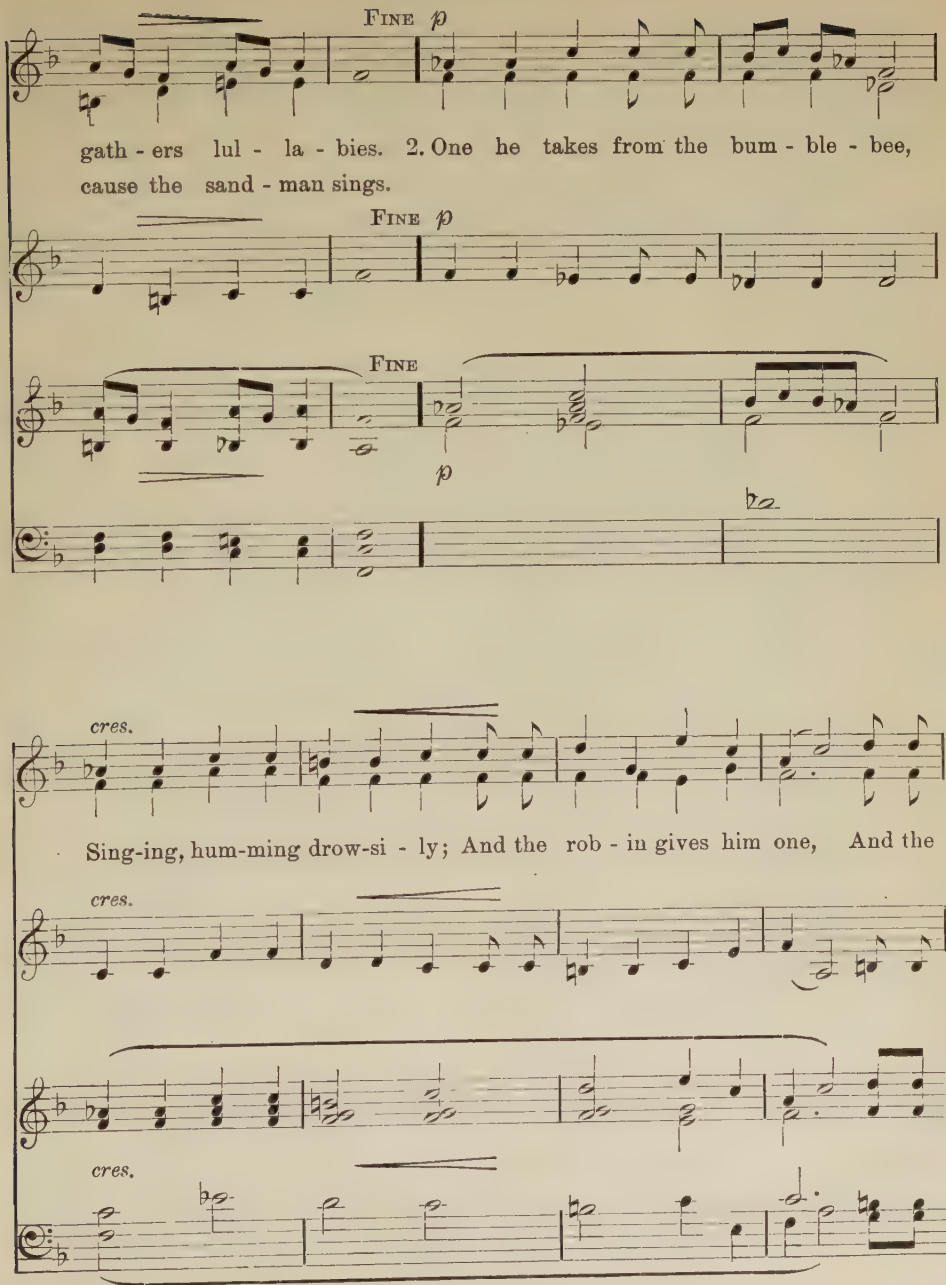

p
1. O - ver the hills from far a - way, He comes at clos - ing of the day To
3. O - ver all the sun - set lands, He scat - ters down his gold - en sands And
p
p

By kind permission of The Century Company

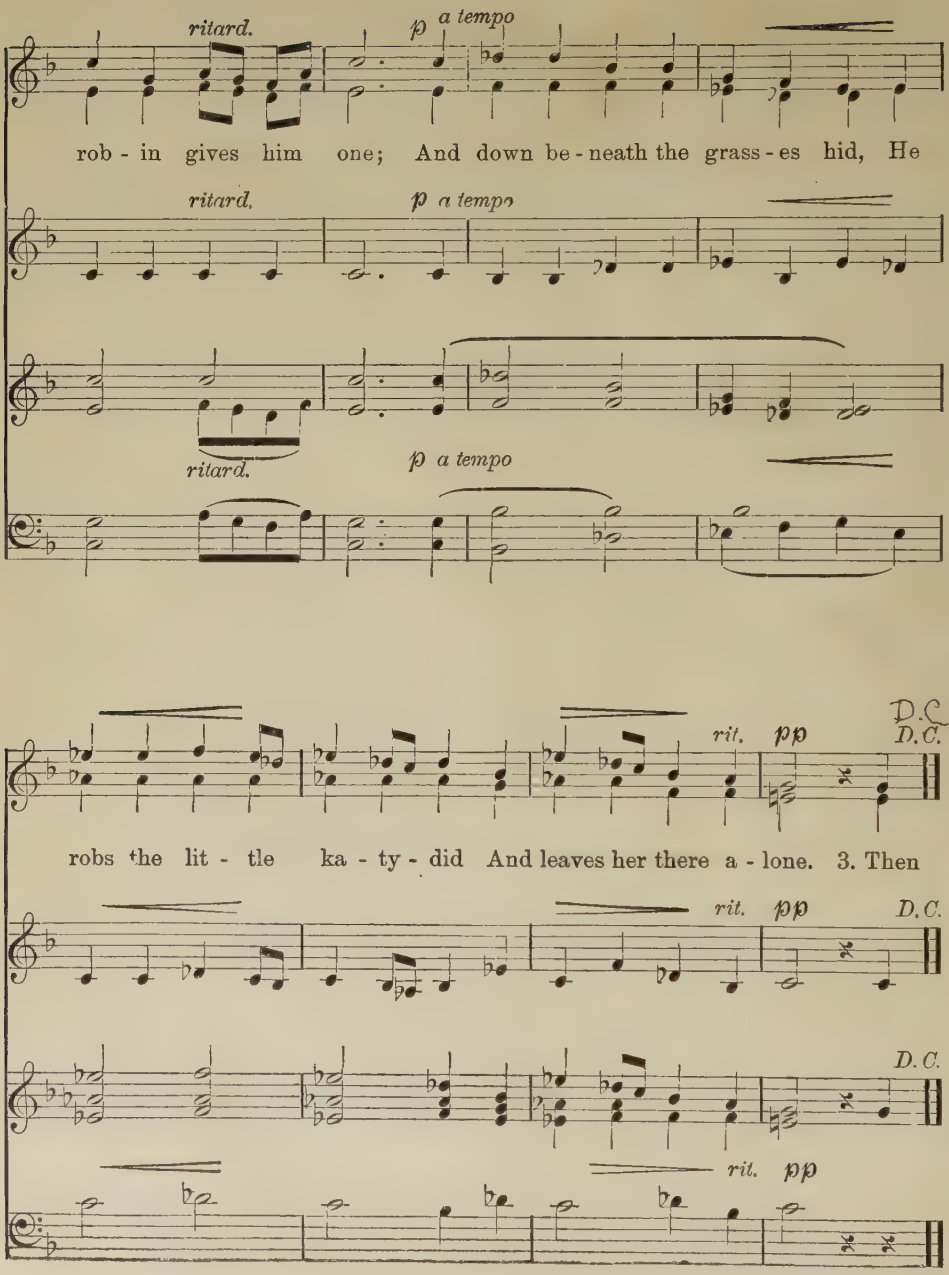
The Sandman


mf
shut the children's eyes; And his hair is gold with sun - set light, And his
spreads his soft gray wings; And ev'r - y lit - tle sleep - y - head, Goes
mf
mf
f
mf
voice is soft as dreams at night, And he gath-ers lul - la - bies, And he
nid, nid, nod-ding off.... to bed Be - cause the sand-man sings, Be -
f
mf
f
mf

The Sandman


Fine p
gath - ers lul - la - bies. 2. One he takes from the bum - ble - bee,
cause the sand - man sings.
Fine p
Fine
p
cres.
Sing-ing, hum-ming drow-si - ly; And the rob - in gives him one, And the
cres.
cres.

The Sandman


ritard.
p a tempo
rob - in gives him one; And down be - neath the grass - es hid, He
ritard.
p a tempo
ritard.
p a tempo
D.C.
rit. pp
D.C.
robs the lit - tle ka - ty - did And leaves her there a - lone. 3. Then
rit. pp
D.C.
D.C.
rit. pp

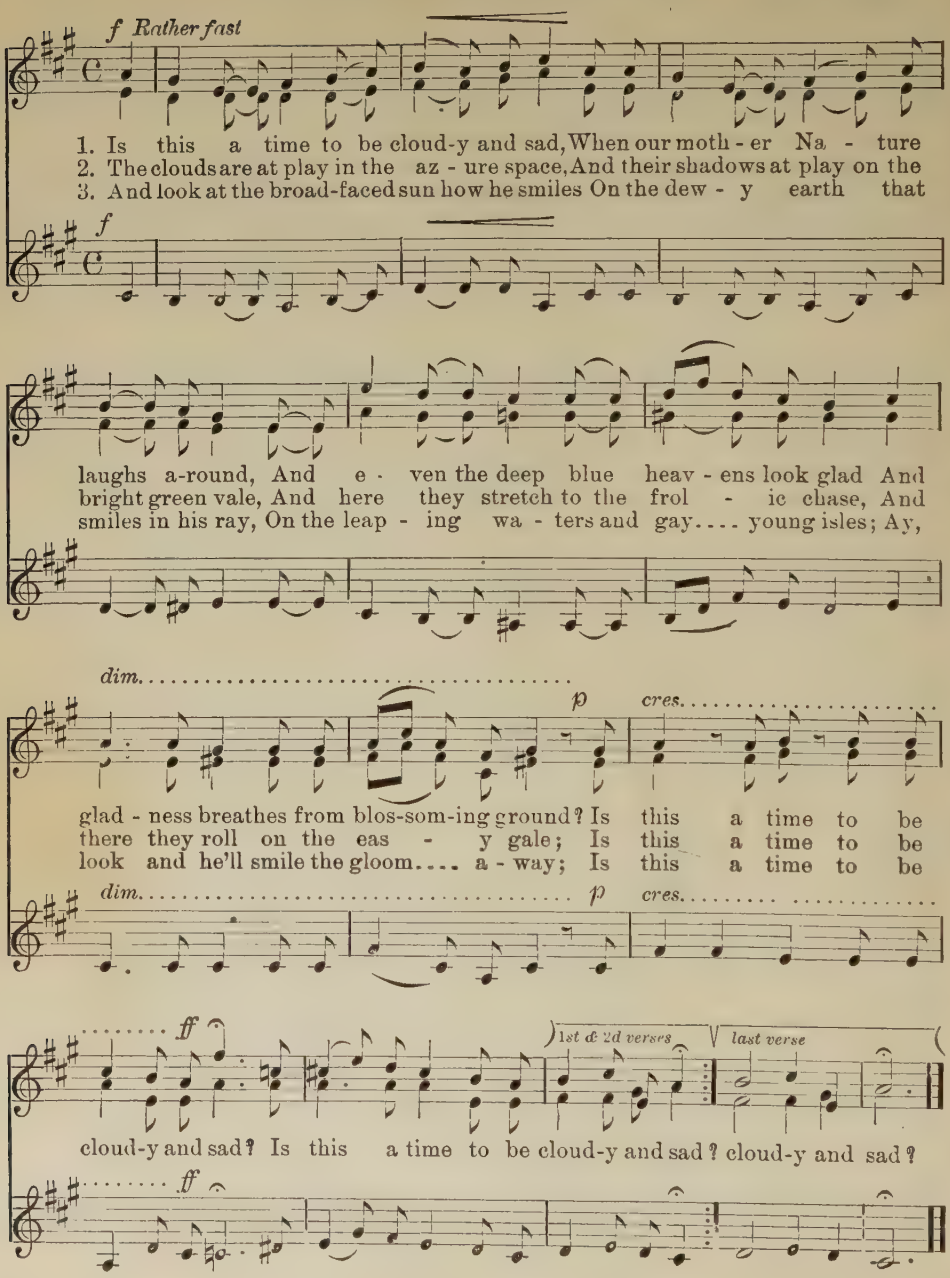
Thanksgiving all the Year

KATE FORMAN GRABEN-HOFFMANN

p Andantino
1. Morn-ing is dew-y bright, Lil-ies are full of light, Glow-ing,
2. Joy-ous the fro-zen day, Mad winds in might-y play Cry-ing!
3. But when the ripened corn Stands in the sun-ny morn, Dreaming;
p
Sweet is the A-pril breeze, O-ver the li-lac trees, Blow-ing.
O-ver the i-cy snow, Light-ly as birds we go. Fly-ing!
When ev'r-y ap-ple tree, Smiles down so ros-i-ly, Beaming;
f
mf
O blos-soms dear— Blos-soms and buds of the year,
O bold and free! Let us give thanks for your glee,
O time of cheer— This is the gold of the year!
f
mf
p
Let us give thanks for your grow - - ing.
Win-ter's too mer-ry for sigh - - ing.
Let us give thanks for its gleam - - ing.
p

The Gladness of Nature

ADOLF WEIDIG


f Rather fast
1. Is this a time to be cloud-y and sad, When our moth - er Na - ture
2. The clouds are at play in the az - ure space, And their shadows at play on the
3. And look at the broad-faced sun how he smiles On the dew - y earth that
f
laughs a-round, And e - ven the deep blue heav - ens look glad And
bright green vale, And here they stretch to the frol - ic chase, And
smiles in his ray, On the leap - ing wa - ters and gay.... young isles; Ay,
dim.
p
cres.
glad - ness breathes from blos-som-ing ground? Is this a time to be
there they roll on the eas - y gale; Is this a time to be
look and he'll smile the gloom.... a - way; Is this a time to be
dim.
p
cres.
ff
1st & 2d verses
last verse
cloud-y and sad? Is this a time to be cloud-y and sad? cloud-y and sad?
ff

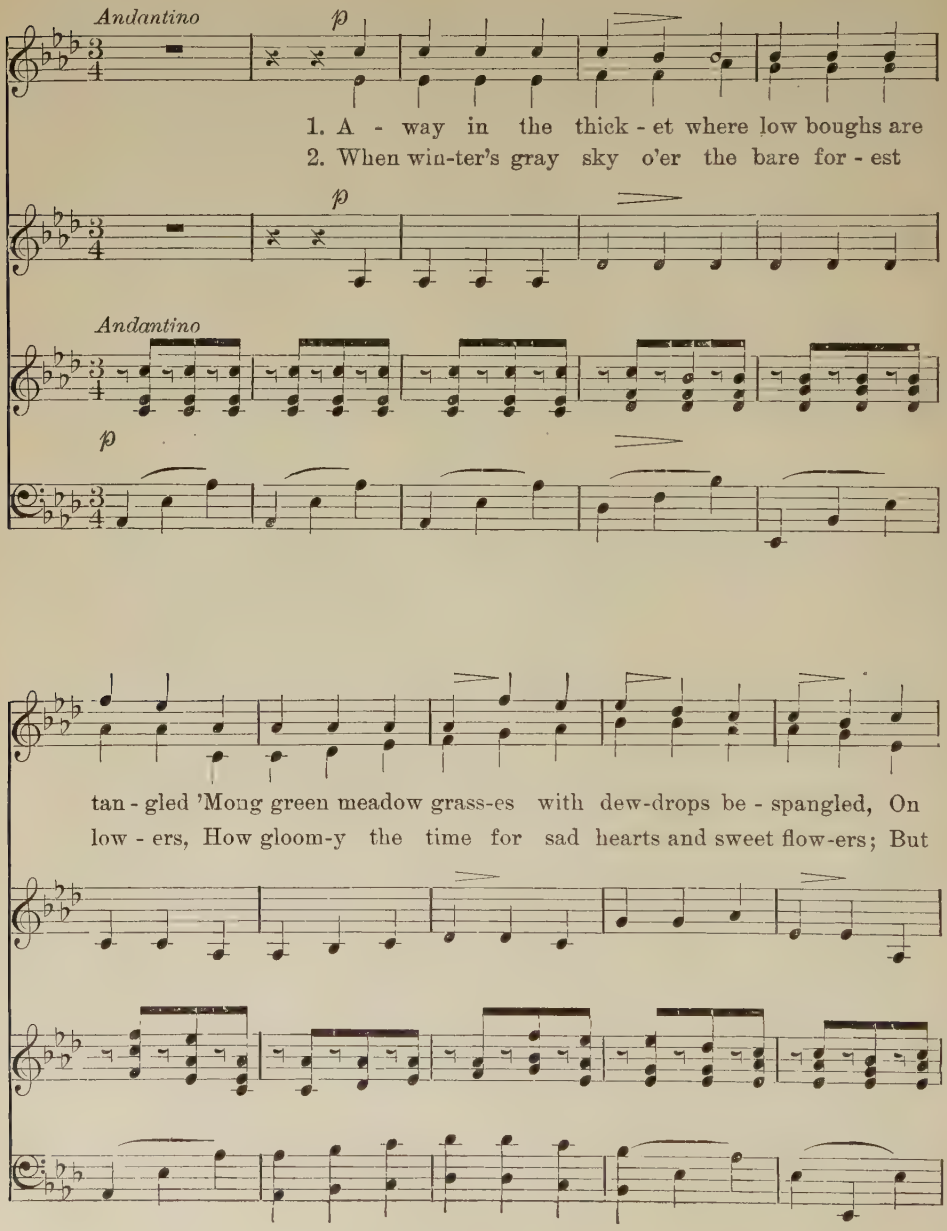
May Night

KATE FORMAN C. H. DÖRING

Allegretto
1. All the night is sweet with blos - soms Blush - ing ros - y
2. Blooms of May! the dark has hid - den All your beau - ty
3. So I know you are not sleep - ing, By the sigh - ing
with de - light, Pink and fair the scent - ed peach tree,
from my sight, But the breeze has brought your greet - ing
words you say, And the show'rs of dew - y per - fume;
Cher - ry trees are all in white;.... Pink and
In the soft and balm - y night;.... But the
Wel - come, ten - der blooms of May;.... And the
fair the scent - ed peach tree, Cher - ry trees are all in white.
breeze has brought your greet - ing, In the soft and balm - y night.
show'rs of dew - y per - fume; Wel - come, ten - der blooms of May.
rit.
rit

The Pretty Wild Flowers

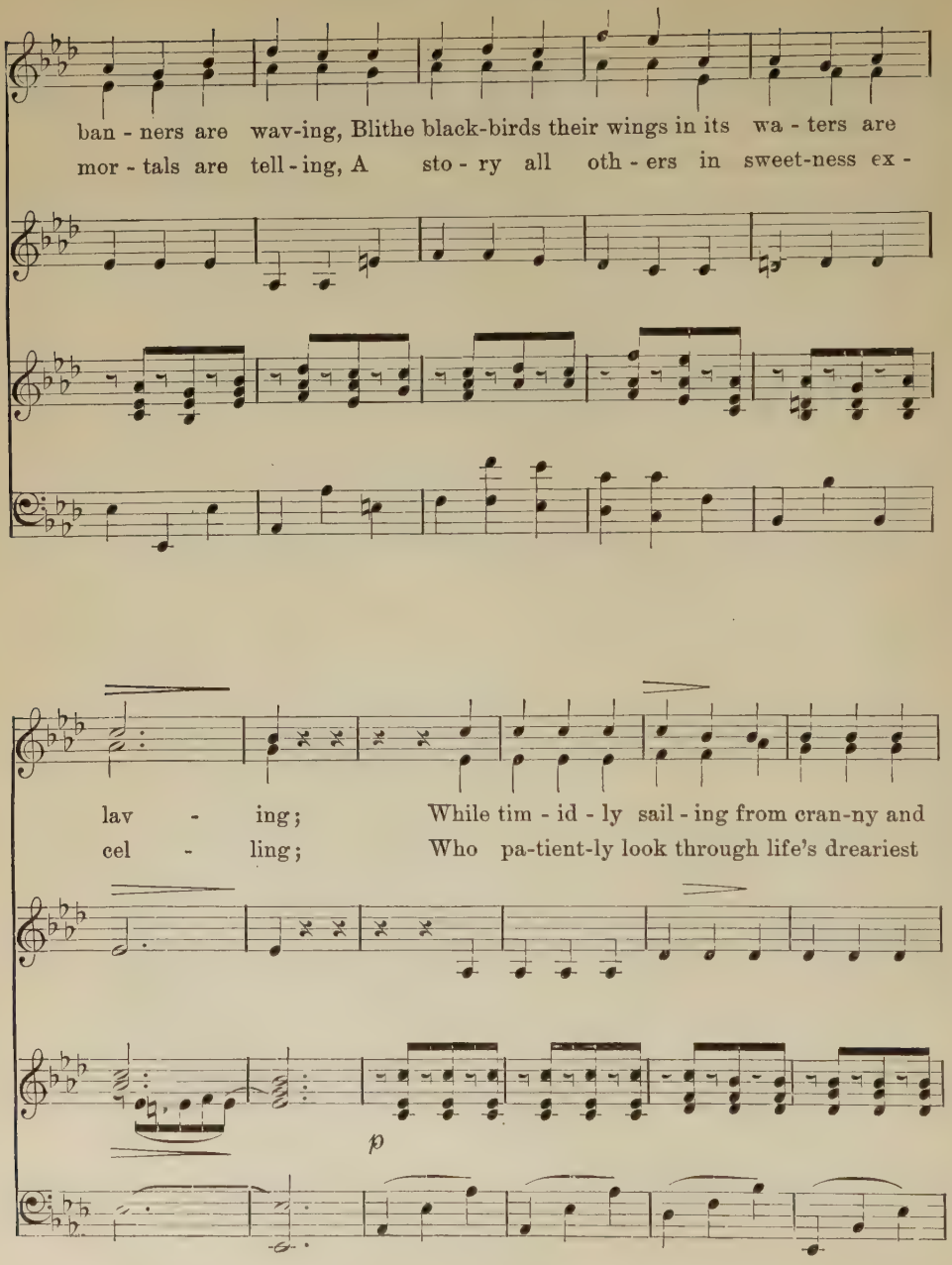
MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN MOZART


Andantino
p
1. A - way in the thick - et where low boughs are
2. When win-ter's gray sky o'er the bare for - est
Andantino
p
tan - gled 'Mong green meadow grass-es with dew-drops be - spangled, On
low - ers, How gloom-y the time for sad hearts and sweet flow-ers; But

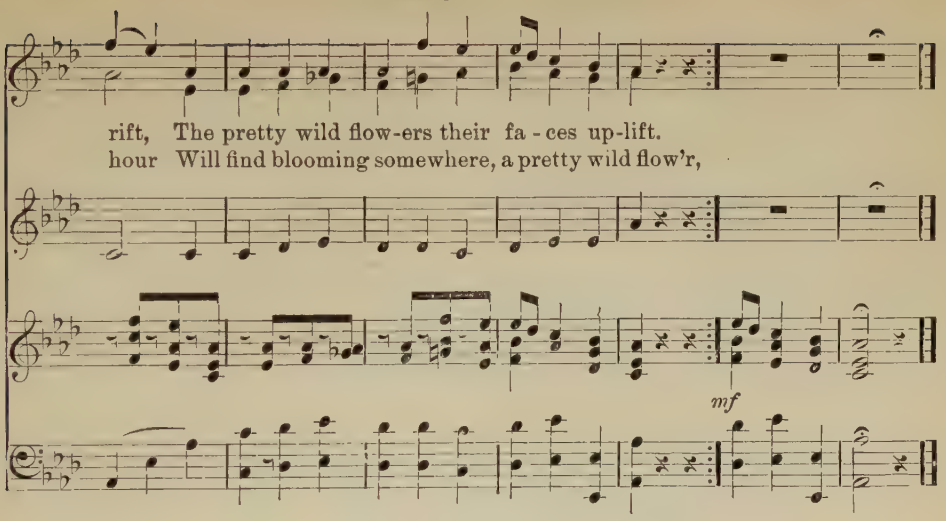
The Pretty Wild Flowers

moun-tain and val-ley, by riv-er and rill The pret-ty wild
spring shall re-vive ev'r-y blos-som a-gain, And fond wish-es
rit.
mf a tempo
flow-ers their per-fume dis-til. The fern by the brook ver-nal
grant-ed bring glad-ness to men. Thus beau-ty and hope un-to
rit
mf a tempo
rit.
mf a tempo

The Pretty Wild Flowers

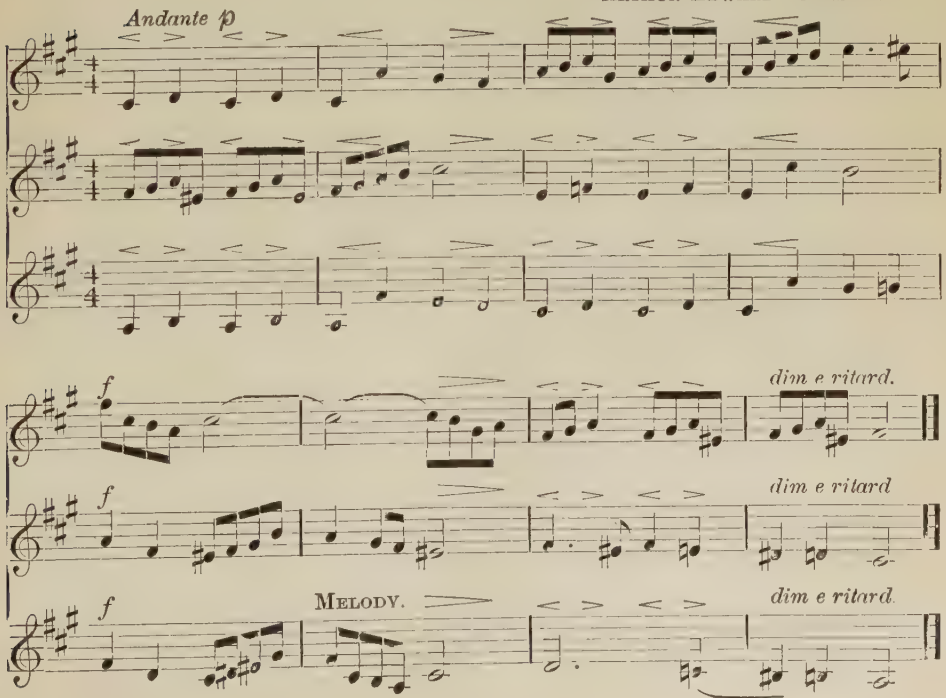

ban - ners are wav-ing, Blithe black-birds their wings in its wa - ters are
mor - tals are tell - ing, A sto - ry all oth - ers in sweet-ness ex -
lav - ing; While tim - id - ly sail - ing from cran-ny and
cel - ling; Who pa-tient-ly look through life's dreariest
p

The Pretty Wild Flowers



A Study

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



Summer Days

KATE FORMAN S. NEVENSCHWANDER

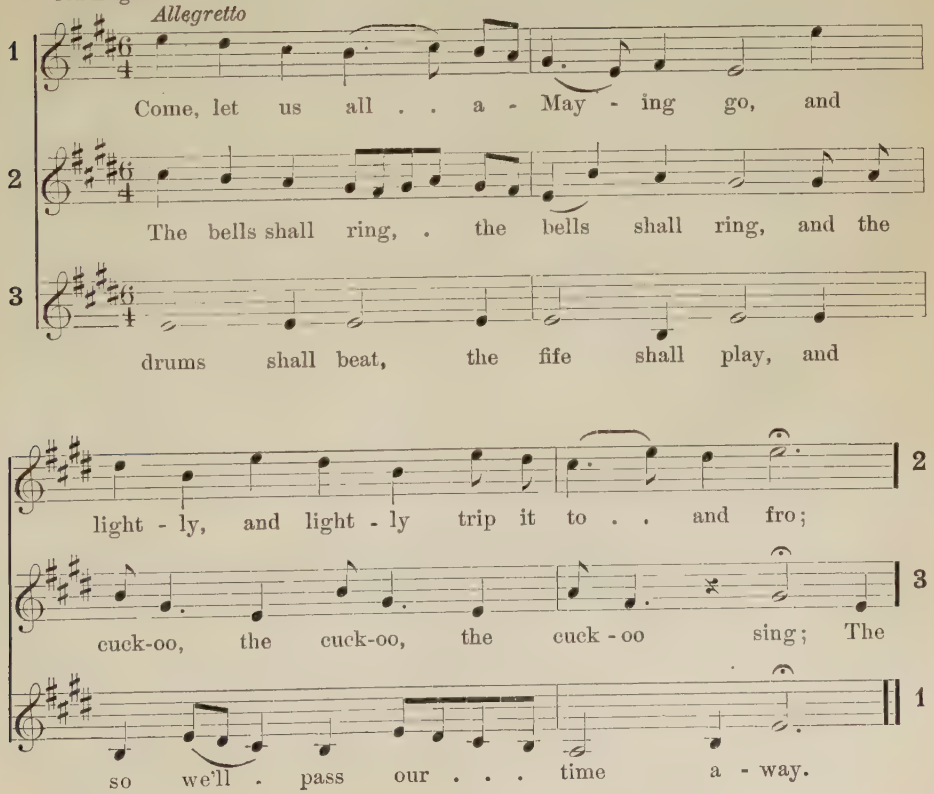
mf Lightly
p
mf
1. The ros - es in the gar - den bed, Tra - la, tra - la, The
2. Be - neath the trees the light is green, Tra - la, tra - la, The
3. Be - fore the sun and morn - ing meet, Tra - la, tra - la, The
cresc.
ros - es white and ros - es red, Tra - la, tra - la, So swift - ly aft - er
sun-rays can-not shine be-tween, Tra - la, tra - la, For all the gen-tle
birds are sing-ing loud and sweet, Tra - la, tra - la, What hap - py car - ols
budding, blow, So bright - ly in the sun - light glow, Be-cause the hap - py
leaves that sway, Have made a pleasant home to stay, Where lit - tle shad-ows
free from care, And tune - ful flit-tings in the air— What wing-ed glad - ness
f
ros - es know The sum-mer days are here, The sweet-est of the year.
come and play, For sum-mer days are bright, And full of laugh-ing light.
ev'r - y-where! For sum-mer days are long, For mirth and mer - ry song.

The days, ... the sum - mer days, ...
Tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la, The summer days are here.
Tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la, For summer days are bright.
Tra-la, tra - la, tra - la, tra - la, For summer days are long.

Round

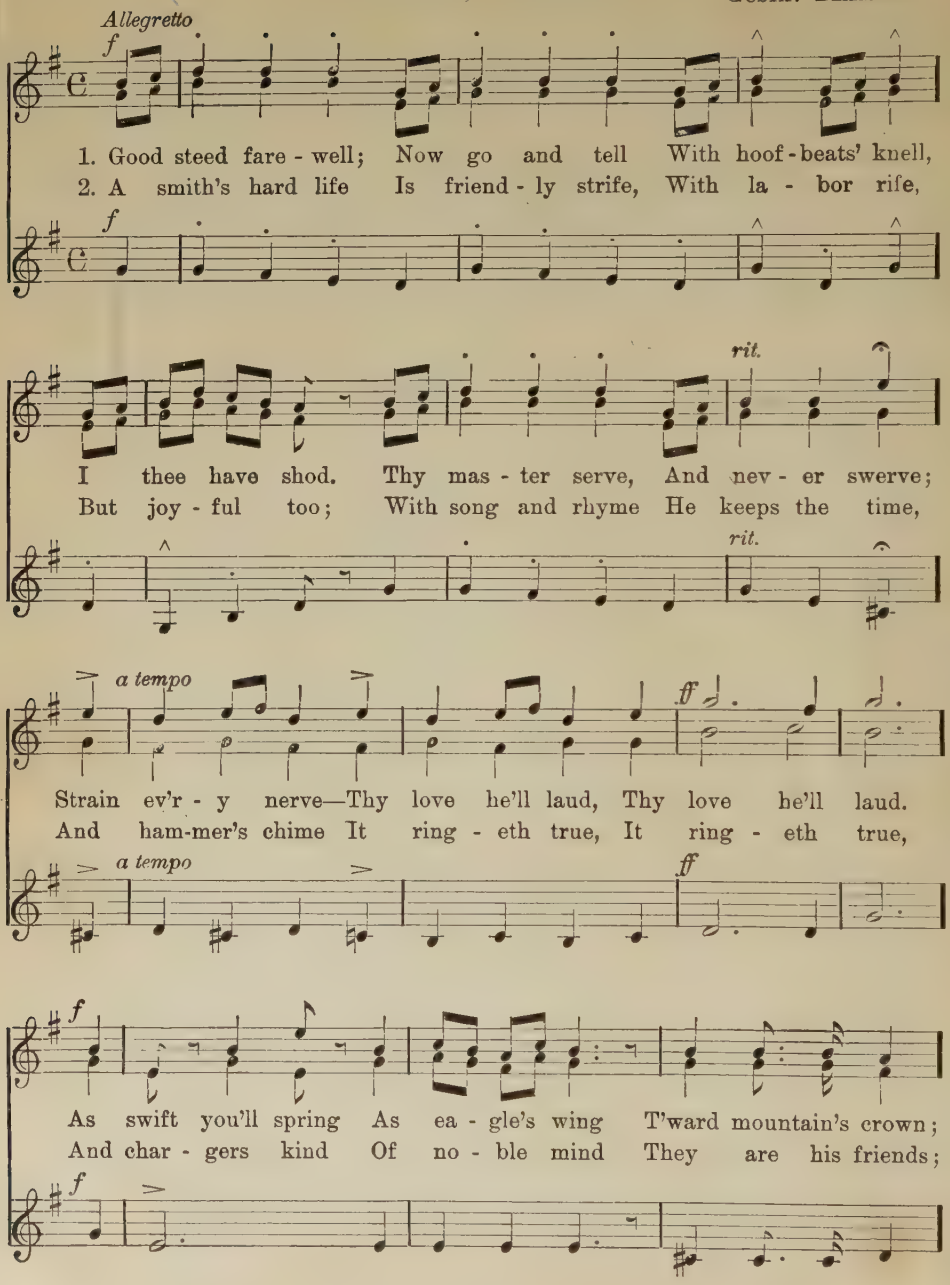
Old English HILTON

Allegretto


1
Come, let us all . . a - May - ing go, and
2
The bells shall ring, . the bells shall ring, and the
3
drums shall beat, the fife shall play, and
light - ly, and light - ly trip it to . . and fro;
2
cuck-oo, the cuck-oo, the cuck - oo sing; The
3
so we'll . pass our . . . time a - way.
1

Smith's Song

GUSTAV BLASSER


Allegretto
f
1. Good steed fare - well; Now go and tell With hoof-beats' knell,
2. A smith's hard life Is friend - ly strife, With la - bor rife,
rit.
I thee have shod. Thy mas - ter serve, And nev - er swerve;
But joy - ful too; With song and rhyme He keeps the time,
a tempo
ff
Strain ev'r - y nerve—Thy love he'll laud, Thy love he'll laud.
And ham-mer's chime It ring - eth true, It ring - eth true,
As swift you'll spring As ea - gle's wing T'ward mountain's crown;
And char - gers kind Of no - ble mind They are his friends;

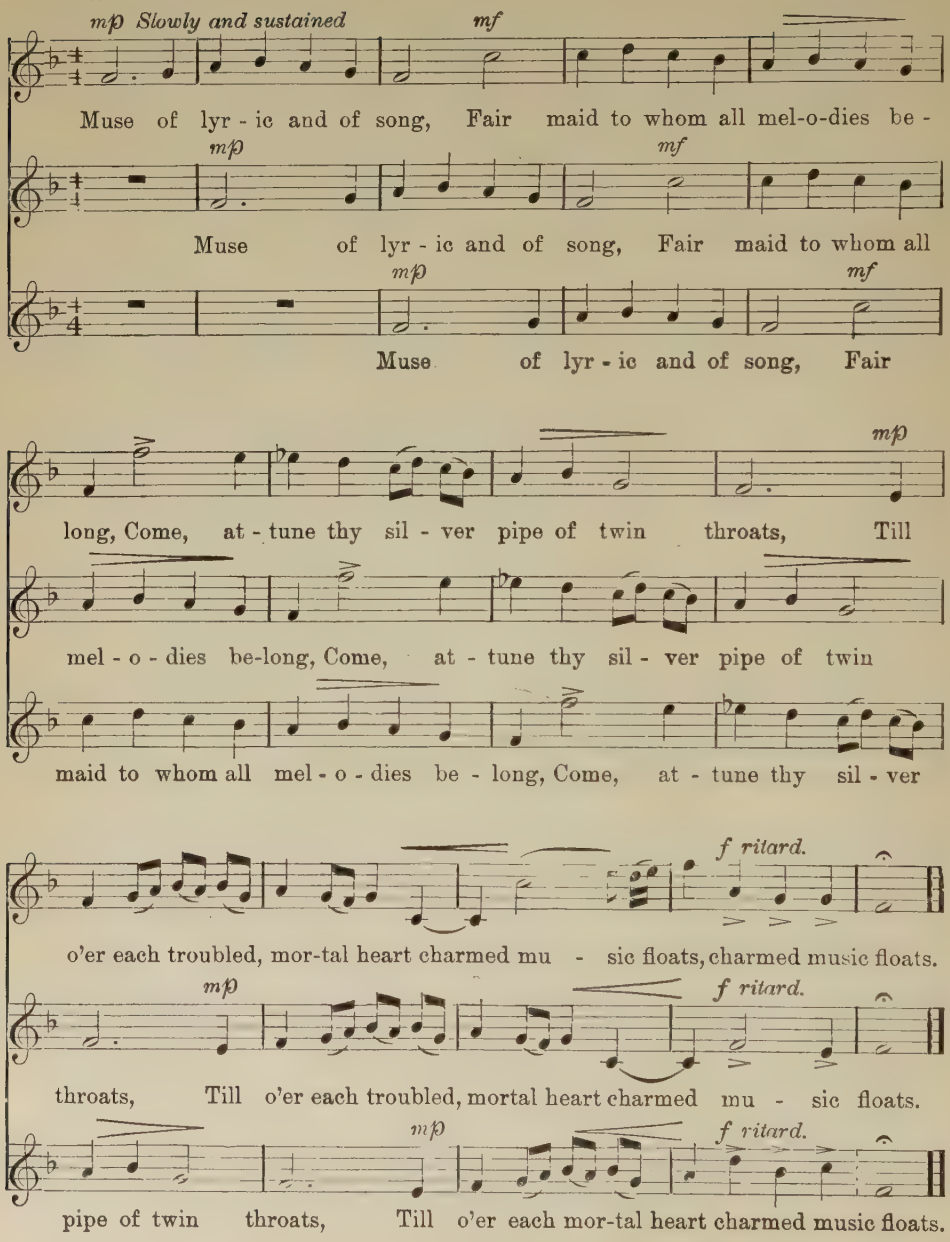
Smith's Song

ff
f
Up! up! then down;---- Then
Them ease he lends----- I've
Up! up!------ then down;------
Them ease------ he lends------
go, brave steed, Your mas - ter's need Shall spur your speed; Be
shod thee now, Fare - well, and go, Thy met - tle show, To
rit.
brave and true, Now off! a - way! Be as it may, A
en - vious men, Then gal - lant steed Of no - ble breed, If
a tempo
year or day I'll think of you, I'll think of you.
shoe thou need Thou'lt come a - gain, Thou'lt come a - gain.

To Euterpe

(Canon in Three Voices)

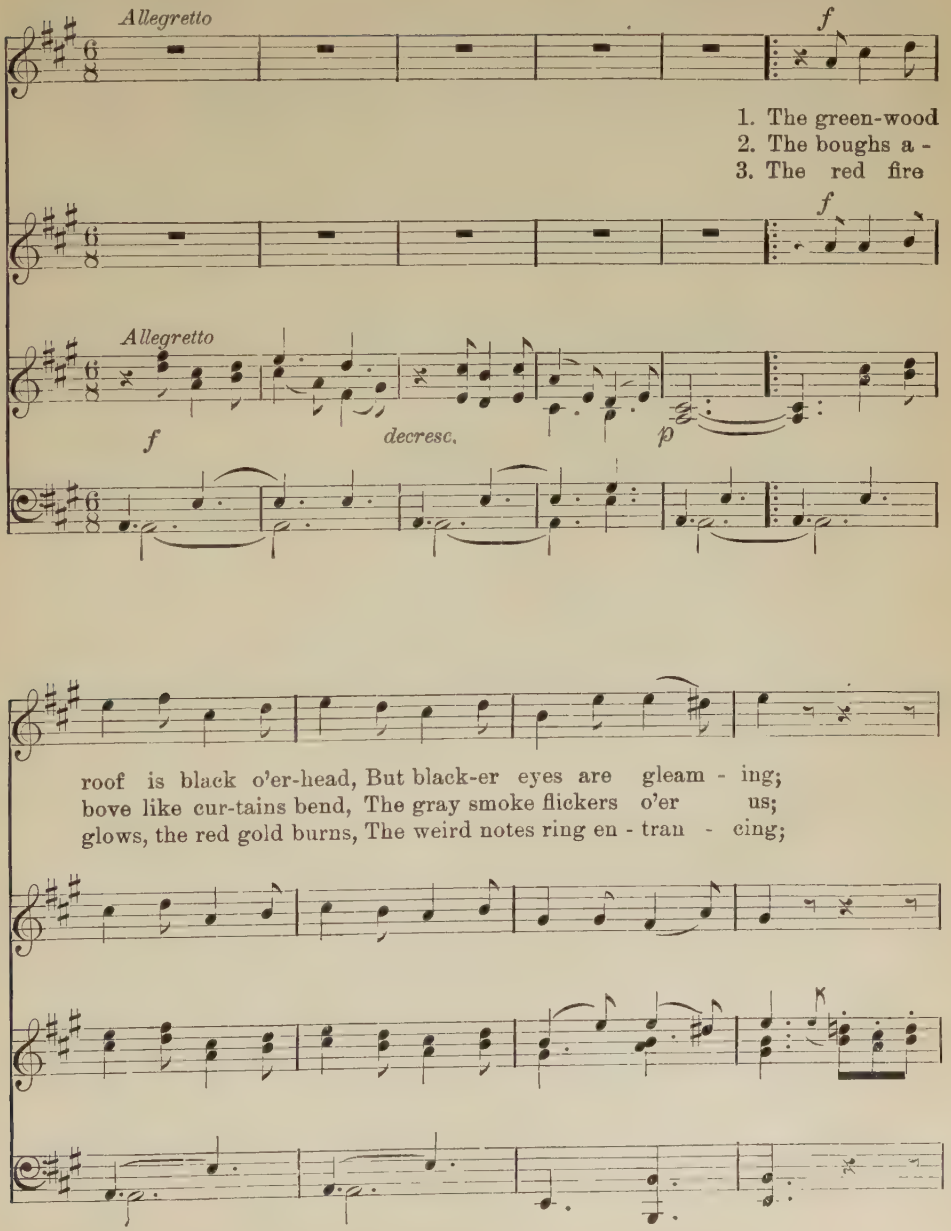
H. W. Loomis — W. A. Mozart


mp Slowly and sustained
mf
Muse of lyr - ic and of song, Fair maid to whom all mel-o-dies be -
mp
mf
Muse of lyr - ic and of song, Fair maid to whom all
mp
mf
Muse of lyr - ic and of song, Fair
mp
long, Come, at - tune thy sil - ver pipe of twin throats, Till
mel - o - dies be-long, Come, at - tune thy sil - ver pipe of twin
maid to whom all mel - o - dies be - long, Come, at - tune thy sil - ver
f ritard.
o'er each troubled, mor-tal heart charmed mu - sic floats, charmed music floats.
mp
f ritard.
throats, Till o'er each troubled, mortal heart charmed mu - sic floats.
mp
f ritard.
pipe of twin throats, Till o'er each mor-tal heart charmed music floats.

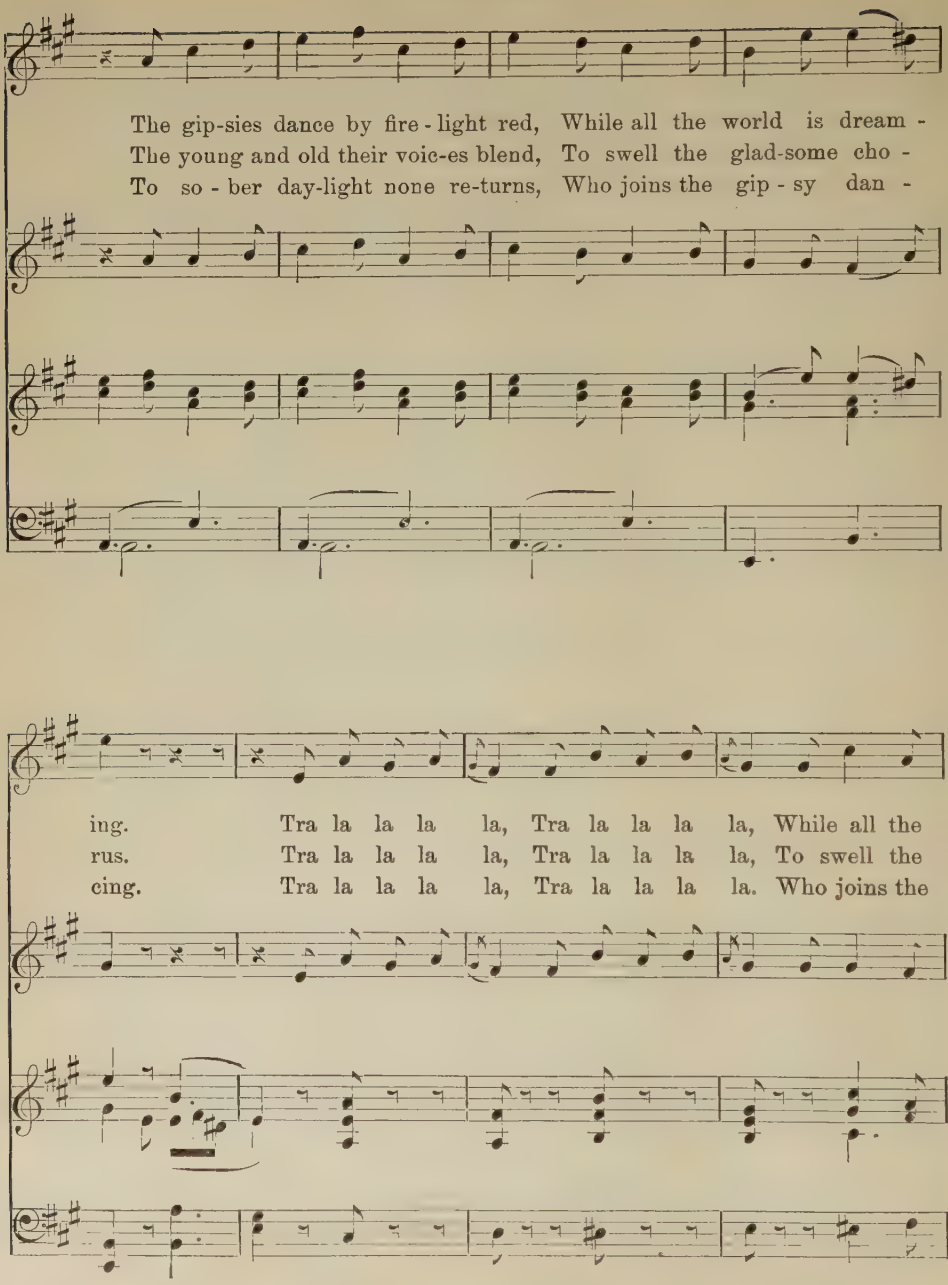
The Gipsies

M. C. Gillington

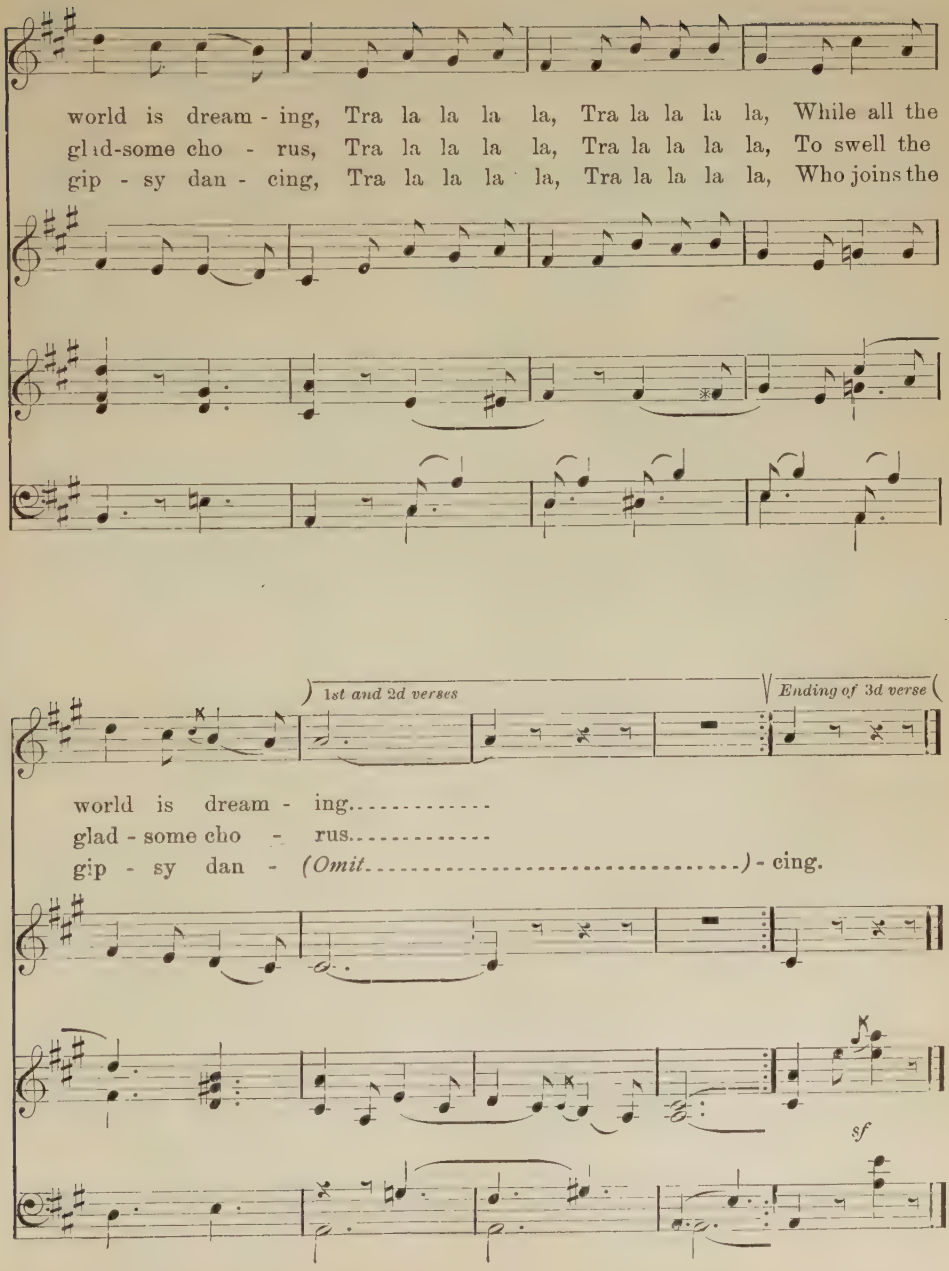
Old French Air
Arranged by Carl Reinecke


Allegretto
f
1. The green-wood
2. The boughs a -
3. The red fire
f
Allegretto
f
decresc.
p
roof is black o'er-head, But black-er eyes are gleam - ing;
bove like cur-tains bend, The gray smoke flickers o'er us;
glows, the red gold burns, The weird notes ring en - tran - cing;

The Gipsies


The gip-sies dance by fire-light red, While all the world is dream-
The young and old their voic-es blend, To swell the glad-some cho-
To so-ber day-light none re-turns, Who joins the gip-sy dan-
ing. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, While all the
rus. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, To swell the
cing. Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la. Who joins the

The Gipsies


world is dream - ing, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, While all the
glad-some cho - rus, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, To swell the
gip - sy dan - cing, Tra la la la la, Tra la la la la, Who joins the
1st and 2d verses
Ending of 3d verse
world is dream - ing.....
glad - some cho - rus.....
gip - sy dan - (Omit.....) - cing.
sf

Serenade

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN

LÉO DELIBES

Allegretto

p

SOPRANO

1. The ros - y dawn is
2. In spring's bright wood - land

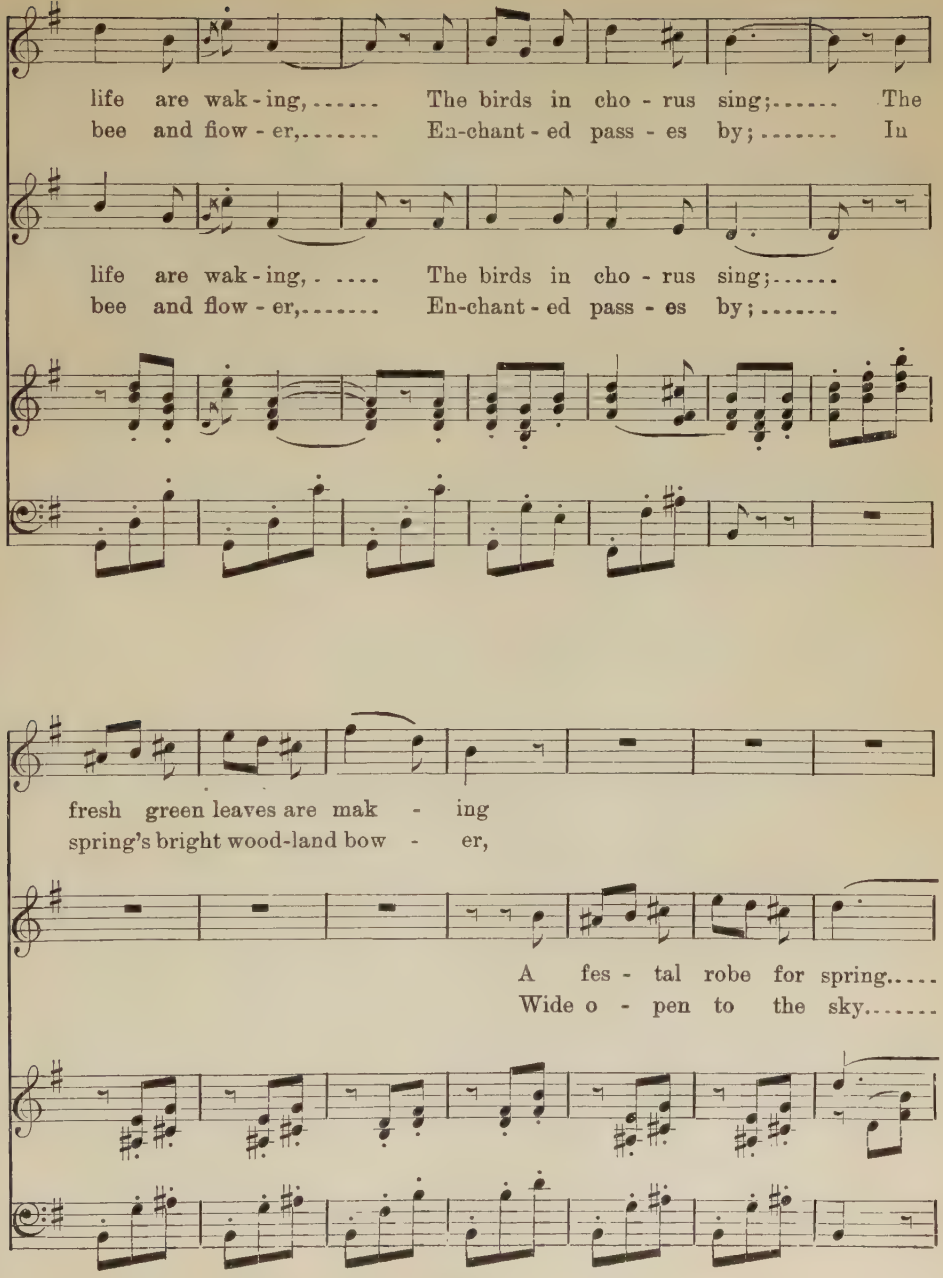
MEZZO SOPRANO

1. The ros - y dawn is
2. In spring's bright wood - land

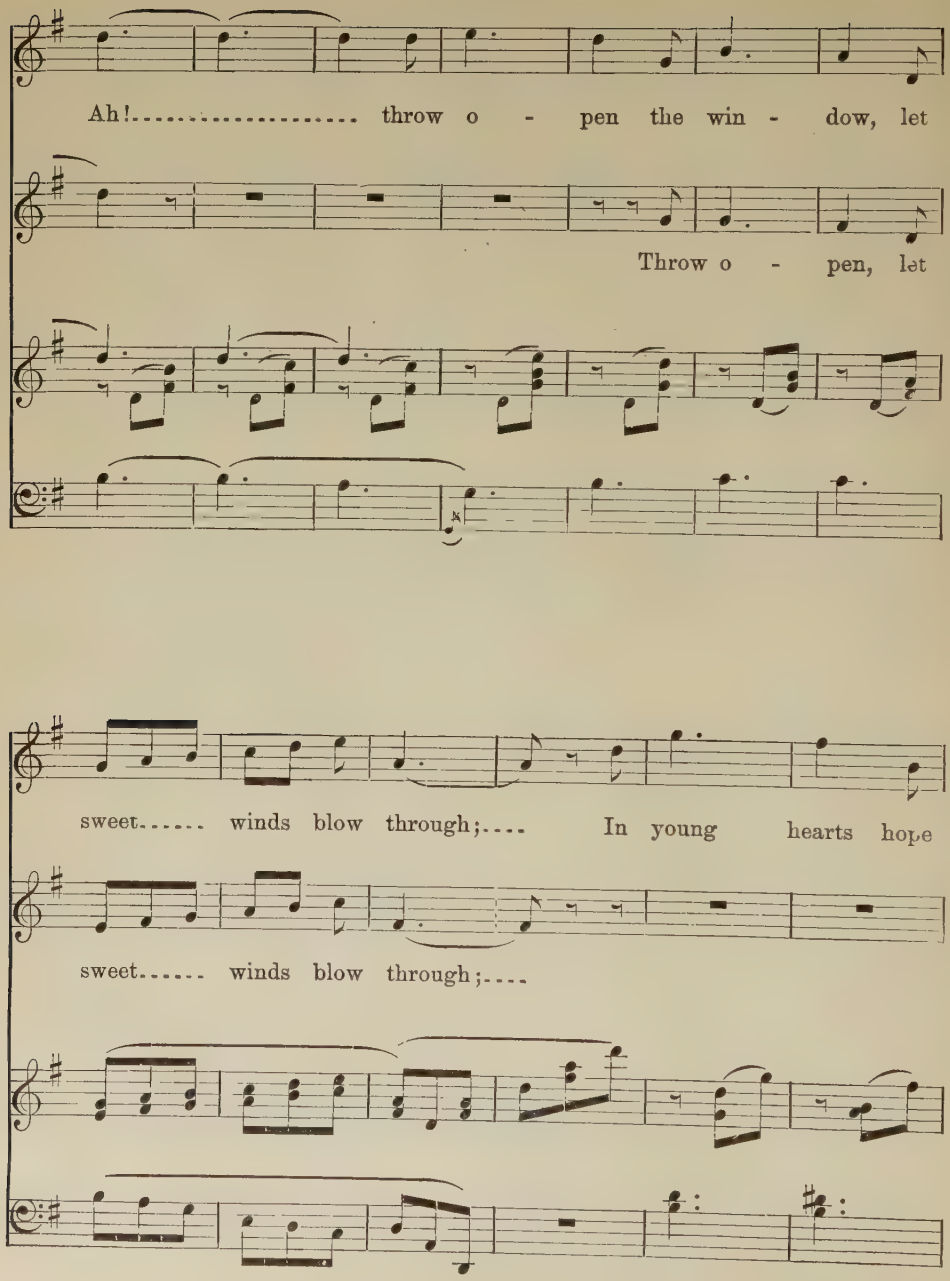
break-ing, ... The flow'rs their dreams for-sak - ing, To hap - py
bow - er, ... Each day through sun and show - er, With bird and

break-ing, ... The flow'rs their dreams for-sak - ing, To hap - py
bow - er, ... Each day through sun and show - er, With bird and

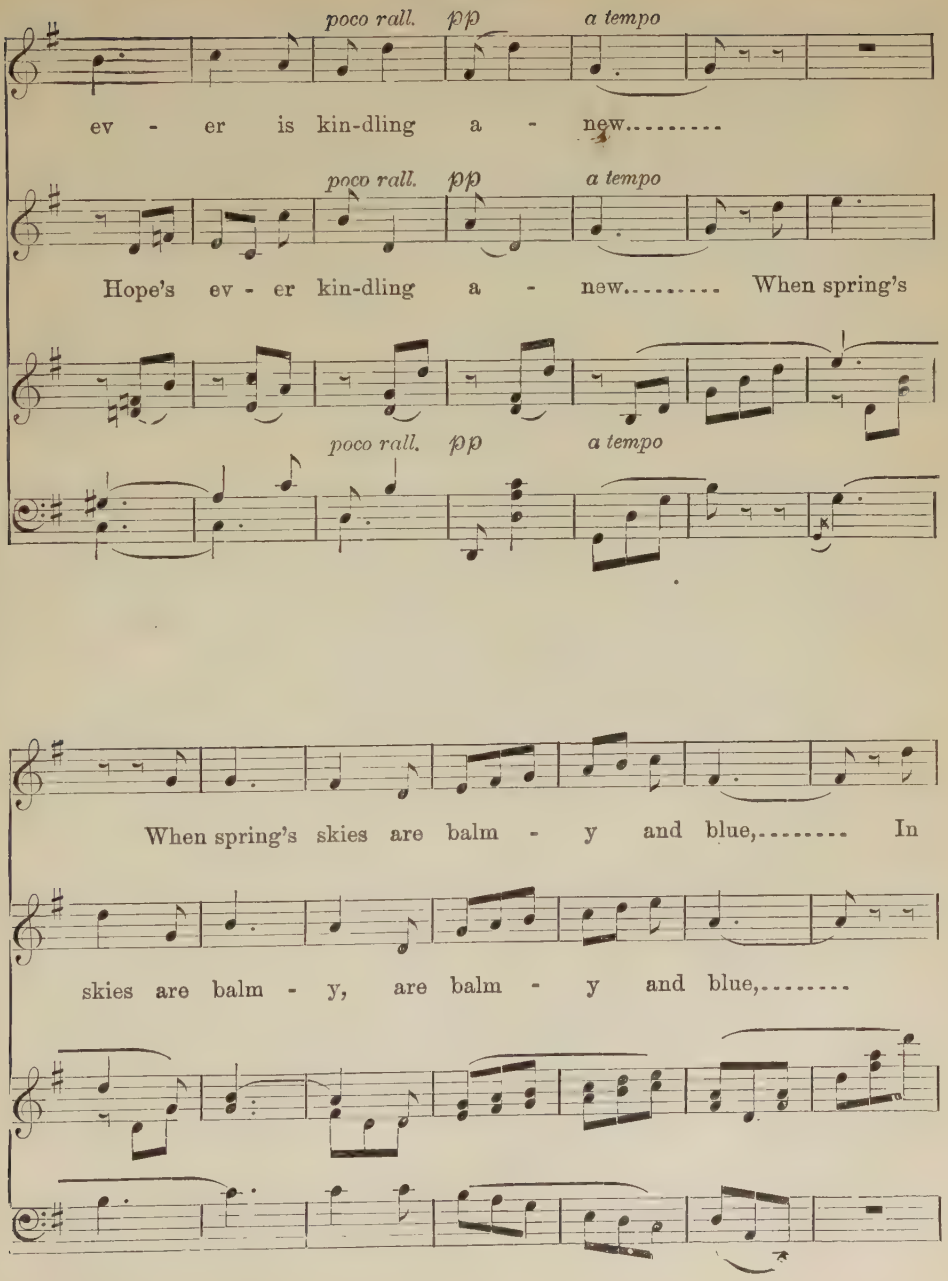
Serenade


life are wak - ing, The birds in cho - rus sing; The
bee and flow - er, En-chant - ed pass - es by; In
life are wak - ing, The birds in cho - rus sing;
bee and flow - er, En-chant - ed pass - es by;
fresh green leaves are mak - ing
spring's bright wood-land bow - er,
A fes - tal robe for spring.....
Wide o - pen to the sky.....

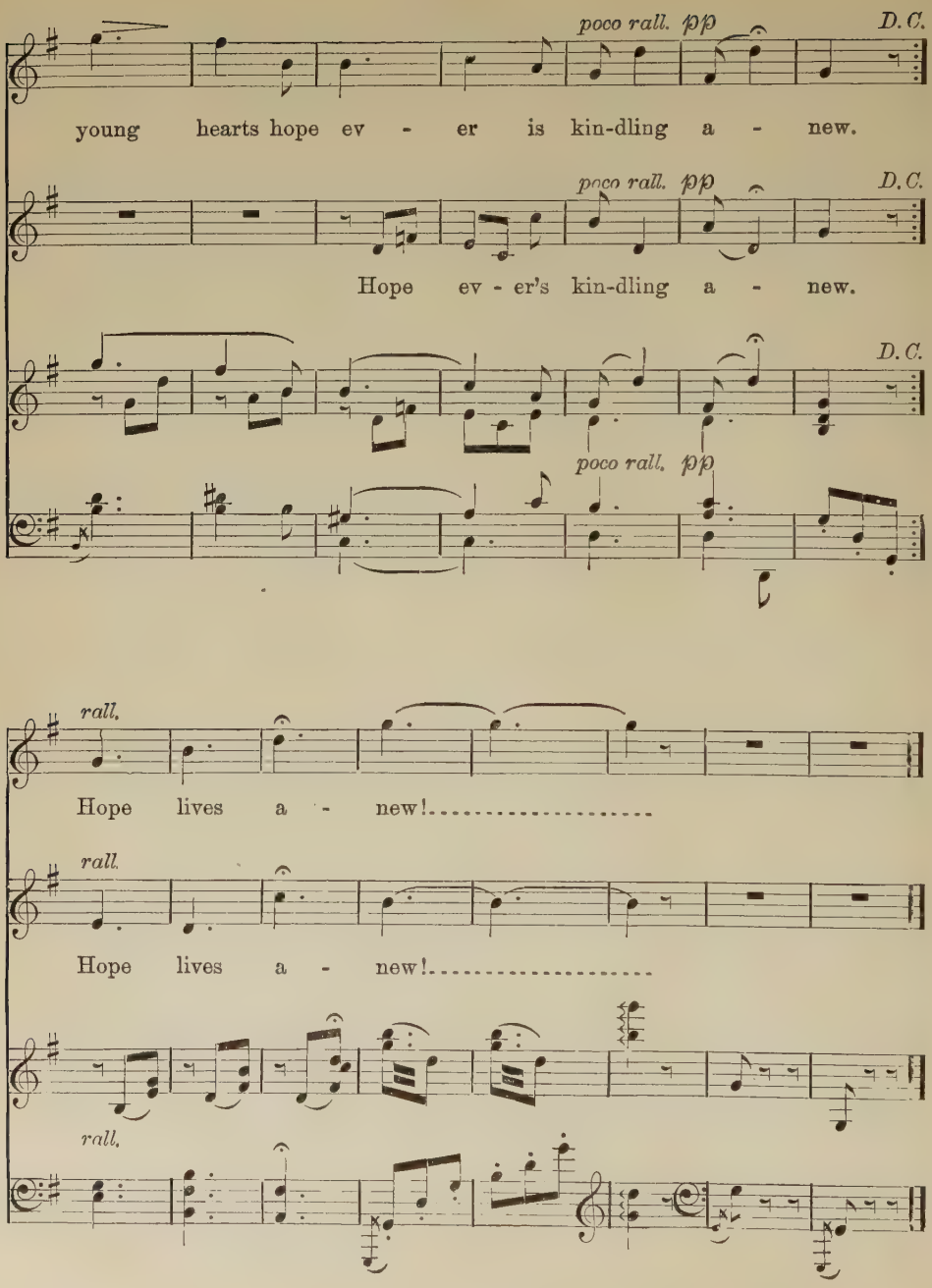
Serenade


Ah!..... throw o - pen the win - dow, let
Throw o - pen, let
sweet..... winds blow through;.... In young hearts hope
sweet..... winds blow through;....

Serenade


poco rall. pp a tempo
ev - er is kin-dling a - new.....
poco rall. pp a tempo
Hope's ev - er kin-dling a - new..... When spring's
poco rall. pp a tempo
When spring's skies are balm - y and blue,..... In
skies are balm - y, are balm - y and blue,.....

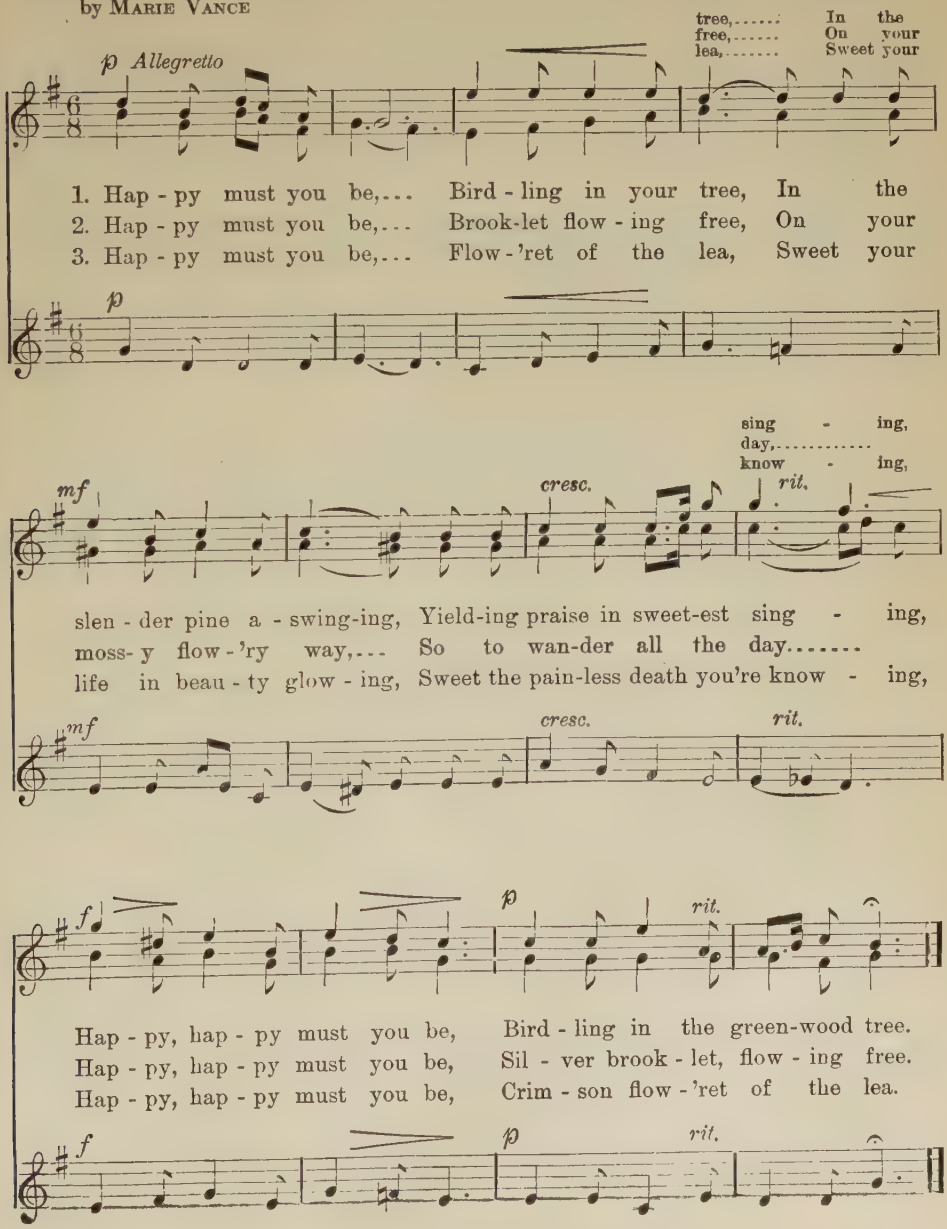
Serenade


poco rall. pp
D.C.
young hearts hope ev - er is kin-dling a - new.
poco rall. pp
D.C.
Hope ev - er's kin-dling a - new.
D.C.
poco rall. pp
rall.
Hope lives a - new!
rall.
Hope lives a - new!
rall.

Happy Must You Be

Translated from the German
by MARIE VANCE

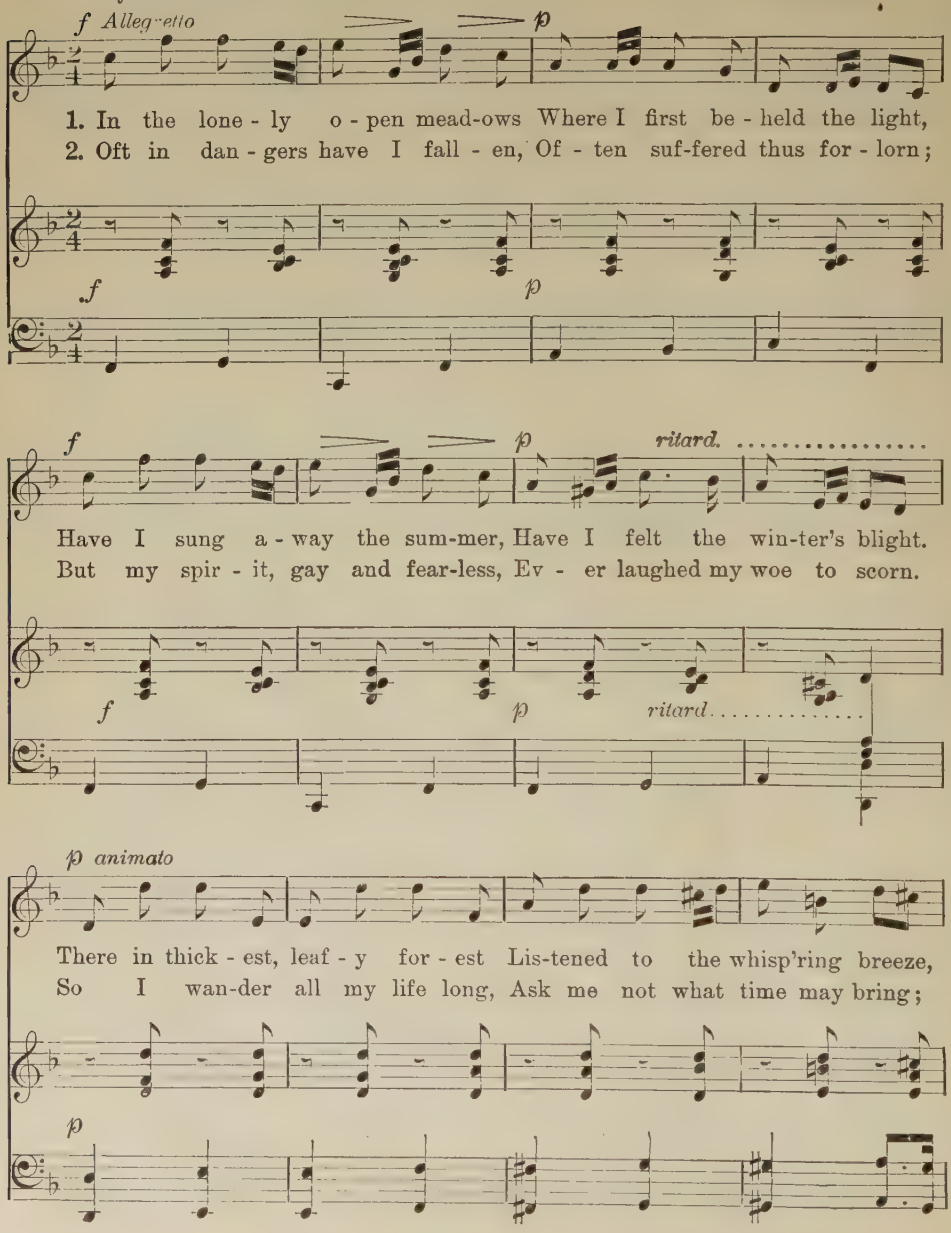
N. VON WILM


tree,..... In the
free,..... On your
lea,..... Sweet your
p Allegretto
1. Hap - py must you be,... Bird - ling in your tree, In the
2. Hap - py must you be,... Brook-let flow - ing free, On your
3. Hap - py must you be,... Flow - 'ret of the lea, Sweet your
p
sing - ing,
day,.....
know - ing,
mf
cresc.
rit.
slen - der pine a - swing-ing, Yield-ing praise in sweet-est sing - ing,
moss- y flow - 'ry way,... So to wan-der all the day.....
life in beau - ty glow - ing, Sweet the pain-less death you're know - ing,
mf
cresc.
rit.
f
p
rit.
Hap - py, hap - py must you be, Bird - ling in the green-wood tree.
Hap - py, hap - py must you be, Sil - ver brook - let, flow - ing free.
Hap - py, hap - py must you be, Crim - son flow - 'ret of the lea.
f
p
rit.

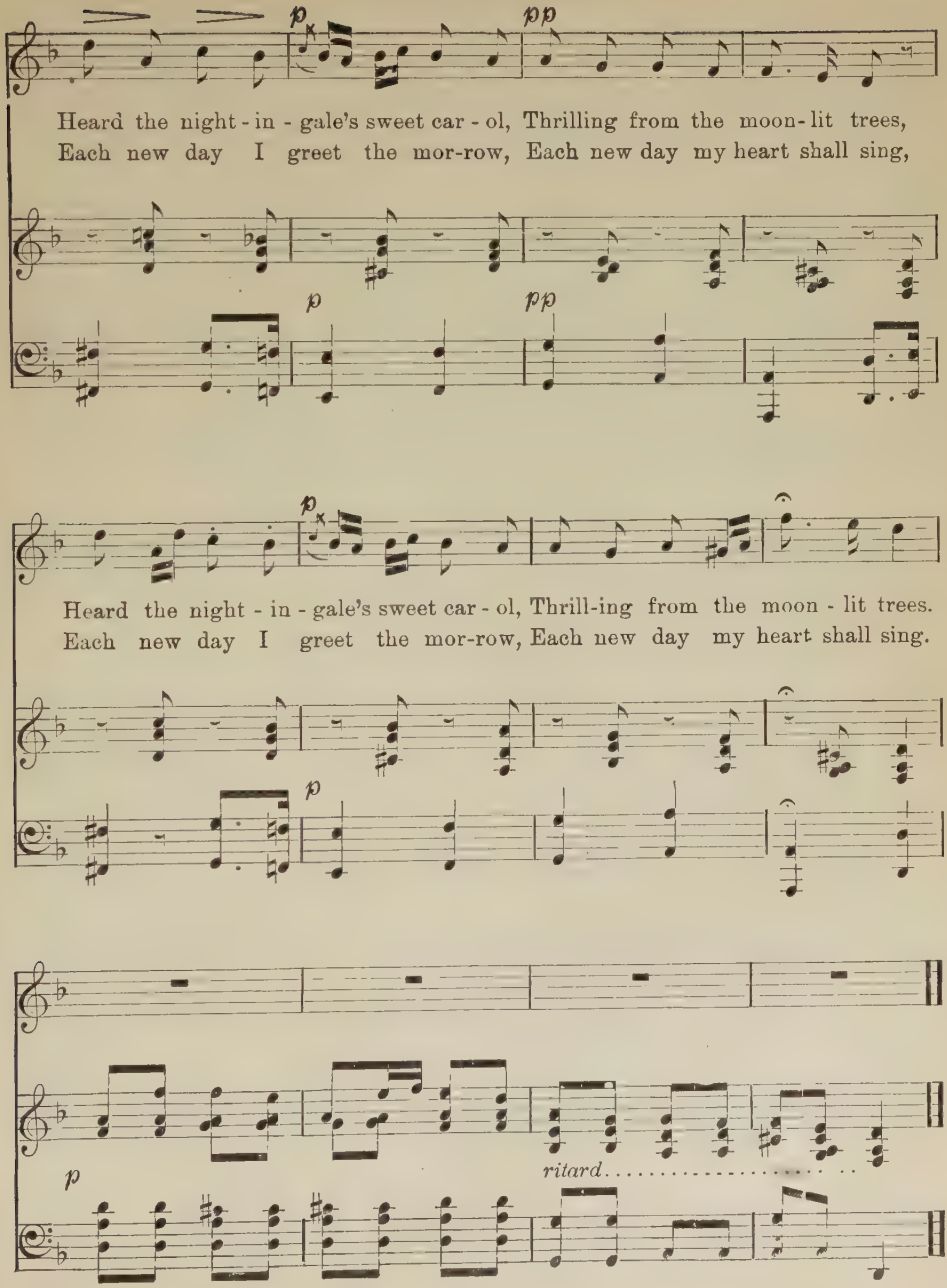
Song of the Gipsy

Words adapted from the Russian
by HELEN GOODRICH

J. WASSILEFF

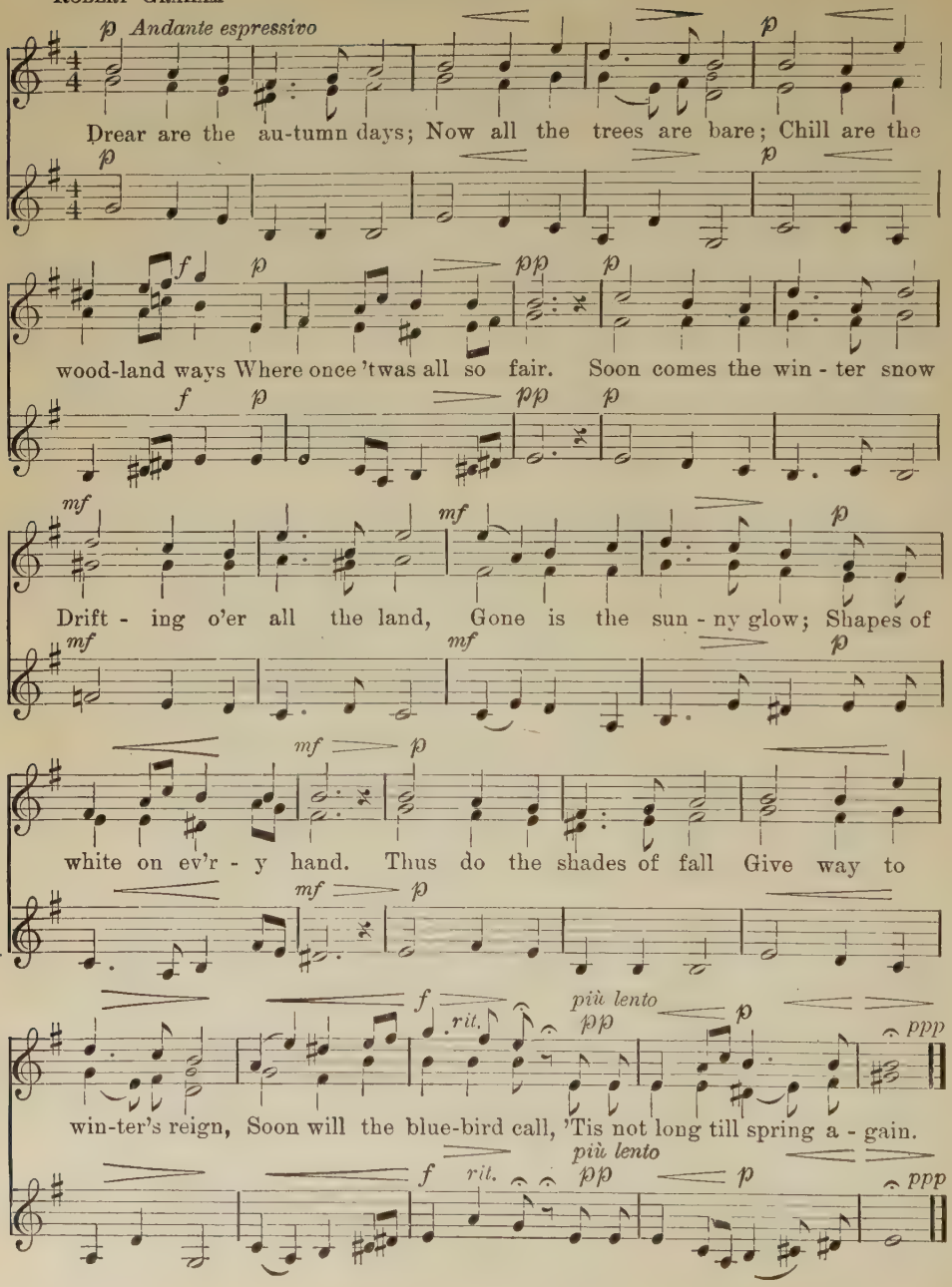

f Allegretto
p
1. In the lone - ly o - pen mead-ows Where I first be - held the light,
2. Oft in dan - gers have I fall - en, Of - ten suf-fered thus for - lorn;
f
p
f
p
ritard.
Have I sung a - way the sum-mer, Have I felt the win-ter's blight.
But my spir - it, gay and fear-less, Ev - er laughed my woe to scorn.
f
p
ritard.
p animato
There in thick - est, leaf - y for - est Lis-tened to the whisp'ring breeze,
So I wan-der all my life long, Ask me not what time may bring;
p

Song of the Gipsy


Heard the night - in - gale's sweet car - ol, Thrilling from the moon - lit trees,
Each new day I greet the mor-row, Each new day my heart shall sing,
Heard the night - in - gale's sweet car - ol, Thrill-ing from the moon - lit trees.
Each new day I greet the mor-row, Each new day my heart shall sing.
ritard.

Autumn Days

ROBERT GRAHAM — GUSTAV HAUG

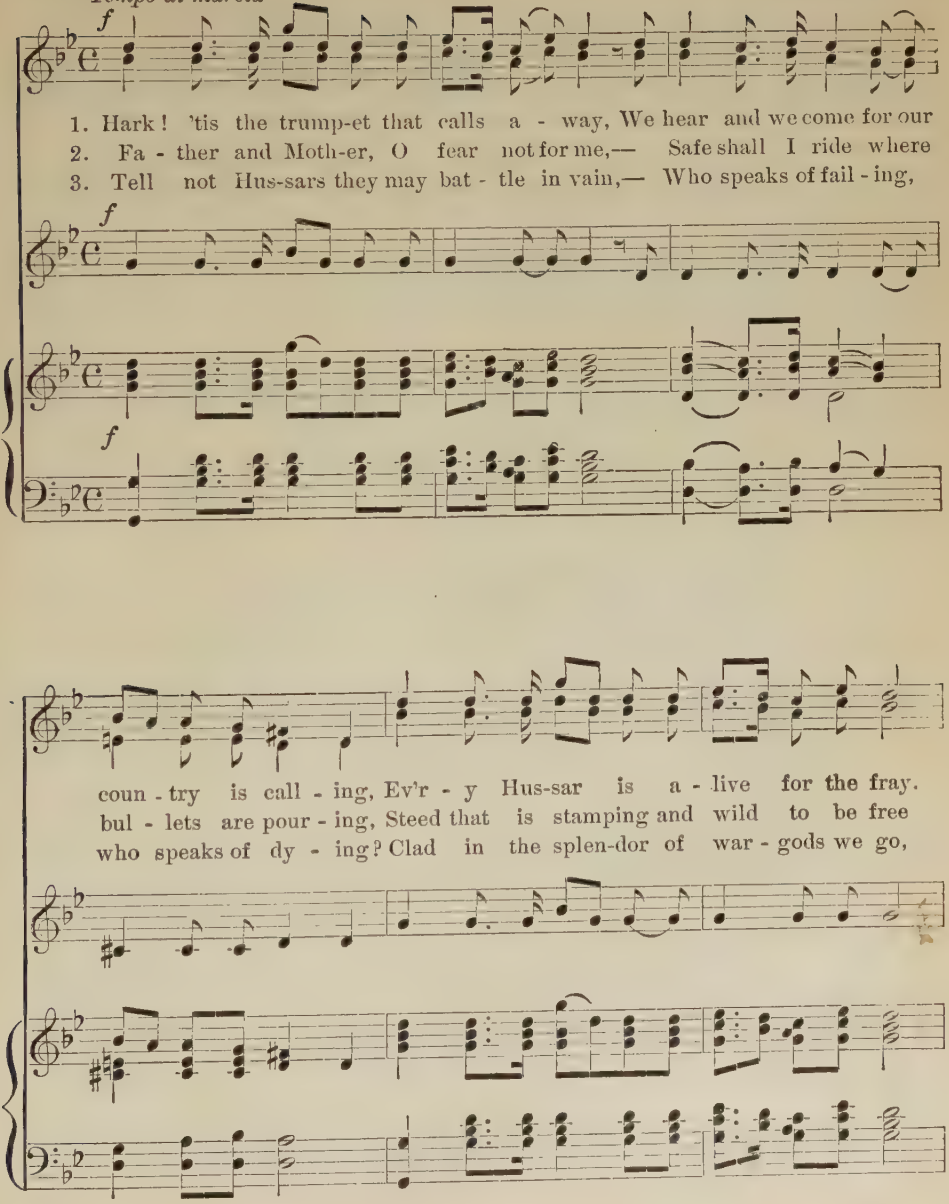

p Andante espressivo
Drear are the au-tumn days; Now all the trees are bare; Chill are the
wood-land ways Where once 'twas all so fair. Soon comes the win - ter snow
Drift - ing o'er all the land, Gone is the sun - ny glow; Shapes of
white on ev'r - y hand. Thus do the shades of fall Give way to
win-ter's reign, Soon will the blue-bird call, 'Tis not long till spring a - gain.
più lento
rit.
ppp

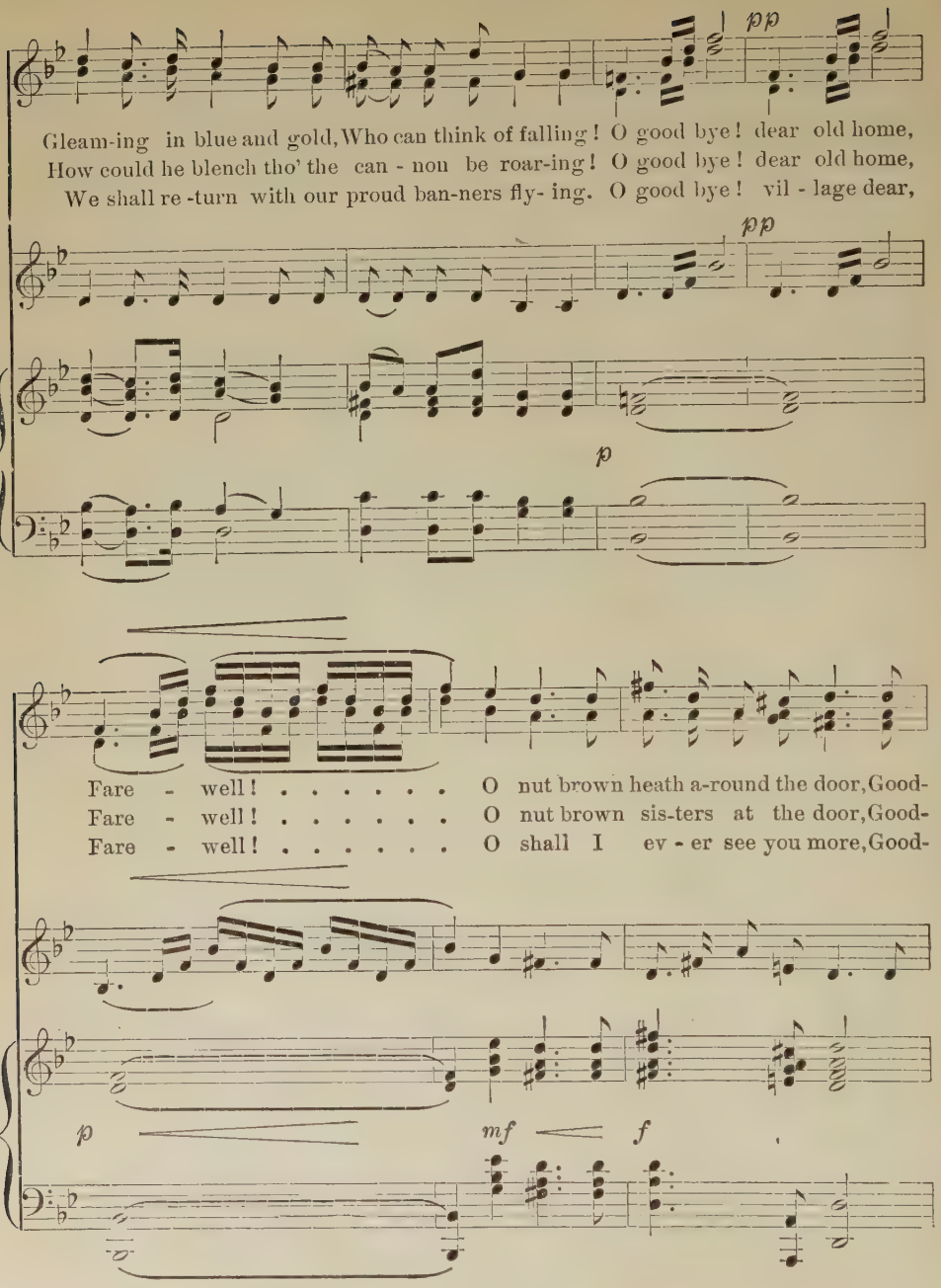
The Hussars

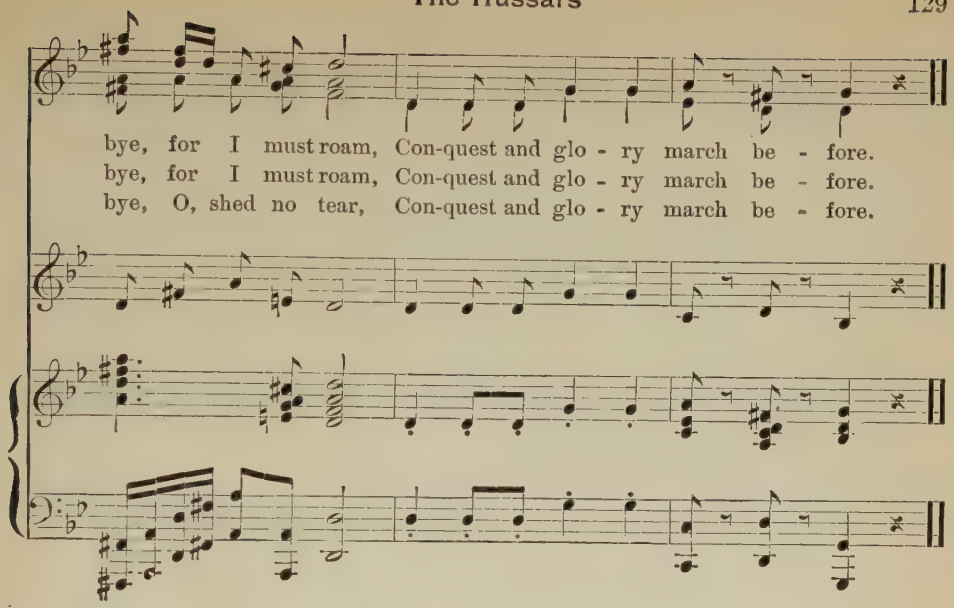
ELIZABETH NOXON

CARL HERING

Tempo di marcia

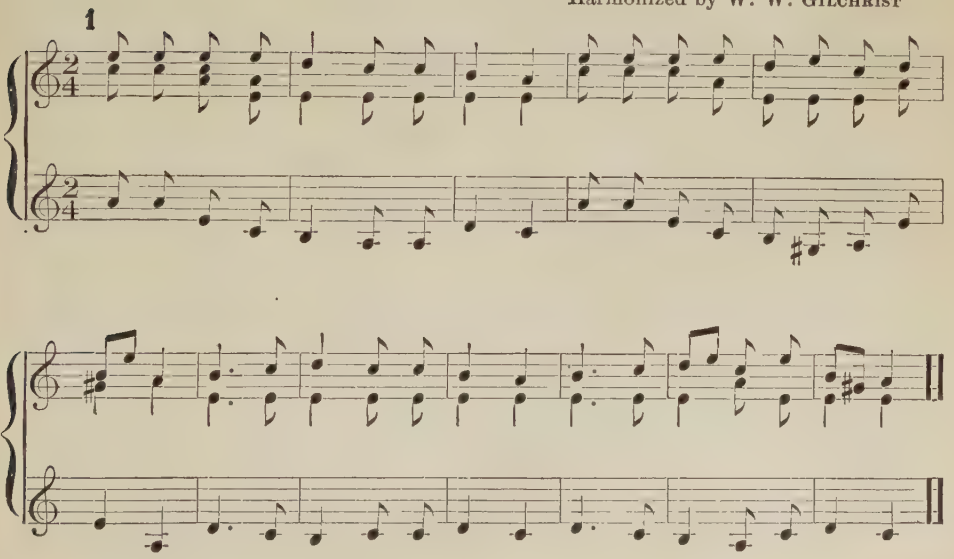

f
1. Hark! 'tis the trump-et that calls a - way, We hear and we come for our
2. Fa - ther and Moth-er, O fear not for me,— Safe shall I ride where
3. Tell not Hus-sars they may bat - tle in vain,— Who speaks of fail - ing,
coun - try is call - ing, Ev'r - y Hus-sar is a - live for the fray.
bul - lets are pour - ing, Steed that is stamping and wild to be free
who speaks of dy - ing? Clad in the splen-dor of war - gods we go,


pp
Gleam-ing in blue and gold, Who can think of falling! O good bye! dear old home,
How could he blench tho' the can - non be roar-ing! O good bye! dear old home,
We shall re-turn with our proud ban-ners fly- ing. O good bye! vil - lage dear,
pp
p
Fare - well! . . . . . O nut brown heath a-round the door, Good-
Fare - well! . . . . . O nut brown sis-ters at the door, Good-
Fare - well! . . . . . O shall I ev - er see you more, Good-
p
mf
f

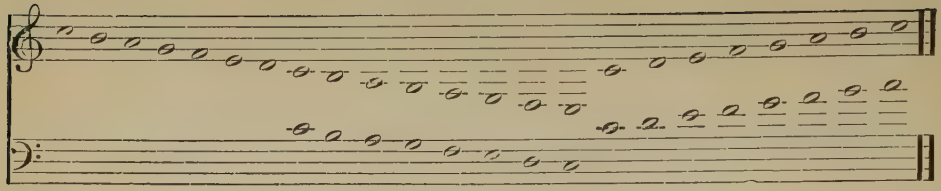

bye, for I must roam, Con-quest and glo - ry march be - fore.
bye, for I must roam, Con-quest and glo - ry march be - fore.
bye, O, shed no tear, Con-quest and glo - ry march be - fore.

Russian Song

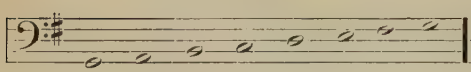
Harmonized by W. W. Gilchrist



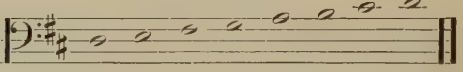
The Bass Clef



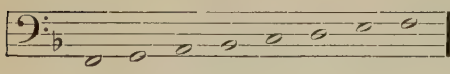
Scale of G



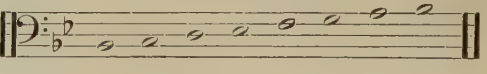
Scale of D



Scale of F



Scale of B♭



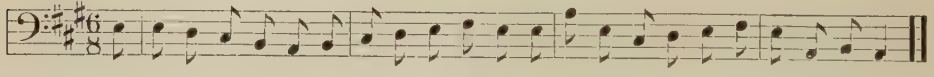
Simple Melodies in the Bass

1

2

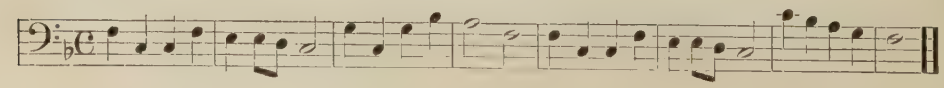
3

4



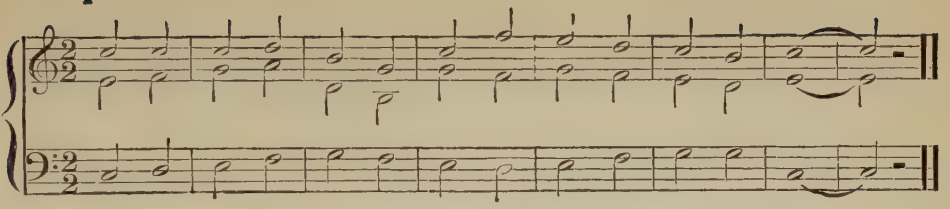
5

6



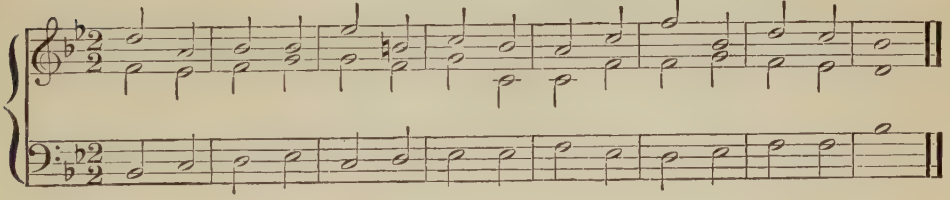
Studies with Bass

1



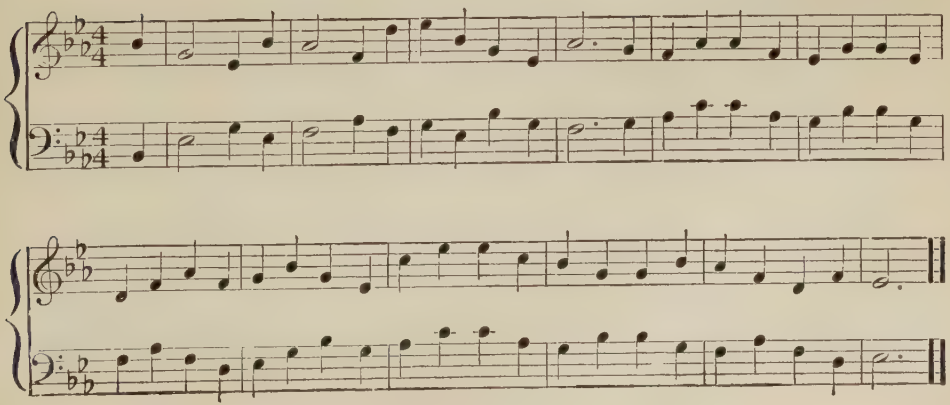
2

3



Bass Melody

German Folksong



The Town Crier*

(Trio with Optional Bass, unaccompanied)

Translated by E. S. B.

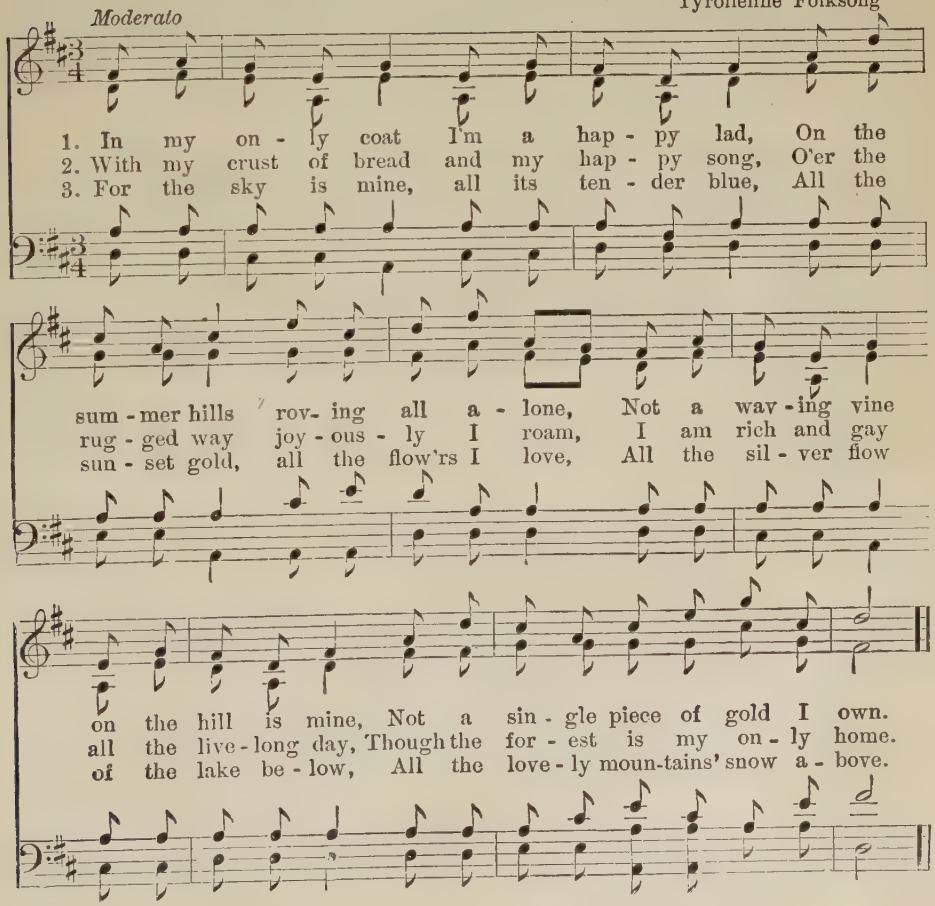
Melody used in Thuringa and Saxony
Vocal arr. by H. W. Loomis

mf Slowly and well declaimed
Greet - ing to you all, good peo - ple! Strikes ten from out..... the
p
Good night! Good
mp With the effect of a bell
Boom, boom, boom,
mp
steep-le. Bank up each fire and quench each light; May naught disturb your dreams this
pp
night! Good..... night! Good....
boom, Boom, boom, boom,

* This tune has been employed by Richard Wagner in "Die Meistersinger"

Hansel of the Woods

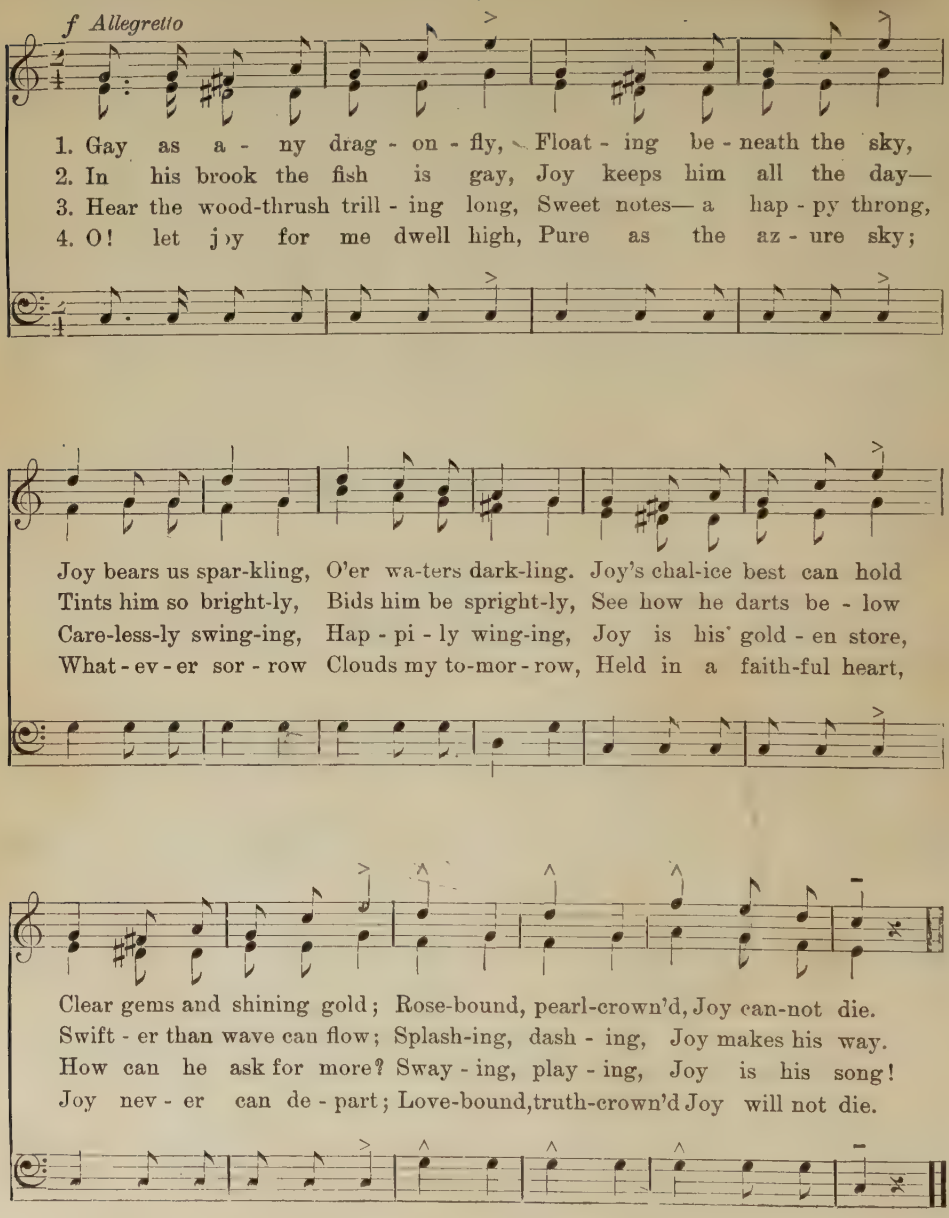
Tyrolienne Folksong


Moderato
1. In my on - ly coat I'm a hap - py lad, On the
2. With my crust of bread and my hap - py song, O'er the
3. For the sky is mine, all its ten - der blue, All the
sum - mer hills rov- ing all a - lone, Not a wav - ing vine
rug - ged way joy - ous - ly I roam, I am rich and gay
sun - set gold, all the flow'rs I love, All the sil - ver flow
on the hill is mine, Not a sin - gle piece of gold I own.
all the live - long day, Though the for - est is my on - ly home.
of the lake be - low, All the love - ly moun-tains' snow a - bove.

Joy

MARGARET VAN DYKE F. VON HILLER

f Allegretto


1. Gay as a - ny drag - on - fly, Float - ing be - neath the sky,
2. In his brook the fish is gay, Joy keeps him all the day—
3. Hear the wood-thrush trill - ing long, Sweet notes— a hap - py throng,
4. O! let joy for me dwell high, Pure as the az - ure sky;
Joy bears us spar-kling, O'er wa-ters dark-ling. Joy's chal-ice best can hold
Tints him so bright-ly, Bids him be spright-ly, See how he darts be - low
Care-less-ly swing-ing, Hap - pi - ly wing-ing, Joy is his gold - en store,
What - ev - er sor - row Clouds my to-mor - row, Held in a faith-ful heart,
Clear gems and shining gold; Rose-bound, pearl-crown'd, Joy can-not die.
Swift - er than wave can flow; Splash-ing, dash - ing, Joy makes his way.
How can he ask for more? Sway - ing, play - ing, Joy is his song!
Joy nev - er can de - part; Love-bound, truth-crown'd Joy will not die.

Thanksgiving

MARY ADAMS

J. MARTIN

Andante moderato

1. For all the good that life sup-plies, For all Thy sov-'reign
2. For laugh-ter, and not less for tears, For dis-ap-point-ment,
3. For en-e-mies who bid me see My weak-ness and in-
4. For all we reach and can not grasp, For all the good we
will de-nies, For mer-cies old and mer-cies new, For
doubts and fears, For all that gives the strength to grow, In
firm-i-ty, For friends who wound as well as bless, In-
may not clasp, For sleep at last for wea-ry eyes, And
skies o'er-cast and skies all blue, I thank Thee, Lord.
sym-pa-thy for oth-ers woe, I thank Thee, Lord.
crease life's joys and spare its stress, I thank Thee, Lord.
hope be-yond the day's sun-rise, I thank Thee, Lord.

Bygone Music

W. A. Mozart, in "The Marriage of Figaro"
Arr. by H. W. Loomis

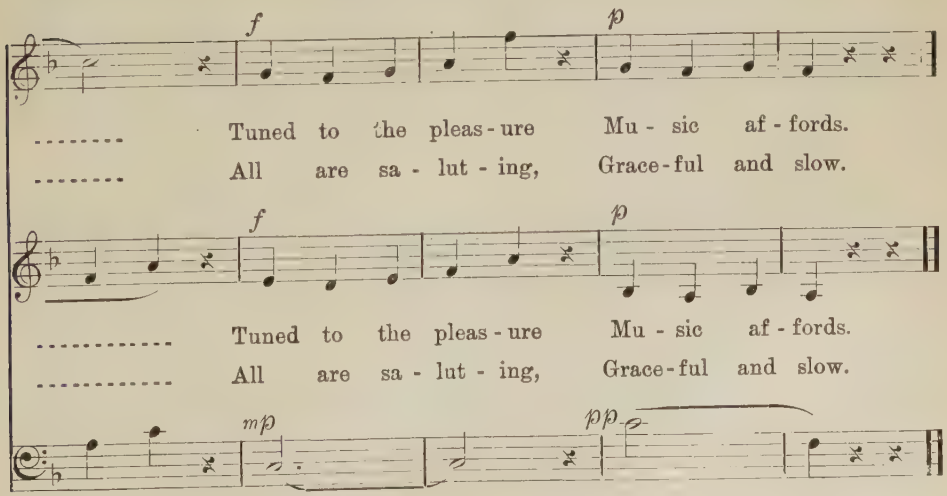
H. W. L.

1. Out on the ter - race, the dan - cers so state - ly, Move to and
2. Flute and mu-sette play the mel - o - dy faint - ly; Staid and ar -

fro in the fig - ures se - date - ly.
cha - ic it qua - vers so quaint-ly!

Hm,.....
Hm,.....

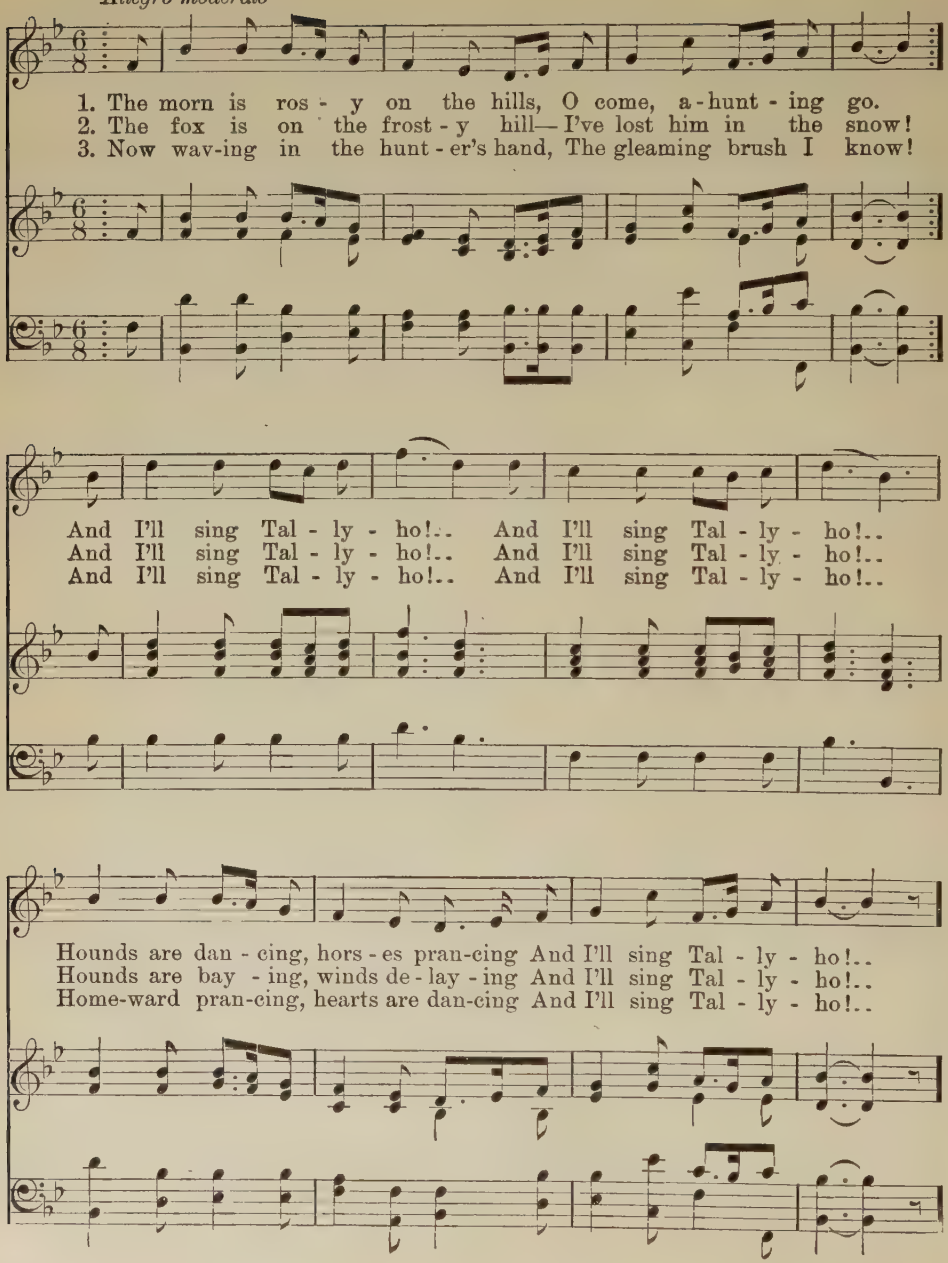
p
bar - ons and lords. Hm,
out the cha - teau. Hm,
p
bar - ons and lords. Hm,
out the cha - teau. Hm,
mf
All at their lei - sure Tread a prim
Timed to the flut - ing, Dan - cers re -


f
p
Tuned to the pleas - ure Mu - sic af - fords.
All are sa - lut - ing, Grace - ful and slow.
f
p
Tuned to the pleas - ure Mu - sic af - fords.
All are sa - lut - ing, Grace - ful and slow.
mp
pp
meas - ure, Hm, Hm
cruit - ing, Hm, Hm

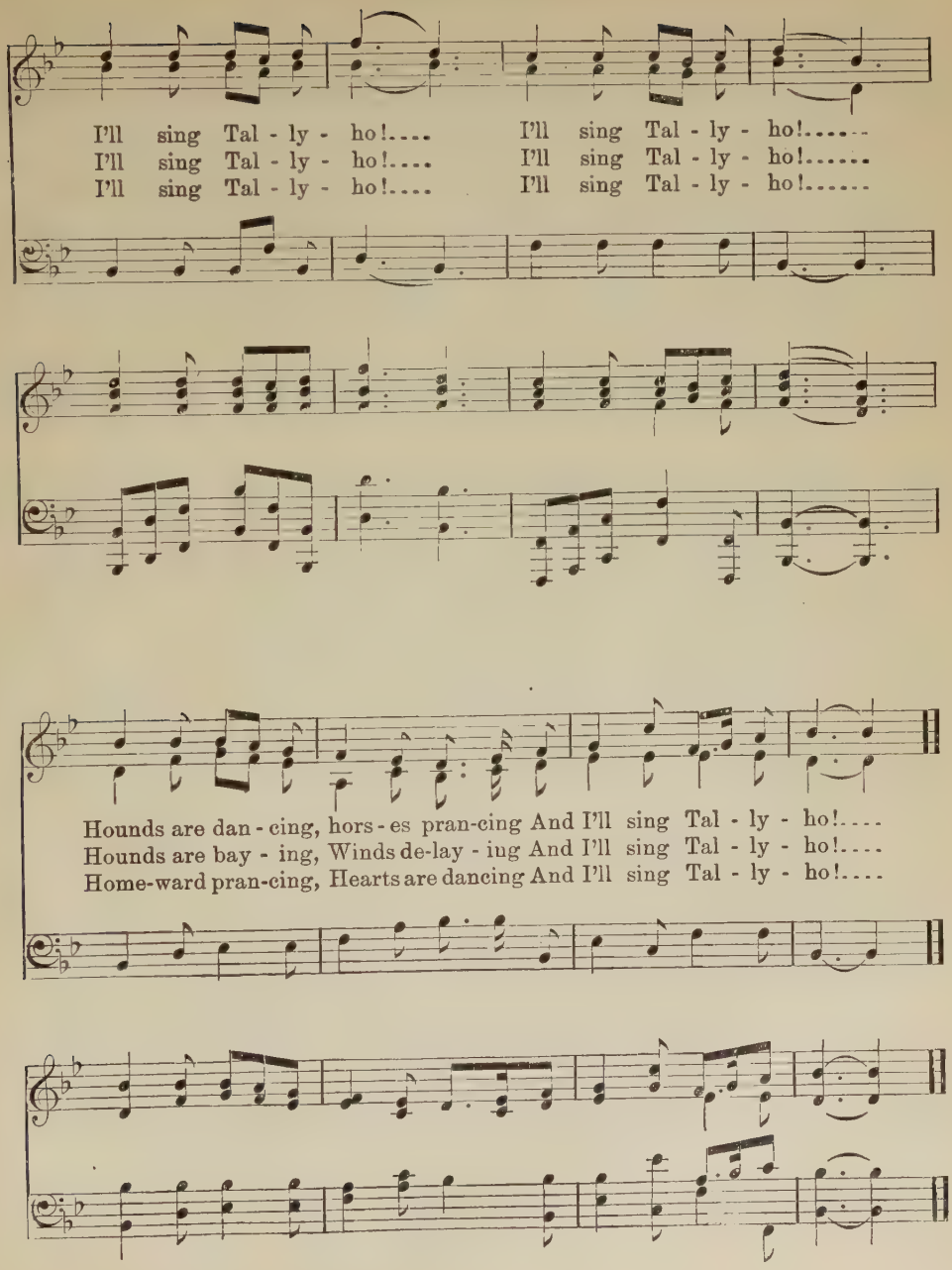
Hunting Song

Old Highland Folksong

Allegro moderato

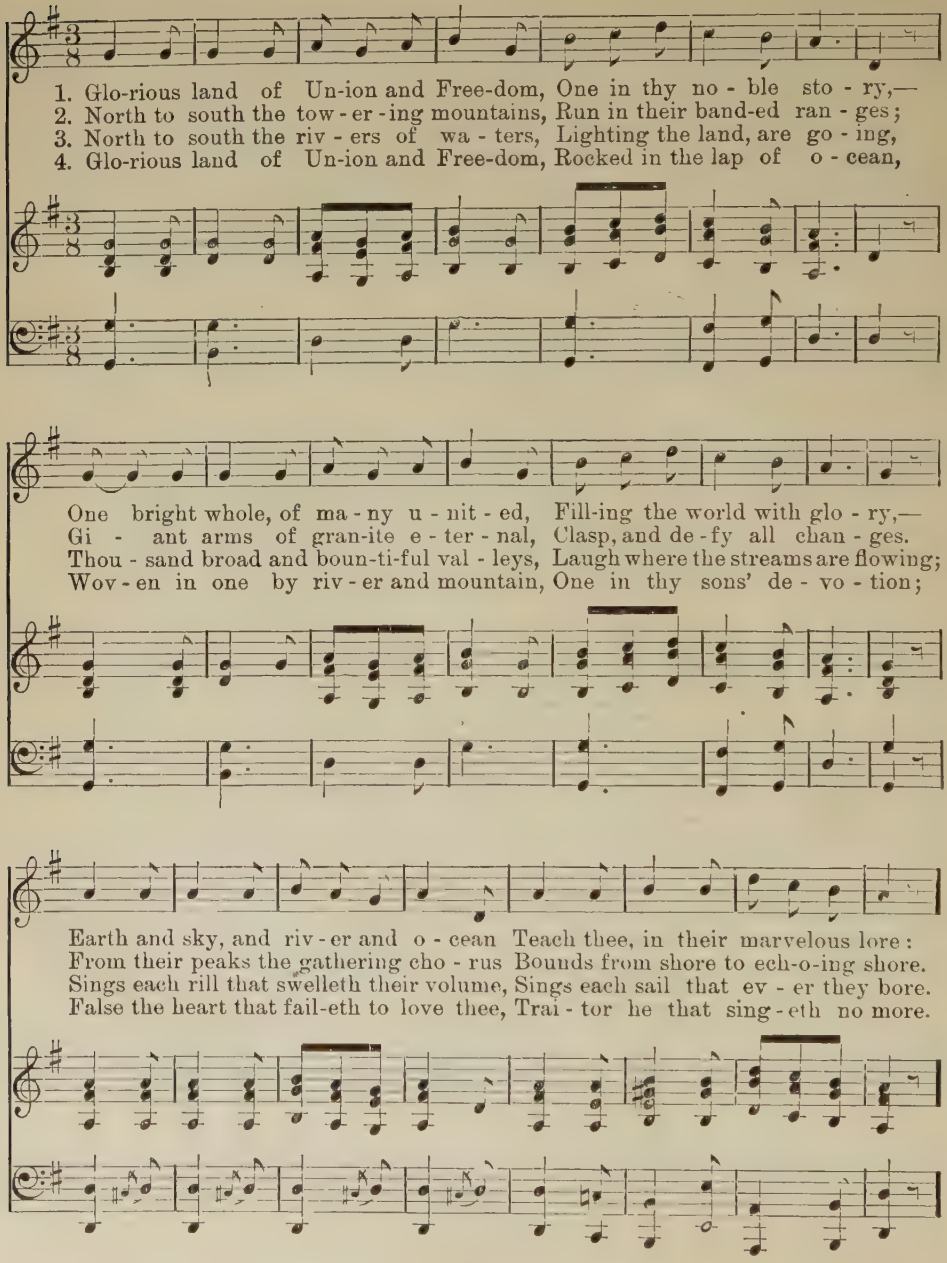

1. The morn is ros - y on the hills, O come, a - hunt - ing go.
2. The fox is on the frost - y hill— I've lost him in the snow!
3. Now wav-ing in the hunt - er's hand, The gleaming brush I know!
And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.. And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..
And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.. And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..
And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.. And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..
Hounds are dan - cing, hors - es pran-cing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..
Hounds are bay - ing, winds de - lay - ing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..
Home-ward pran-cing, hearts are dan-cing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!..

Hunting Song


I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.... I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.....
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.... I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.....
I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.... I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!.....
Hounds are dan - cing, hors - es pran-cing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!....
Hounds are bay - ing, Winds de-lay - ing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!....
Home-ward pran-cing, Hearts are dancing And I'll sing Tal - ly - ho!....

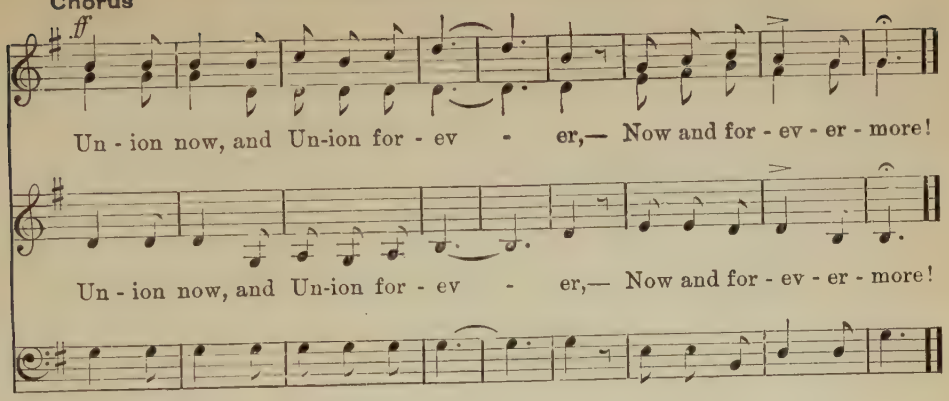
Glorious Land of Union and Freedom

J. H. Hopkins


1. Glo-rious land of Un-ion and Free-dom, One in thy no - ble sto - ry,—
2. North to south the tow-er-ing mountains, Run in their band-ed ran - ges;
3. North to south the riv - ers of wa - ters, Lighting the land, are go - ing,
4. Glo-rious land of Un-ion and Free-dom, Rocked in the lap of o - cean,
One bright whole, of ma - ny u - nit - ed, Fill-ing the world with glo - ry,—
Gi - ant arms of gran-ite e - ter - nal, Clasp, and de-fy all chan - ges.
Thou - sand broad and boun-ti-ful val - leys, Laugh where the streams are flowing;
Wov - en in one by riv - er and mountain, One in thy sons' de - vo - tion;
Earth and sky, and riv - er and o - cean Teach thee, in their marvelous lore:
From their peaks the gathering cho - rus Bounds from shore to ech-o-ing shore.
Sings each rill that swelleth their volume, Sings each sail that ev - er they bore.
False the heart that fail-eth to love thee, Trai - tor he that sing - eth no more.

Glorious Land of Union and Freedom

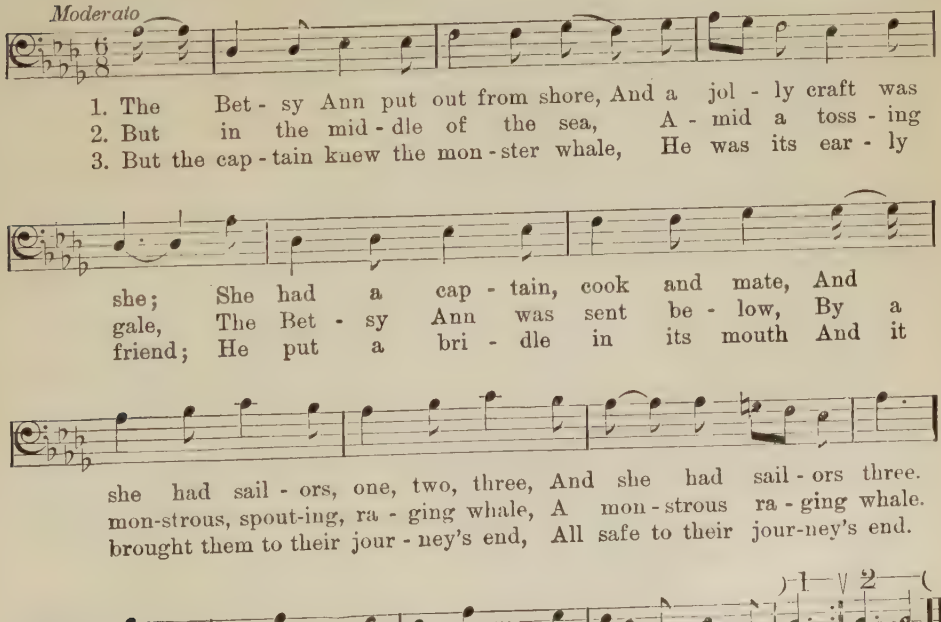
Chorus



Sea Song

Kate Forman — Eleanor Smith

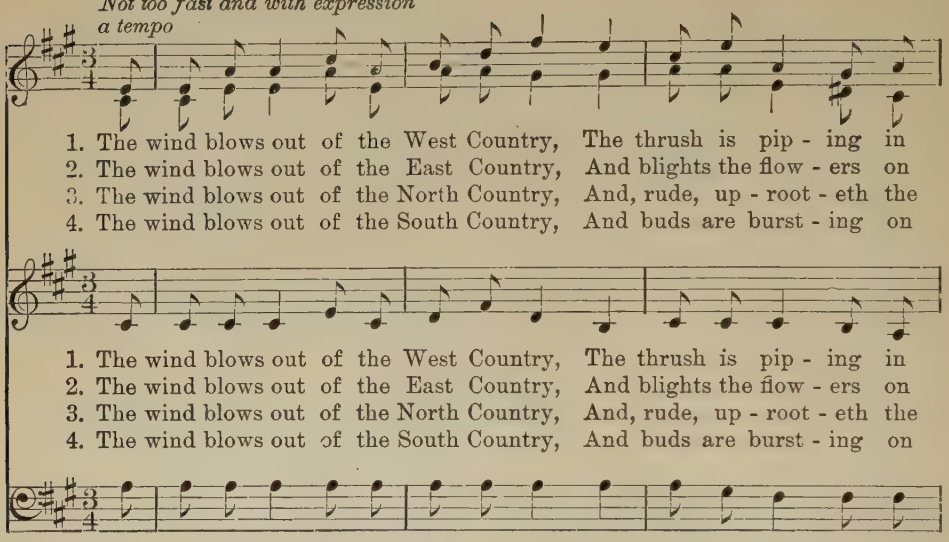
Moderato

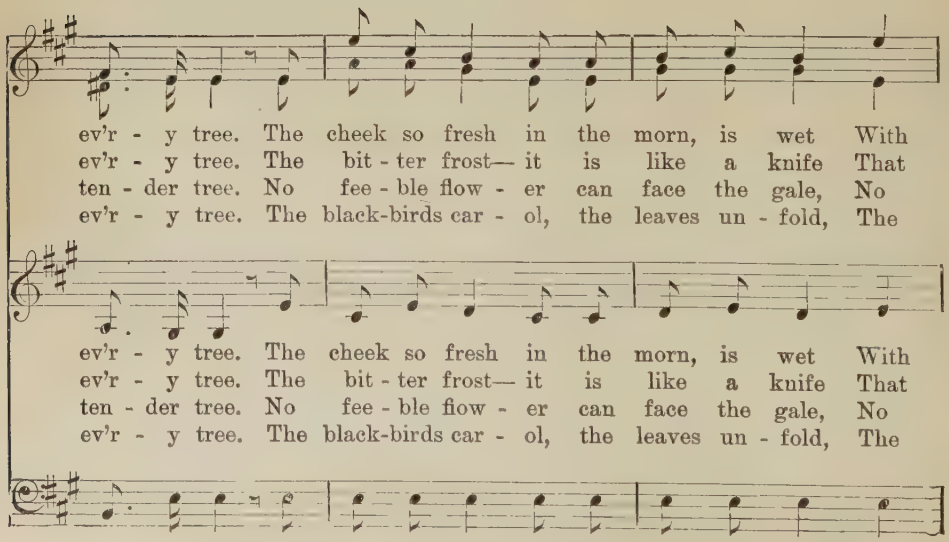

1. The Bet - sy Ann put out from shore, And a jol - ly craft was
2. But in the mid - dle of the sea, A - mid a toss - ing
3. But the cap - tain knew the mon - ster whale, He was its ear - ly
she; She had a cap - tain, cook and mate, And
gale, The Bet - sy Ann was sent be - low, By a
friend; He put a bri - dle in its mouth And it
she had sail - ors, one, two, three, And she had sail - ors three.
mon-strous, spout-ing, ra - ging whale, A mon - strous ra - ging whale.
brought them to their jour - ney's end, All safe to their jour-ney's end.
1
2
With a fal - di - rid - dle, fal - di - did - dle, fal - di - did - dle dee. dee.
With a fal - di - rid - dle, fal - di - did - dle, fal - di - did - dle dale. dale.
With a fal - di - rid - dle, fal - di - did - dle, fal - di - did - dle dend. dend.

The Wind Blows Out of the West Country

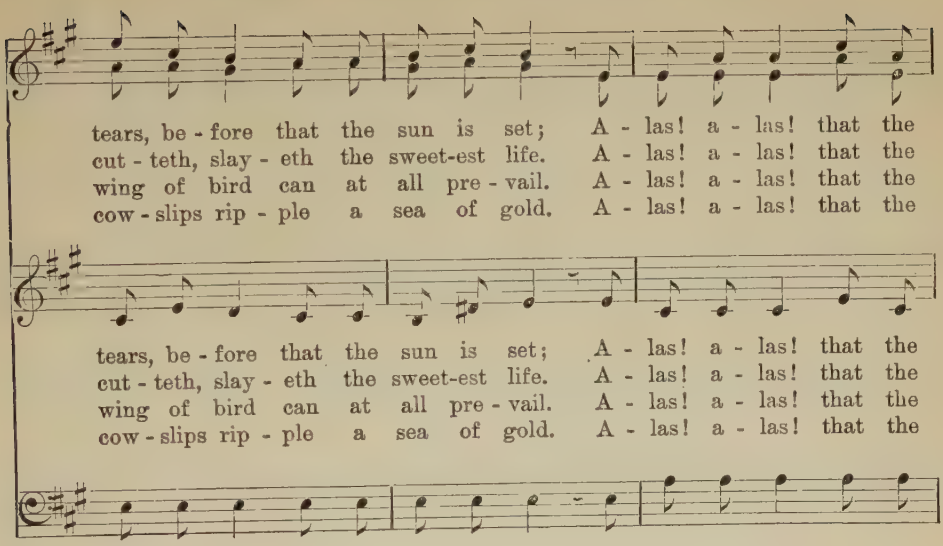
English Folksong

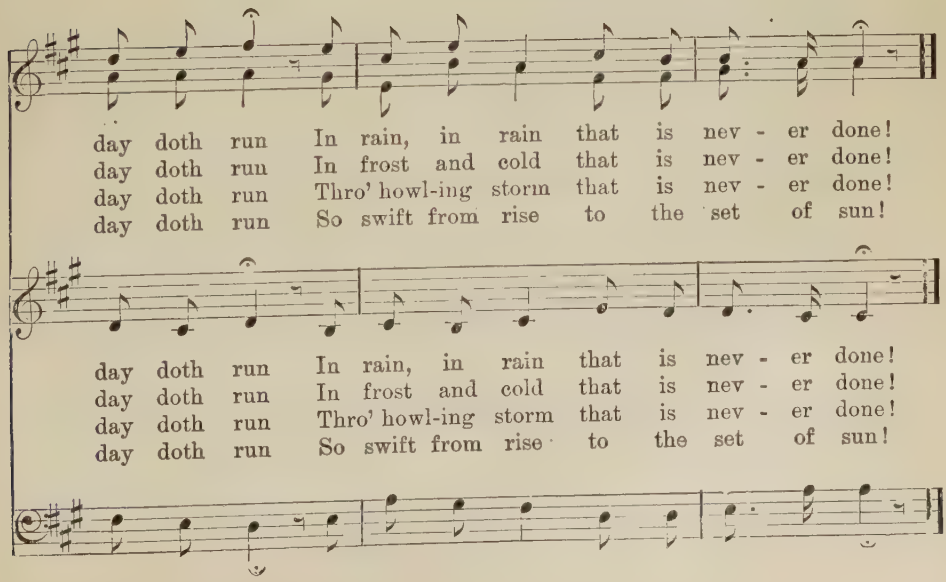
Not too fast and with expression
a tempo


1. The wind blows out of the West Country, The thrush is pip - ing in
2. The wind blows out of the East Country, And blights the flow - ers on
3. The wind blows out of the North Country, And, rude, up - root - eth the
4. The wind blows out of the South Country, And buds are burst - ing on
1. The wind blows out of the West Country, The thrush is pip - ing in
2. The wind blows out of the East Country, And blights the flow - ers on
3. The wind blows out of the North Country, And, rude, up - root - eth the
4. The wind blows out of the South Country, And buds are burst - ing on


ev'r - y tree. The cheek so fresh in the morn, is wet With
ev'r - y tree. The bit - ter frost— it is like a knife That
ten - der tree. No fee - ble flow - er can face the gale, No
ev'r - y tree. The black-birds car - ol, the leaves un - fold, The
ev'r - y tree. The cheek so fresh in the morn, is wet With
ev'r - y tree. The bit - ter frost— it is like a knife That
ten - der tree. No fee - ble flow - er can face the gale, No
ev'r - y tree. The black-birds car - ol, the leaves un - fold, The

The Wind Blows Out of the West Country


tears, be - fore that the sun is set; A - las! a - las! that the
cut - teth, slay - eth the sweet-est life. A - las! a - las! that the
wing of bird can at all pre - vail. A - las! a - las! that the
cow - slips rip - ple a sea of gold. A - las! a - las! that the
tears, be - fore that the sun is set; A - las! a - las! that the
cut - teth, slay - eth the sweet-est life. A - las! a - las! that the
wing of bird can at all pre - vail. A - las! a - las! that the
cow - slips rip - ple a sea of gold. A - las! a - las! that the

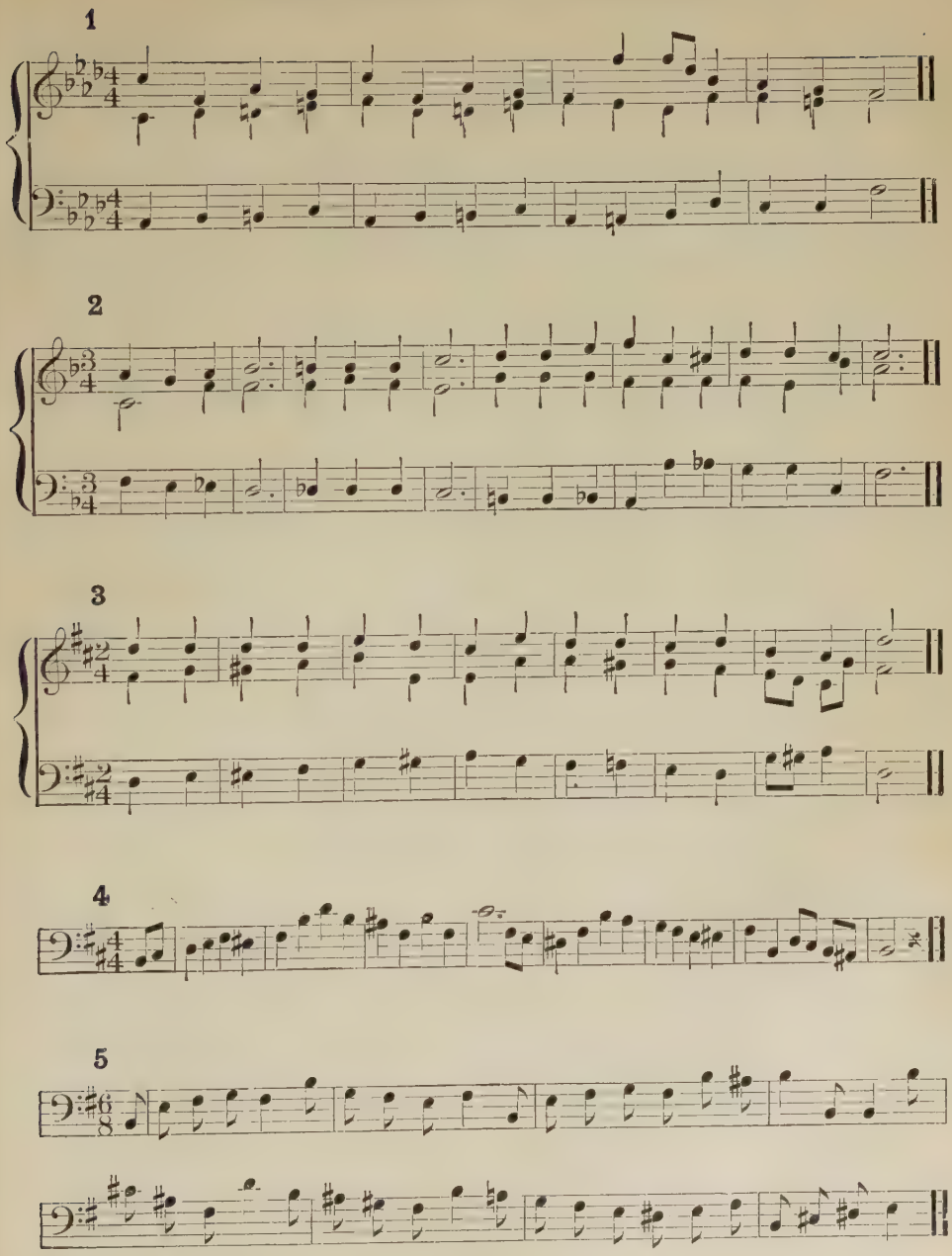

day doth run In rain, in rain that is nev - er done!
day doth run In frost and cold that is nev - er done!
day doth run Thro' howl-ing storm that is nev - er done!
day doth run So swift from rise to the set of sun!
day doth run In rain, in rain that is nev - er done!
day doth run In frost and cold that is nev - er done!
day doth run Thro' howl-ing storm that is nev - er done!
day doth run So swift from rise to the set of sun!

Norwegian Mountain Song

LAURENCE HARPER C. M. BELLMAN

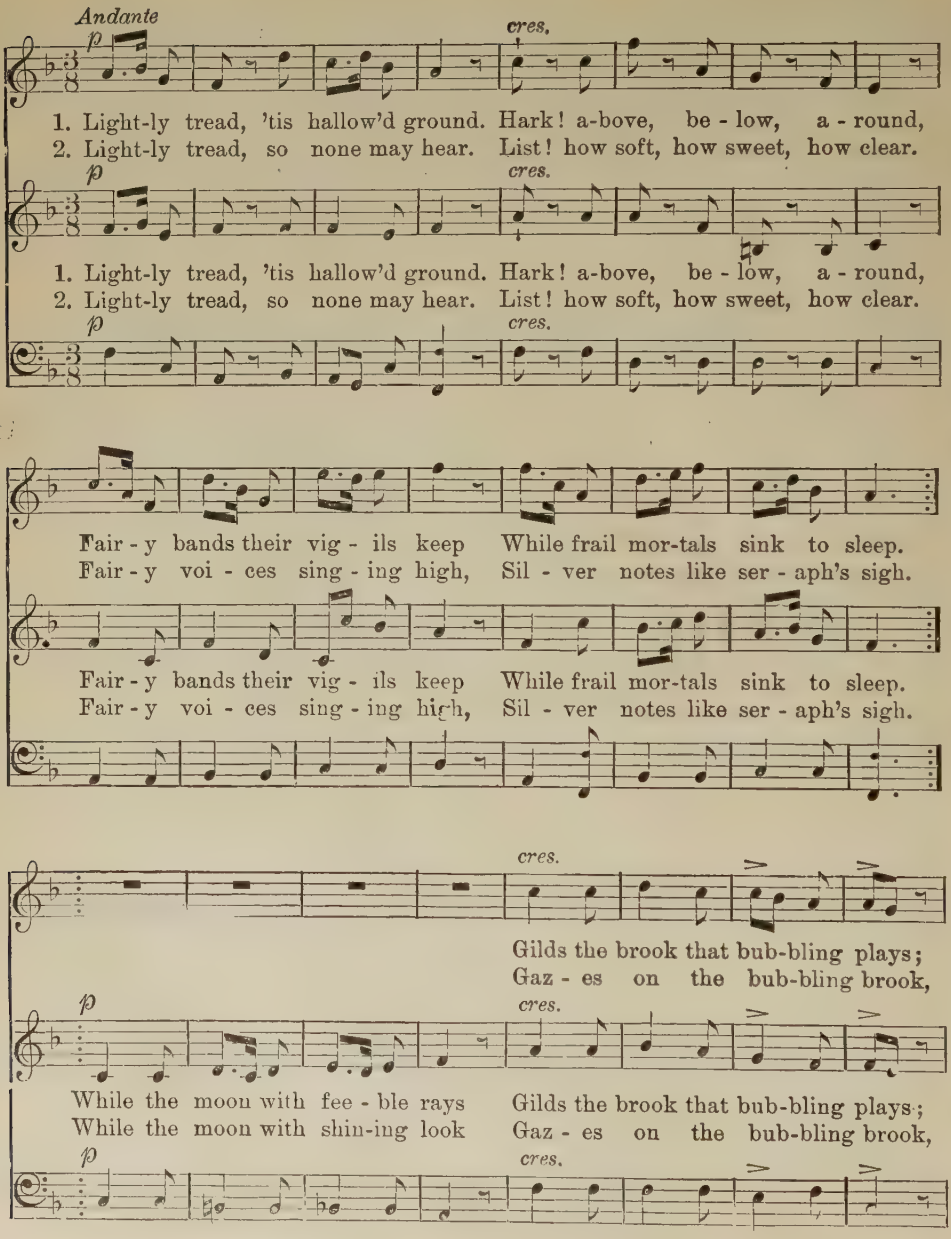
f Allegro
1. The moun - tains, the moun - tains, How proud and high they stand!
2. The flocks and the herds To the loft - y mead - ows climb.
3. The goat - herd is blithe, And the shep - herd - boy is gay.
The moun - tains, the moun - tains, The strength of our dear land.
They crop the soft grass Strewn with dai - ses and with thyme.
They laugh and they skip, All the gold - en sum - mer day.
Tra la la la la la la la la la, Tra la la la la
la la la
la la la
la la la la la,
la, Tra la la la la The strength of our dear land.
Strewn with dai - sies and with thyme.
All the gold - en sum - mer day.
la, Tra la la,

Bass Studies with Chromatics

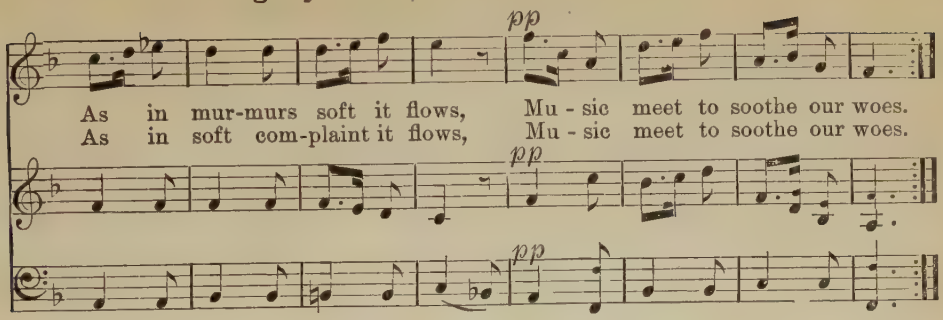


Lightly Tread, 'Tis Hallow'd Ground

JOHN SCOTLAND

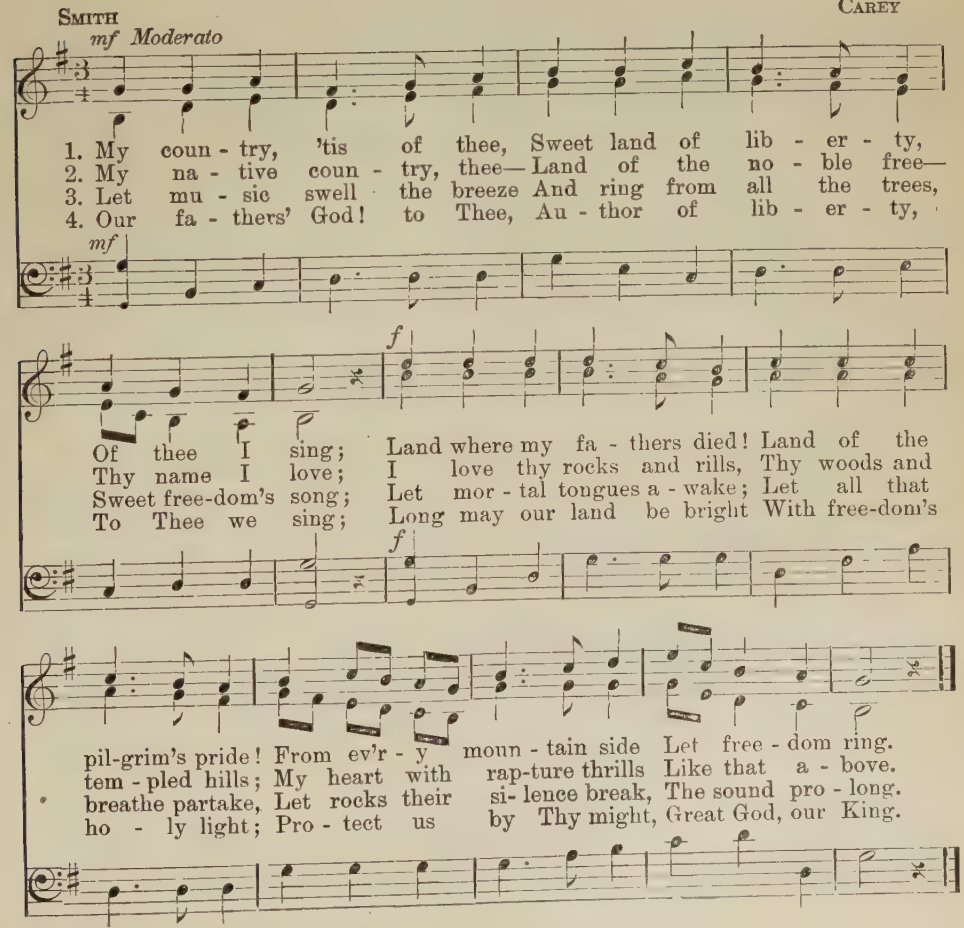

Andante
p
cres.
1. Light-ly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground. Hark! a-bove, be - low, a - round,
2. Light-ly tread, so none may hear. List! how soft, how sweet, how clear.
p
cres.
1. Light-ly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground. Hark! a-bove, be - low, a - round,
2. Light-ly tread, so none may hear. List! how soft, how sweet, how clear.
p
cres.
Fair - y bands their vig - ils keep While frail mor-tals sink to sleep.
Fair - y voi - ces sing - ing high, Sil - ver notes like ser - aph's sigh.
Fair - y bands their vig - ils keep While frail mor-tals sink to sleep.
Fair - y voi - ces sing - ing high, Sil - ver notes like ser - aph's sigh.
cres.
Gilds the brook that bub-bling plays;
Gaz - es on the bub-bling brook,
p
cres.
While the moon with fee - ble rays Gilds the brook that bub-bling plays;
While the moon with shin-ing look Gaz - es on the bub-bling brook,
p
cres.

Lightly Tread, 'Tis Hallow'd Ground


pp
As in mur-murs soft it flows, Mu - sic meet to soothe our woes.
As in soft com-plaint it flows, Mu - sic meet to soothe our woes.
pp
pp

America

SMITH — CAREY


mf Moderato
1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
2. My na - tive coun - try, thee— Land of the no - ble free—
3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze And ring from all the trees,
4. Our fa - thers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,
mf
Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died! Land of the
Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
Sweet free-dom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake; Let all that
To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's
f
f
pil-grim's pride! From ev'r - y moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
tem - pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
breathe partake, Let rocks their si- lence break, The sound pro - long.
ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

The Lord My Pasture Shall Prepare

ADDISON

HENRY CAREY

p Moderato

1. The Lord my pas - ture shall pre - pare, And feed me
2. Tho' in a bare and rug - ged way, Thro' devi - ous
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y

mp

with a shep-herd's care; His pres- ence shall my wants sup - ply,
lone - ly paths I stray, Thy boun - ty shall my pains be-guile,
hor - rors o - ver - spread, My stead - fast heart shall fear no ill,

mf

And guard me with a watch - ful eye: My noon - day walks He
The bar - ren wil - der - ness shall smile, With sud - den greens and
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still; Thy rod and staff shall

p

shall at - tend, And all my mid - night hours de - fend.
herb - age crowned, And streams shall mur - mur all a - round.
give me aid, And guide me through the dread - ful shade.

My Psalm

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

ERNST RICHTER

Moderato

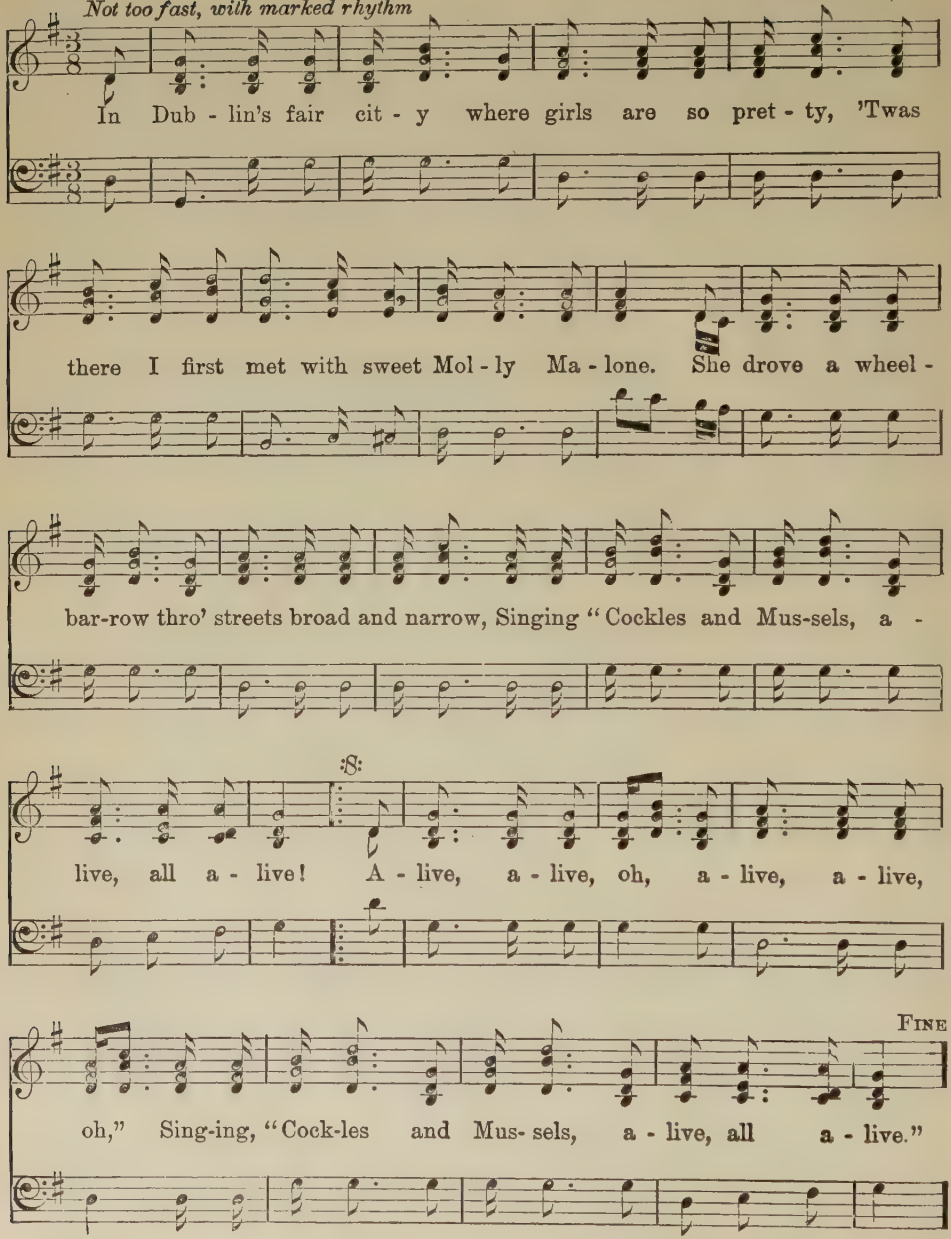
mp
1. The west winds blow, and sing - ing low, I hear the glad streams
2. The woods shall wear their robes of praise, The south - wind soft - ly
run; The win - dows of my soul I throw Wide o - pen to the
sigh, And sweet, calm days in gold - en haze Melt down the am - ber
The win - dows,
And sweet, calm,
p
sun. No lon - ger for - ward nor be - hind I look in hope or
sky. And so the shad - ows fall a - part, And so the west-winds
mf
fear; But, grateful, take the good I find, The best of now and here.
play; And all the win-dows of my heart I o - pen to the day.
But, grate-ful,
And all the

Cockles and Mussels

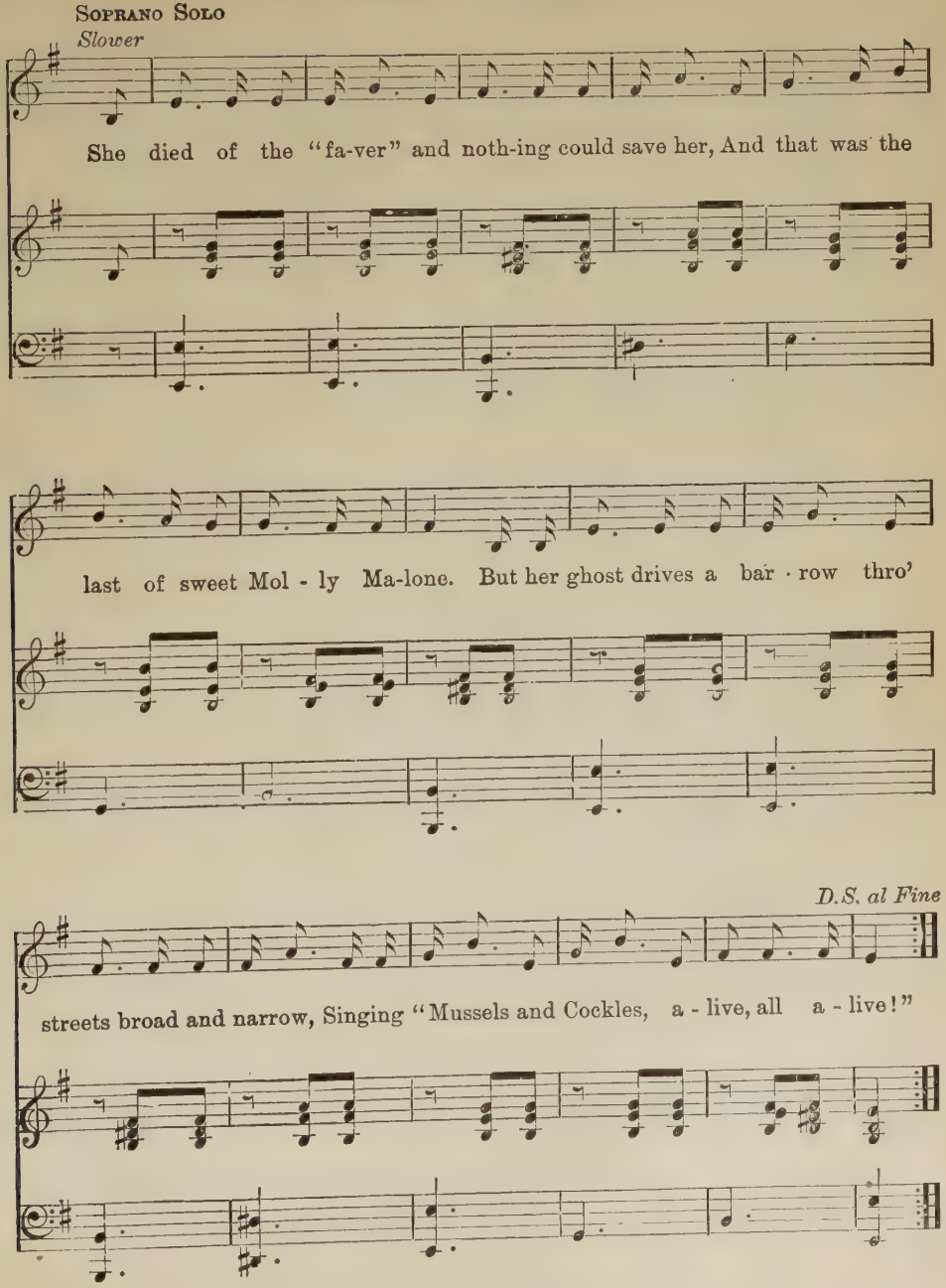
Irish

Old Irish Tune

Not too fast, with marked rhythm


In Dub - lin's fair cit - y where girls are so pret - ty, 'Twas
there I first met with sweet Mol - ly Ma - lone. She drove a wheel -
bar-row thro' streets broad and narrow, Singing "Cockles and Mus-sels, a -
live, all a - live! A - live, a - live, oh, a - live, a - live,
Fine
oh," Sing-ing, "Cock-les and Mus- sels, a - live, all a - live."

Cockles and Mussels


Soprano Solo
Slower
She died of the "fa-ver" and noth-ing could save her, And that was the
last of sweet Mol - ly Ma-lone. But her ghost drives a bar · row thro'
D.S. al Fine
streets broad and narrow, Singing "Mussels and Cockles, a - live, all a - live!"

At the Dance

Words from the Danish by
MARGARET VON DYKE

C. C MÜLLER

mf Tempo di Valse

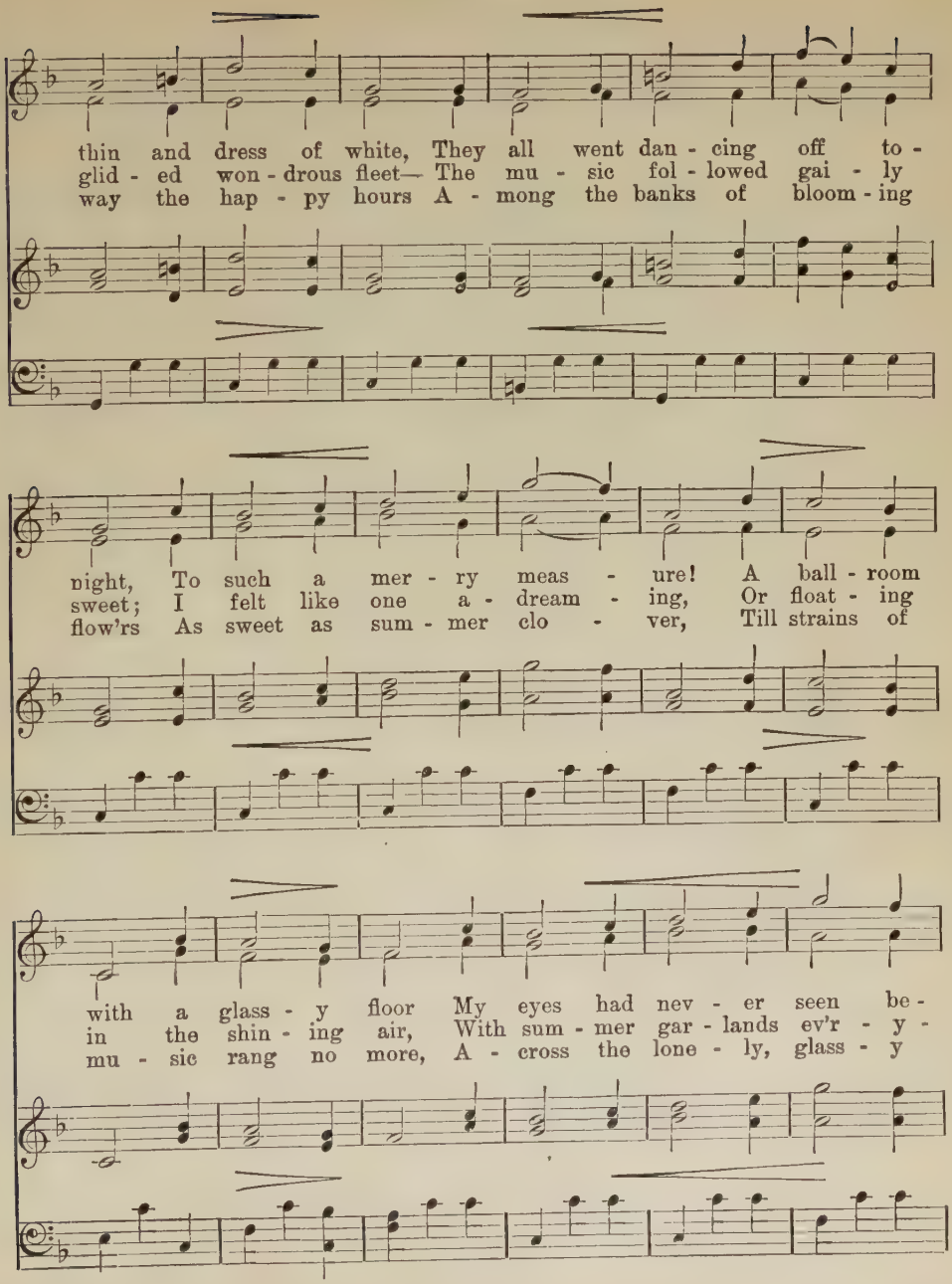
1. My ros - y wreath, and ros - y cheeks, and ros - y
2. With coax - ing, laugh - ing, imp - ish notes, the mu - sic
3. My part - ners all were grace - ful lads, they took their

mf

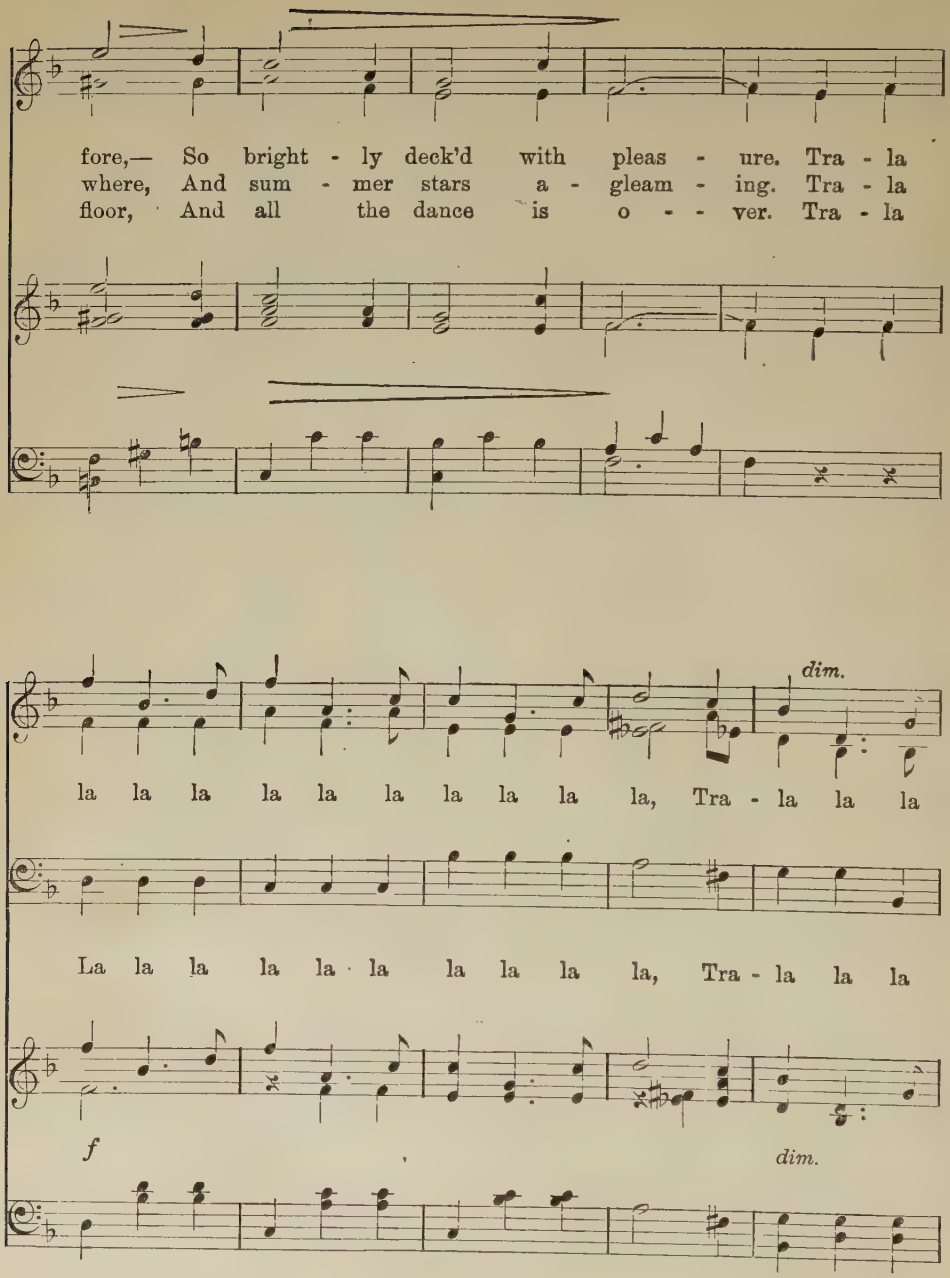
rib - bons fly - ing, My heart so o - ver - full of
went a - beat - ing, A rip - pling meas - ure, soft - ly
steps so light - ly, Re - vers - ing all with per - fect

glee, it al - most set me cry - ing; My slip - pers
swift, and there was no re - treat - ing; My slip - pers
ease, and bow - ing so po - lite - ly; We waltzed a -

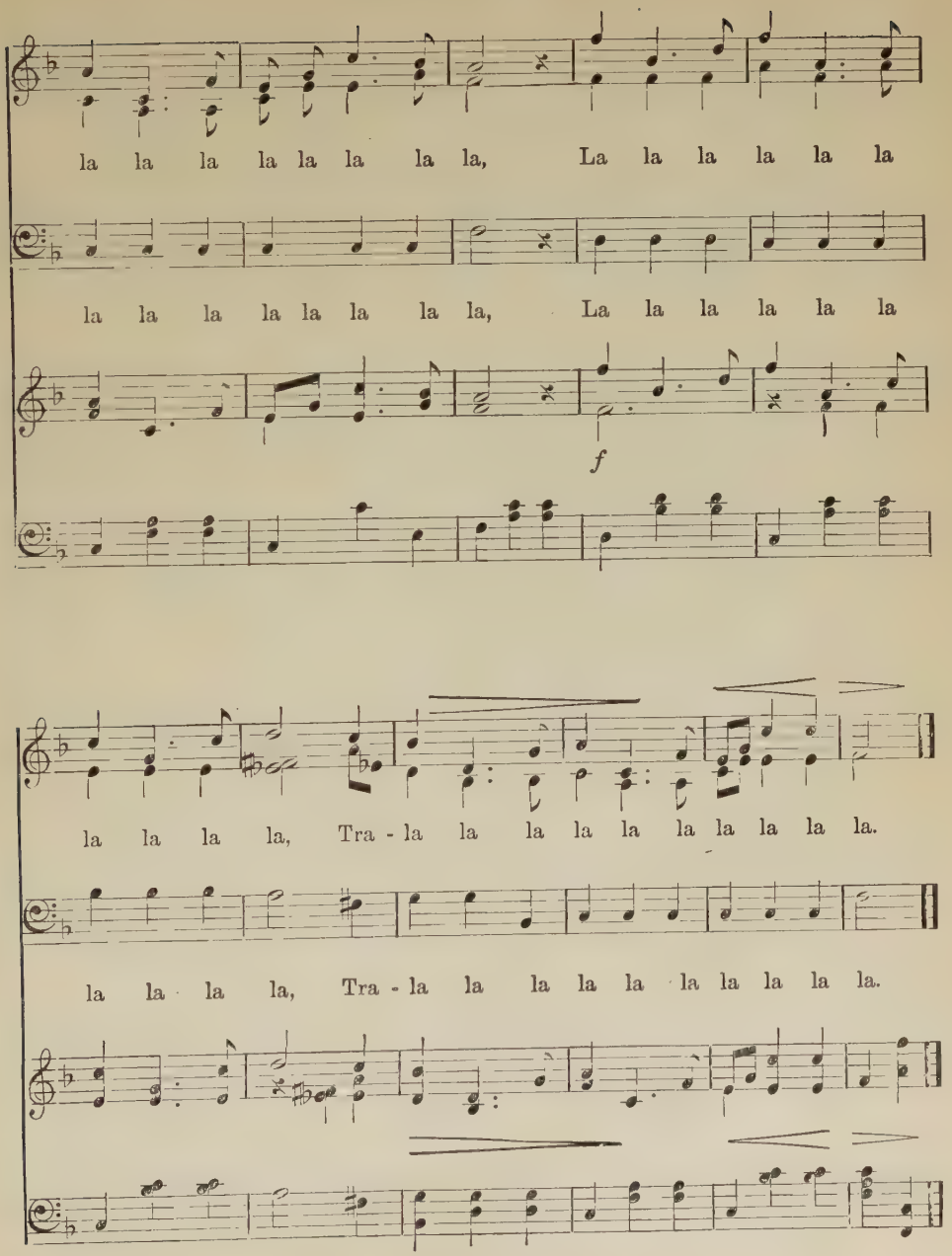
At the Dance


thin and dress of white, They all went dan - cing off to -
glid - ed won - drous fleet— The mu - sic fol - lowed gai - ly
way the hap - py hours A - mong the banks of bloom - ing
night, To such a mer - ry meas - ure! A ball - room
sweet; I felt like one a - dream - ing, Or float - ing
flow'rs As sweet as sum - mer clo - ver, Till strains of
with a glass - y floor My eyes had nev - er seen be -
in the shin - ing air, With sum - mer gar - lands ev'r - y -
mu - sic rang no more, A - cross the lone - ly, glass - y

At the Dance.


fore,— So bright - ly deck'd with pleas - ure. Tra - la
where, And sum - mer stars a - gleam - ing. Tra - la
floor, And all the dance is o - - ver. Tra - la
dim.
la la la la la la la la la la, Tra - la la la
La la la la la la la la la la, Tra - la la la
f
dim.

At the Dance

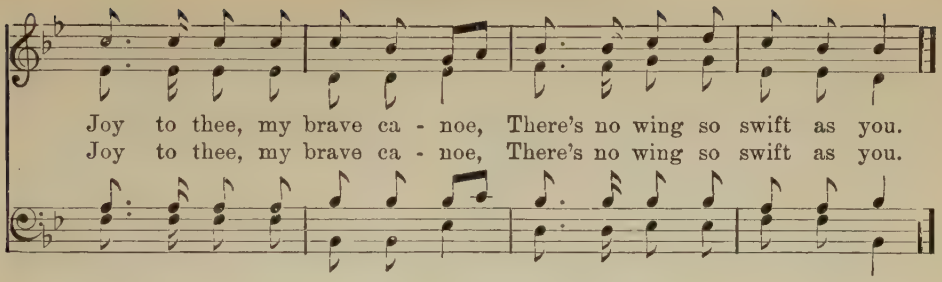

la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la
la la la la la la la la, La la la la la la
f
la la la la, Tra - la la la la la la la la la la.
la la la la, Tra - la la la la la la la la la la.

My Brave Canoe

French Canadian Voyager's Song

Moderato
1. Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so swift as you,
2. Gen - tly, now, my brave ca - noe, Keep your foot-ing sure and true,
Right and left the bub - bles rise, Right and left the pine wood flies;
Fierce the rap - id close be - neath, Leaps and shouts his song of death;
Birds and clouds, and tide and wind, We shall leave ye all be - hind.
Now one plunge and all is done; Now one plunge, the goal is won.
Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so swift as you,
Joy to thee, my brave ca - noe, There's no wing so swift as you,

My Brave Canoe



God Bless our Native Land

JOHN MARTIN

Andante moderato
1. God bless our na - tive land; May heav'n's pro - tect - ing hand
2. Lord, not this land a - lone, But be Thy mer - cies known
mf
Still guard our shore. May peace her pow'r ex - tend, Foe be trans -
From shore to shore. Make Thou the na - tions see All men should
mf
f
formed to friend, Our coun-try's rights de - pend On war no more.
broth - ers be, One loy - al fam - i - ly All the world o'er.
f

Wandering

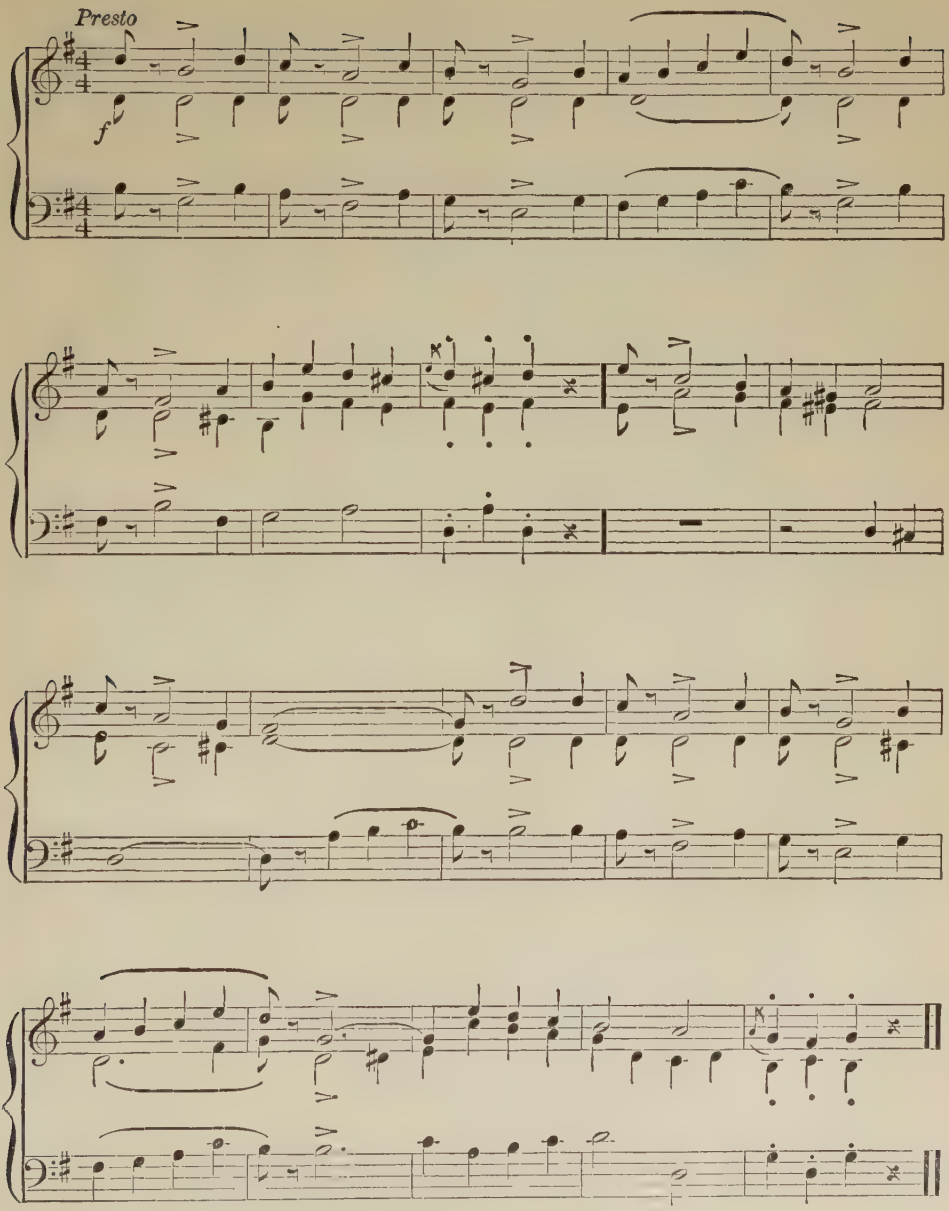
R. SCHUMANN

Lightly
1. Glad as birds that sing to - geth-er, Light as clouds in sum-mer
2. Hear the brook-let how it plash-es, Down the rock - y fall it
f
weath-er, O'er the moor-land, thro' the heath-er Blithe-ly, gai - ly let us
dash-es, Rip-pling in the sun it flash-es; Like the brook-let let us
wan - der. Sweetest ros-es now are spring-ing, Lil - y bells are gen - tly
wan - der, Laughing at the rough-est pla - ces, Dancing on the flow'r-strewn
f
swing-ing, Larks their air - y flight are wing-ing, Blithely, gai-ly, let us go.
spa - ces, wear-ing hap-py morn-ing fa - ces, Blithely, gai-ly, let us go.

NOTE. When there are three notes in Treble clef, the Alto divides.

Study in Syncopation

(HUNGARIAN)



The Bailiff's Daughter of Islington

Old English — Traditional

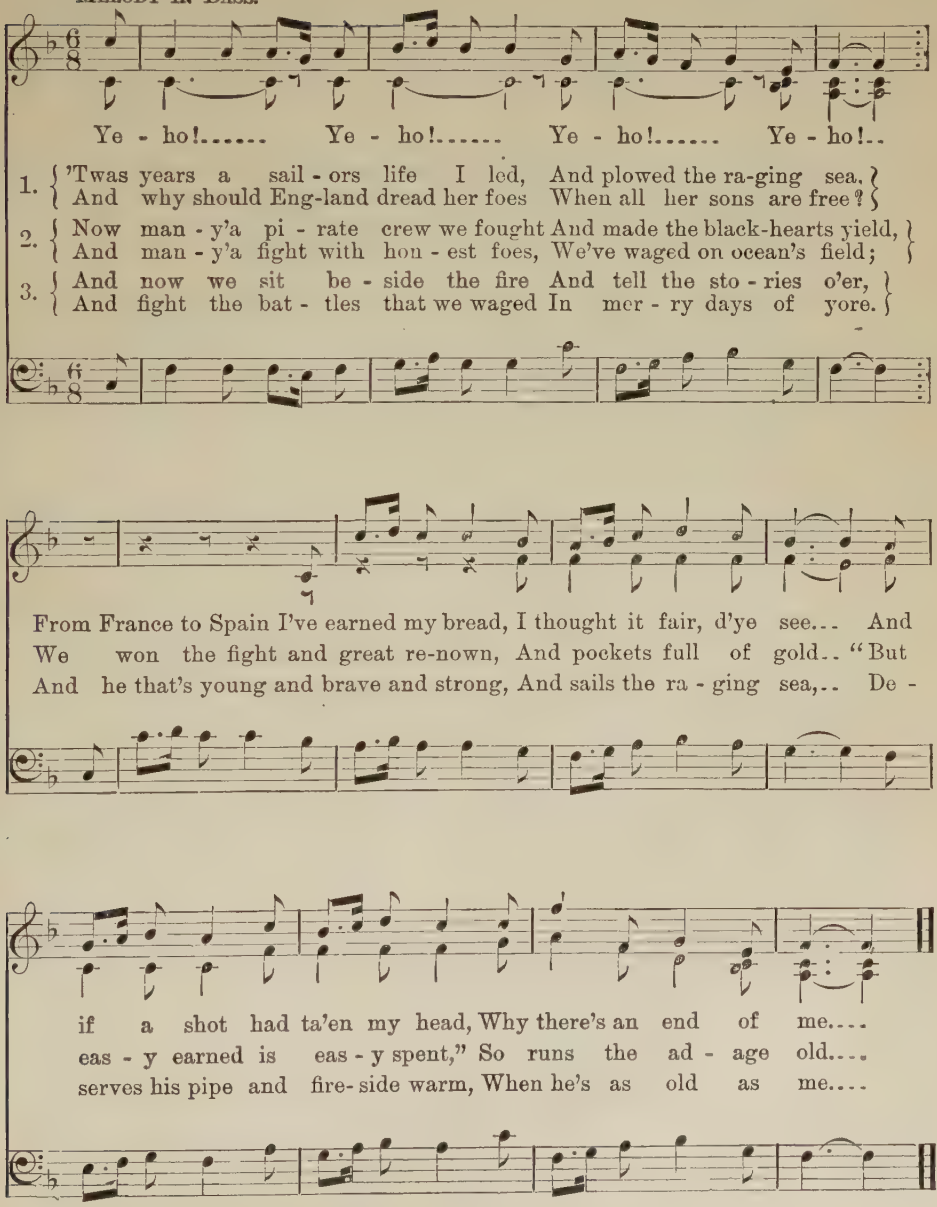
1. There was a youth and a well be-lov-ed youth, And
2. But she was coy and nev-er would On
3. When sev'n long years had passed a-way, She
4. And as she went a-long the high-road— The
5. She start-ed up, with a col-or so red, And caught
6. "Be-fore I give you a pen-ny, sweet-heart, Pray
7. "I prith-ee, sweet-heart, oh, tell . . to . . me, Oh,
8. If she be dead then take my horse, My
9. "Oh stay, oh stay, thou good-ly youth— She
he was a squire's son, . . And he loved the bail-iff's
him her love be-stow, . Till he was sent to
put on rag-ged at-tire, . . And forth she went from
weath-er be-ing hot and dry— . She sat her down up-
hold of his bri-dle rein— . "One pen-ny, one pen-ny,
tell me where you were born." . "At Is-ling-ton, kind
tell me if you know . The bail-iff's daugh-ter of
sad-dle, and bri-dle al-so; . . For I will in-to some
stand-eth by thy side! . . She is not dead; she is
daugh-ter dear, Who lived at Is-ling-ton.
Lon-don town, Be-cause he loved her so.
Is-ling-ton, Her true love to in-quire.
on a green bank, And her true love came rid-ing by:
kind sir," she said, "Will ease me of much pain."
sir," see said, "Where I have dealt with ma-ny a scorn."
Is-ling-ton?" "She's dead, sir, long a-go."
far coun-try, Where no man shall me know."
here a-live, And read-y to be thy bride!"

The Sailor's Life

Old English

PETER HARRINGTON

MELODY IN BASS.

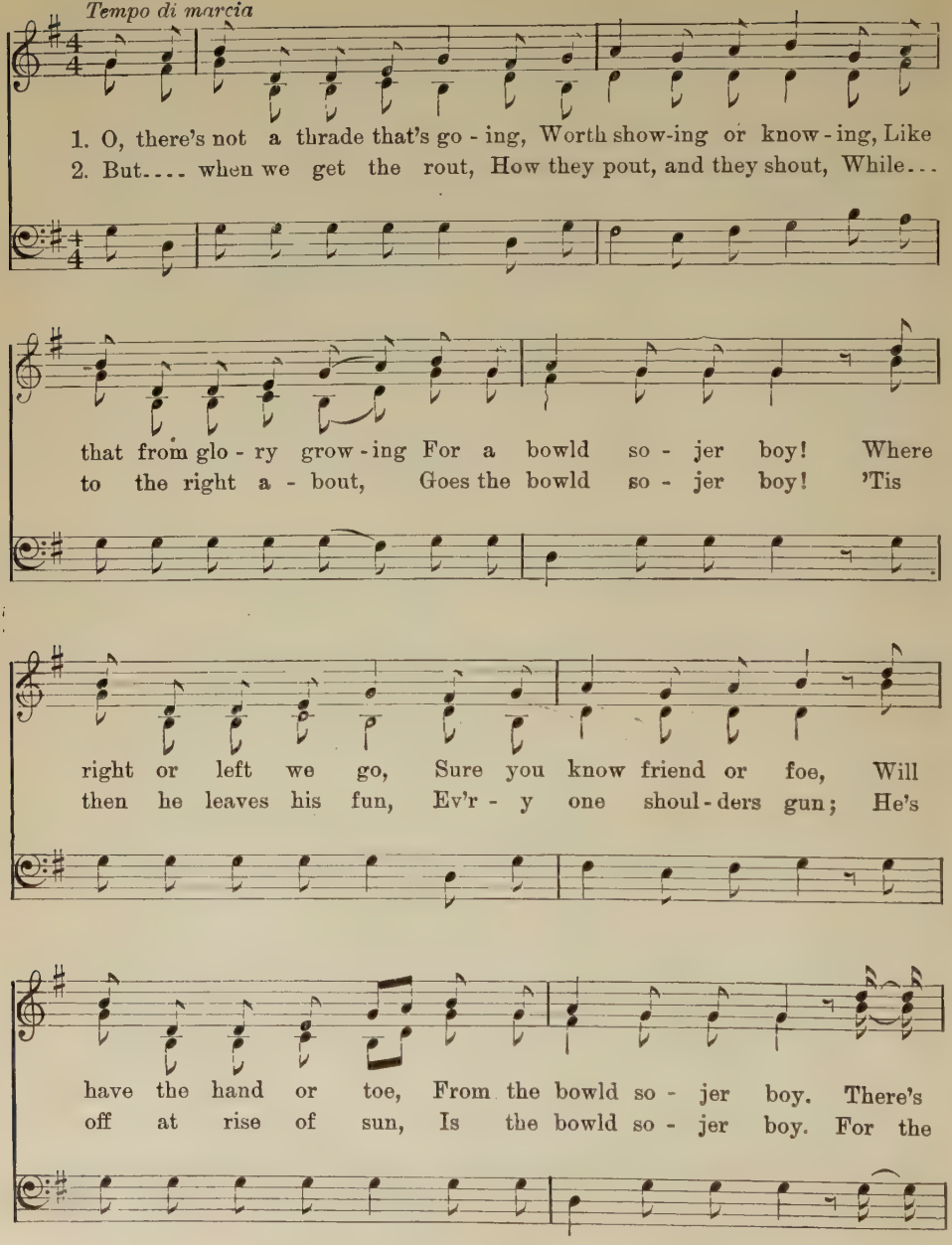

Ye - ho!..... Ye - ho!..... Ye - ho!..... Ye - ho!..
1. 'Twas years a sail - ors life I led, And plowed the ra-ging sea,
And why should Eng-land dread her foes When all her sons are free?
2. Now man - y'a pi - rate crew we fought And made the black-hearts yield,
And man - y'a fight with hon - est foes, We've waged on ocean's field;
3. And now we sit be - side the fire And tell the sto - ries o'er,
And fight the bat - tles that we waged In mer - ry days of yore.
From France to Spain I've earned my bread, I thought it fair, d'ye see... And
We won the fight and great re-nown, And pockets full of gold.. "But
And he that's young and brave and strong, And sails the ra - ging sea,.. De -
if a shot had ta'en my head, Why there's an end of me....
eas - y earned is eas - y spent," So runs the ad - age old....
serves his pipe and fire- side warm, When he's as old as me....

The Bowld Soger Boy

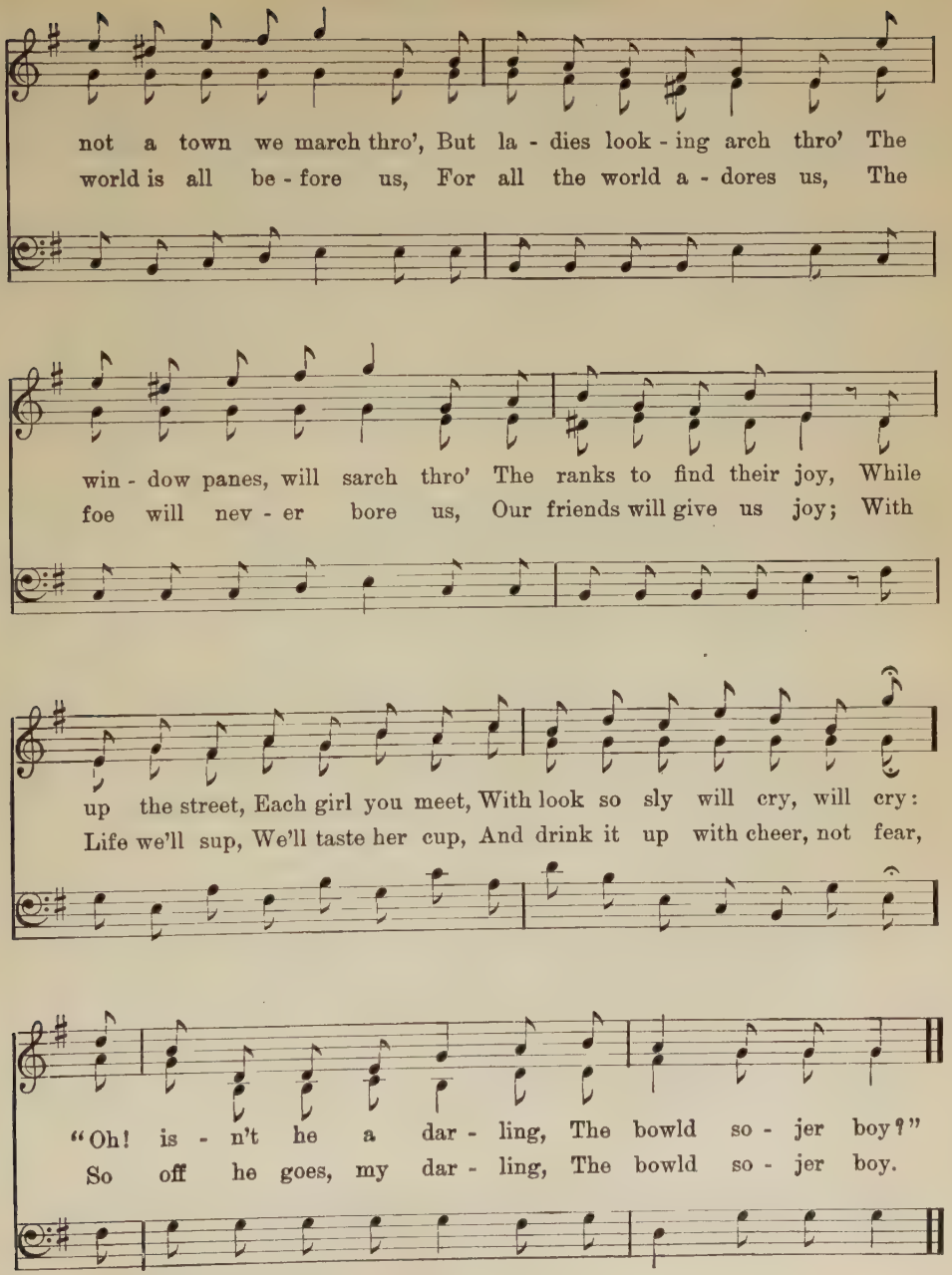
SAMUEL LOVER

Irish Tune

Tempo di marcia


1. O, there's not a thrade that's go - ing, Worth show-ing or know - ing, Like
2. But---- when we get the rout, How they pout, and they shout, While...
that from glo - ry grow - ing For a bowld so - jer boy! Where
to the right a - bout, Goes the bowld so - jer boy! 'Tis
right or left we go, Sure you know friend or foe, Will
then he leaves his fun, Ev'r - y one shoul - ders gun; He's
have the hand or toe, From the bowld so - jer boy. There's
off at rise of sun, Is the bowld so - jer boy. For the

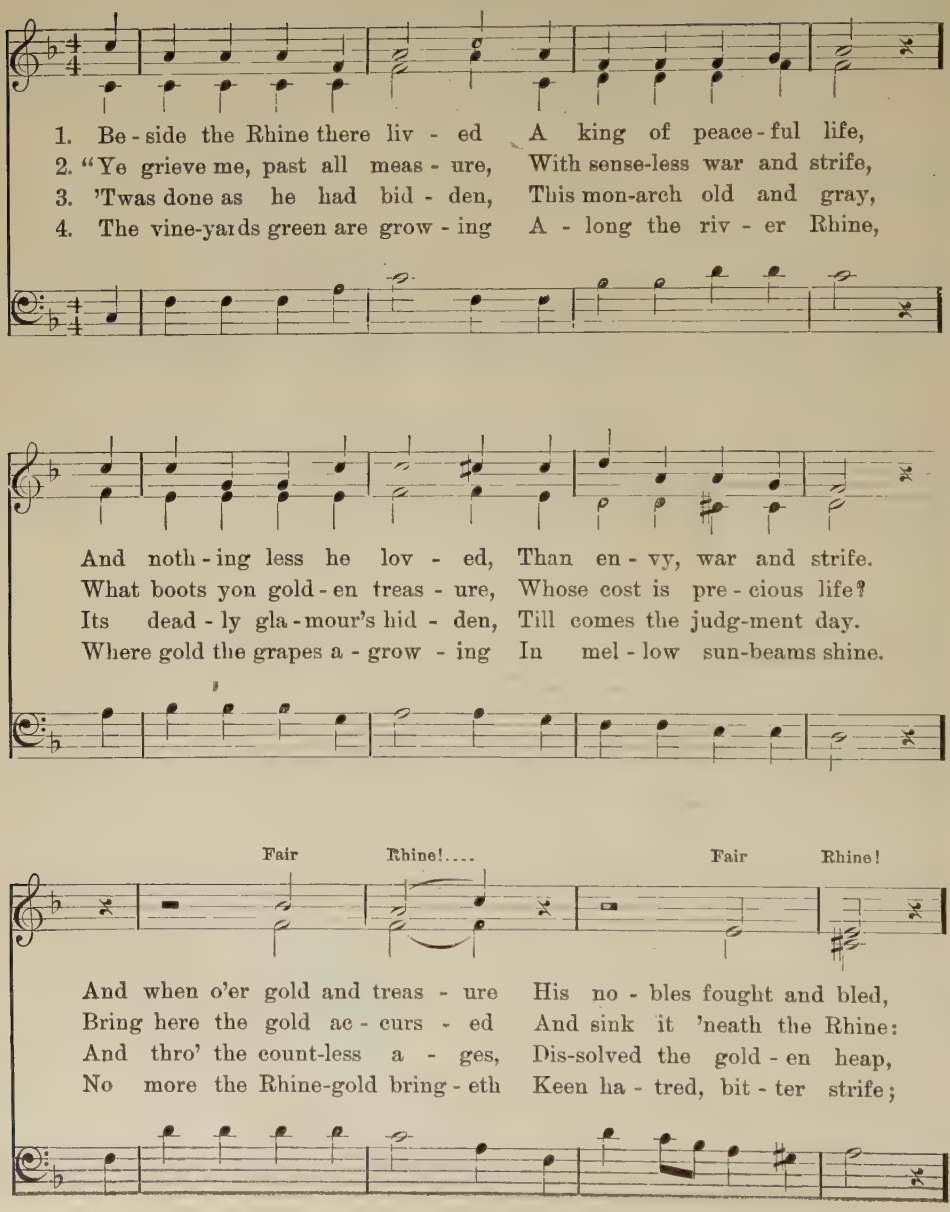
The Bowld Sojer Boy


not a town we march thro', But la - dies look - ing arch thro' The
world is all be - fore us, For all the world a - dores us, The
win - dow panes, will sarch thro' The ranks to find their joy, While
foe will nev - er bore us, Our friends will give us joy; With
up the street, Each girl you meet, With look so sly will cry, will cry:
Life we'll sup, We'll taste her cup, And drink it up with cheer, not fear,
"Oh! is - n't he a dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy?"
So off he goes, my dar - ling, The bowld so - jer boy.

Rhine Gold

(Bass Melody)

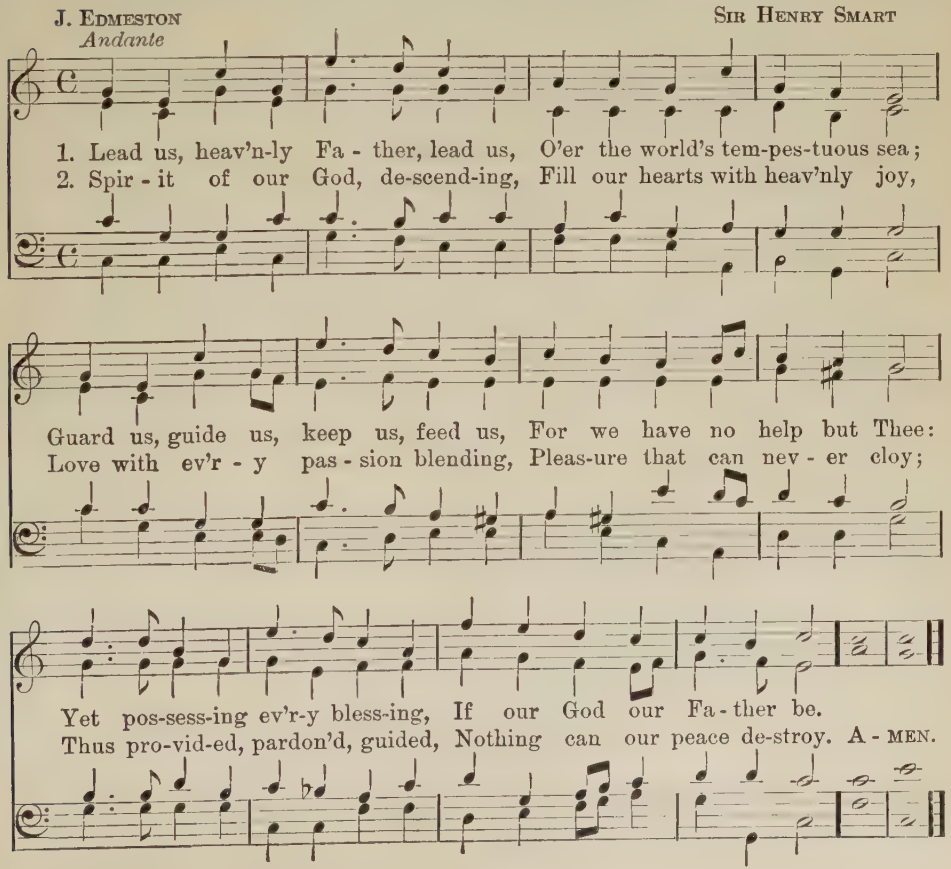
Folksong


1. Be - side the Rhine there liv - ed A king of peace - ful life,
2. "Ye grieve me, past all meas - ure, With sense-less war and strife,
3. 'Twas done as he had bid - den, This mon-arch old and gray,
4. The vine-yards green are grow - ing A - long the riv - er Rhine,
And noth - ing less he lov - ed, Than en - vy, war and strife.
What boots yon gold - en treas - ure, Whose cost is pre - cious life?
Its dead - ly gla - mour's hid - den, Till comes the judg-ment day.
Where gold the grapes a - grow - ing In mel - low sun-beams shine.
Fair Rhine!.... Fair Rhine!
And when o'er gold and treas - ure His no - bles fought and bled,
Bring here the gold ac - curs - ed And sink it 'neath the Rhine:
And thro' the count-less a - ges, Dis-solved the gold - en heap,
No more the Rhine-gold bring - eth Keen ha - tred, bit - ter strife;

Rhine Gold

The mon - arch said.
Be hid its shine.
The waves shall keep.
Thro' all his life.
"Now hear my roy - al pleas - ure," The peace-ful mon-arch said.
E - ter - nal - ly im - mers - ed, Be hid its bale - ful shine."
In mag - ic, say the sa - ges, The waves for - ev - er keep.
Who quaffs the juice, he sing - eth Thro' all his hap - py life.

Lead Us, Heavenly Father, Lead Us


J. EDMESTON
Andante
SIR HENRY SMART
1. Lead us, heav'n-ly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem-pes-tuous sea;
2. Spir - it of our God, de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy,
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee:
Love with ev'r - y pas - sion blending, Pleas-ure that can nev - er cloy;
Yet pos-sess-ing ev'r-y bless-ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.
Thus pro-vid-ed, pardon'd, guided, Nothing can our peace de-stroy. A - MEN.

The Lost Star

From the German of Matthew Claudius
by Edwin Star Belknap

German Folksong

Not too slow
1. A star hung in the heav - ens, A star of beau - ty
2. I knew its place in heav - en, A bea - con light a -
3. I'd stand in rap - ture gaz - ing,— 'Twas like some mag - ic
4. But now my star has van - ished, All quenched its friend - ly
mp
p
bright ..... That shone with twin - kling glan - ces Through -
far; ..... And from my vine - clad case - ment Each
spell—..... I mut - tered thanks to heav - en Such
spark, ... Its place in heav'n is emp - ty, And
mp
p
pp
out the still - y night, Through - out the still - y night.
night I'd greet my star, Each night I'd greet my star.
ra - diance on me fell, Such ra - diance on me fell.
night seems drear and dark, And night seems drear and dark.
pp

The Light of the World

OSCAR AHNFELDT

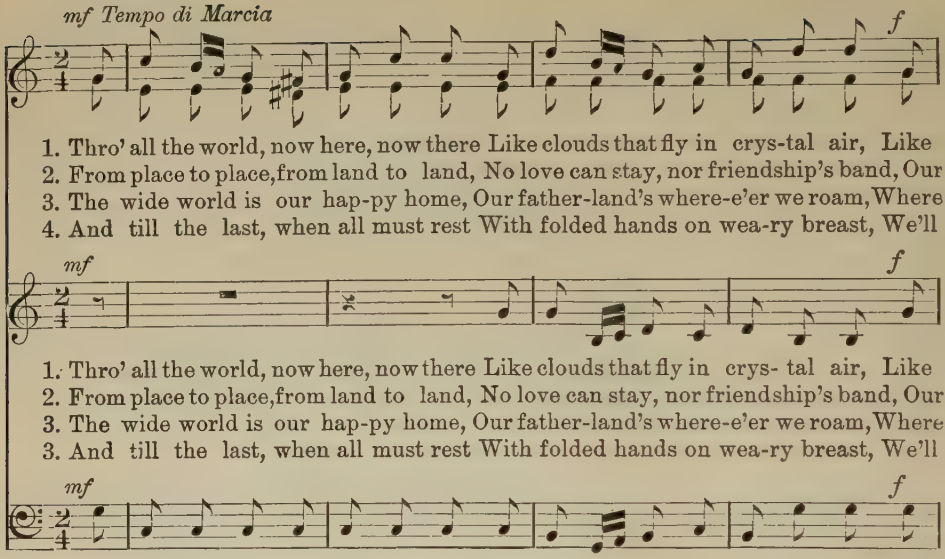
Andante
1. Art thou lone - ly? Dost seek in vain peace and qui - et rest?
2. Art thou wea - ry? Dost bur - den bear, heav - y woe and grief?
Doth great dark - ness and wea - ry gloom cloud thy anx - ious breast?
Doth thy soul, full of bit - ter pain, nev - er find re - lief?
Hath the world's glo-rious, ra-diant light Light - ed thy dark-ness nev - er?
Let the light, let the per - fect light, Shine in thy night of sor - row.
Ah! 'twould ban-ish all the gloom, And bring thee joy for - ev - er.
Then like snow shall melt thy grief And joy shall come to - mor - row.

Wanderer's Song

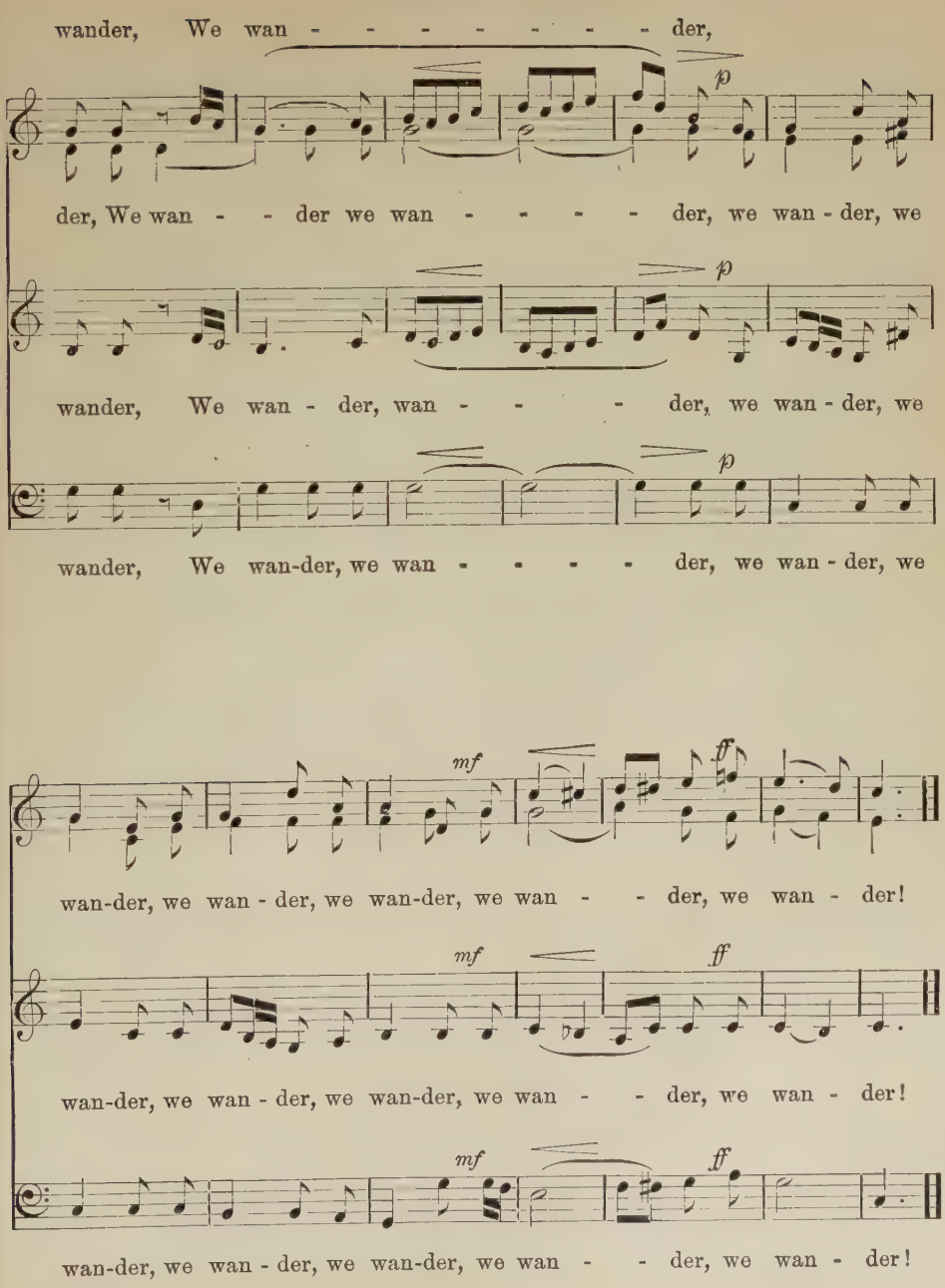
F. J. Shaffer

T. Santner

mf Tempo di Marcia


f
1. Thro' all the world, now here, now there Like clouds that fly in crys-tal air, Like
2. From place to place, from land to land, No love can stay, nor friendship's band, Our
3. The wide world is our hap-py home, Our father-land's where-e'er we roam, Where
4. And till the last, when all must rest With folded hands on wea-ry breast, We'll
mf
f
1. Thro' all the world, now here, now there Like clouds that fly in crys- tal air, Like
2. From place to place, from land to land, No love can stay, nor friendship's band, Our
3. The wide world is our hap-py home, Our father-land's where-e'er we roam, Where
3. And till the last, when all must rest With folded hands on wea-ry breast, We'll
mf
f
We
p
brooks that nev-er stay in flight, But onward haste by day and night, We wan -
free-dom nev - er may be sold For love of arms or love of gold. We wan -
joy doth bloom, a - while we stay, Then has-ten on our pleas-ant way, And wan -
live the life that free men love, Thro' all the wide, wide world we'll rove. We wan -
p
brooks that nev-er stay in flight, But onward haste by day and night, We
free-dom nev - er may be sold For love of arms or love of gold.
joy doth bloom, a - while we stay, Then has-ten on our pleas-ant way.
live the life that free men love, Thro' all the wide, wide world we'll rove.
We

Wanderer's Song

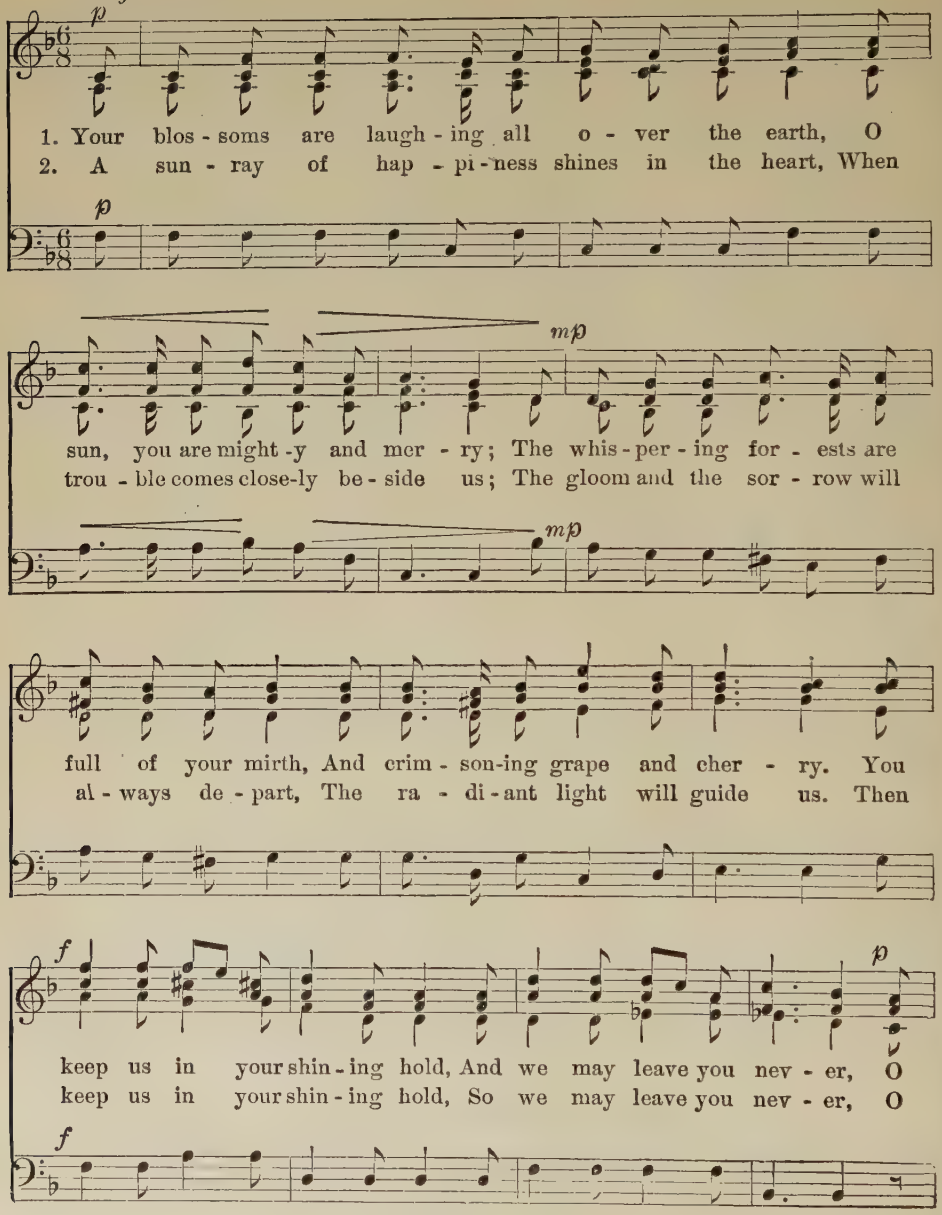

wander, We wan - - - - - - - - der,
p
der, We wan - - der we wan - - - - der, we wan - der, we
p
wander, We wan - der, wan - - - der, we wan - der, we
p
wander, We wan-der, we wan - - - - der, we wan - der, we
mf
ff
wan-der, we wan - der, we wan-der, we wan - - der, we wan - der!
mf
ff
wan-der, we wan - der, we wan-der, we wan - - der, we wan - der!
mf
ff
wan-der, we wan - der, we wan-der, we wan - - der, we wan - der!

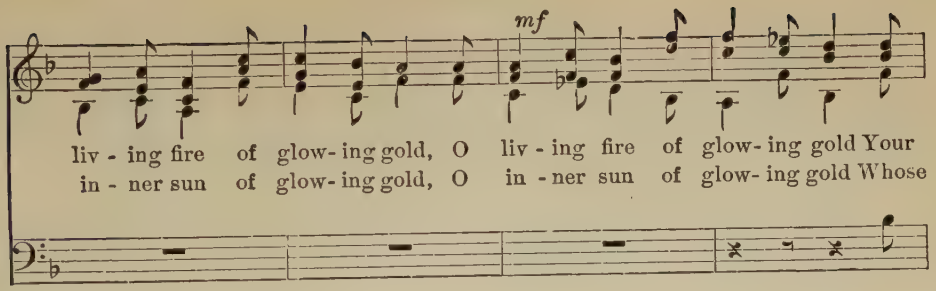
The Golden Sun

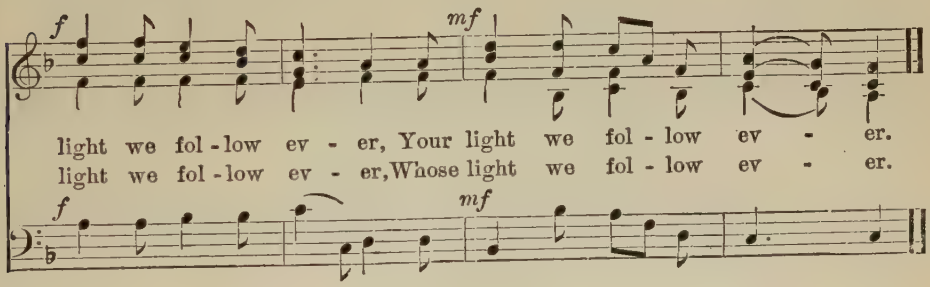
AGABATHA SNEELEN

CATHERINE VON RENNES

Allegretto

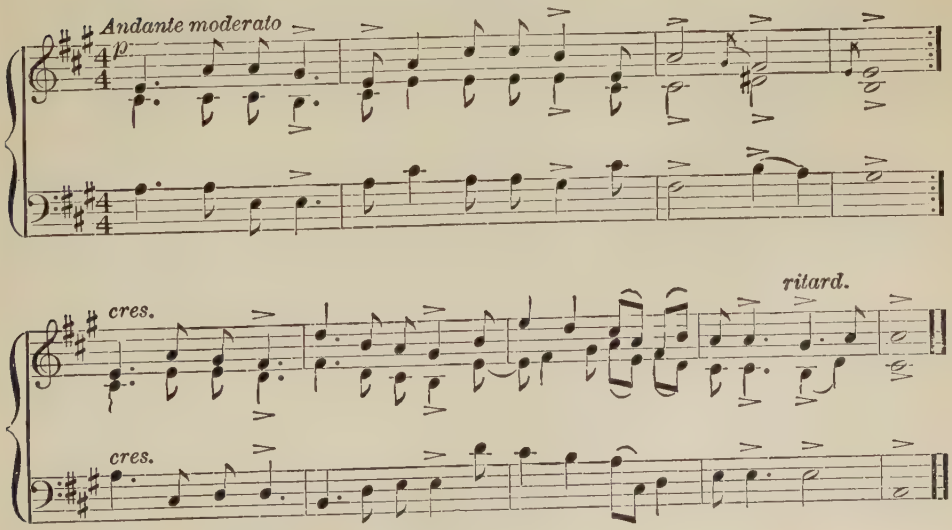

p
1. Your blos - soms are laugh - ing all o - ver the earth, O
2. A sun - ray of hap - pi - ness shines in the heart, When
mp
sun, you are might - y and mer - ry; The whis - per - ing for - ests are
trou - ble comes close-ly be - side us; The gloom and the sor - row will
full of your mirth, And crim - son-ing grape and cher - ry. You
al - ways de - part, The ra - di - ant light will guide us. Then
f
keep us in your shin - ing hold, And we may leave you nev - er, O
keep us in your shin - ing hold, So we may leave you nev - er, O


mf
liv - ing fire of glow- ing gold, O liv - ing fire of glow- ing gold Your
in - ner sun of glow- ing gold, O in - ner sun of glow- ing gold Whose



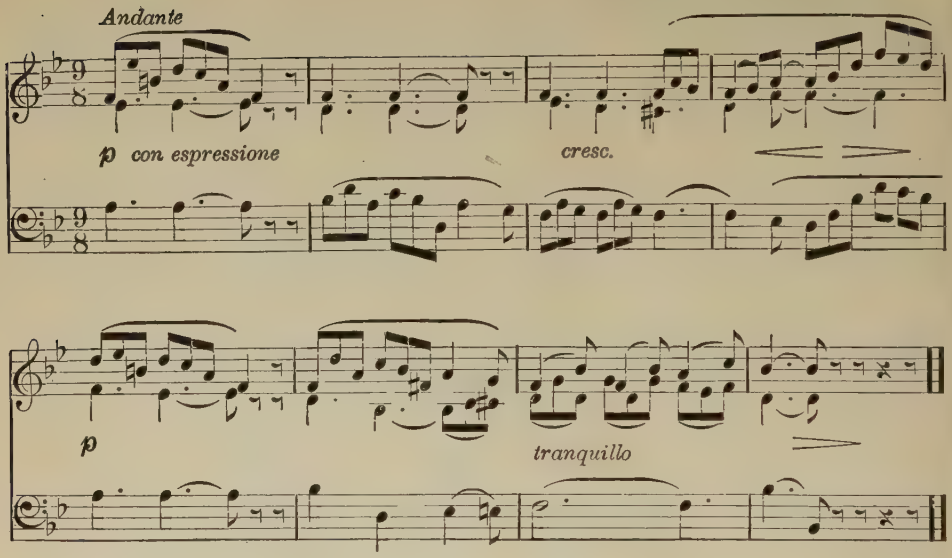
Study in Syncopation

(HUNGARIAN)



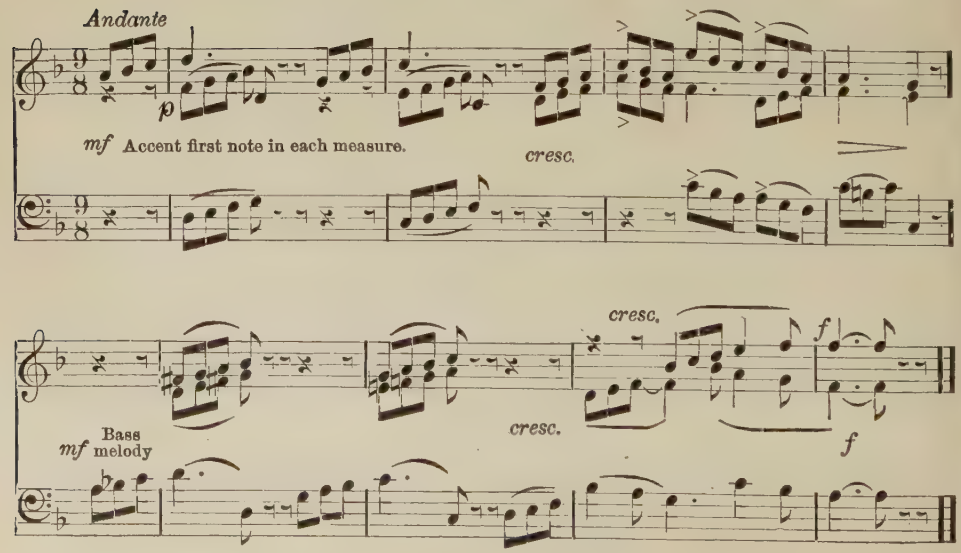
A Study

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



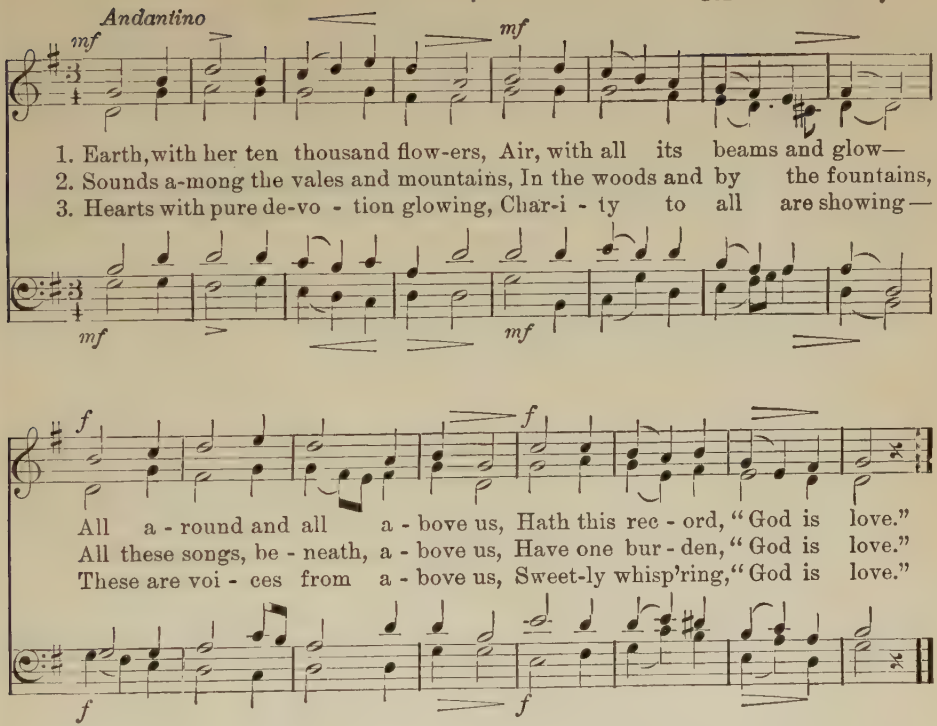
A Study

ARTHUR EDWARD JOHNSTONE



God is Love

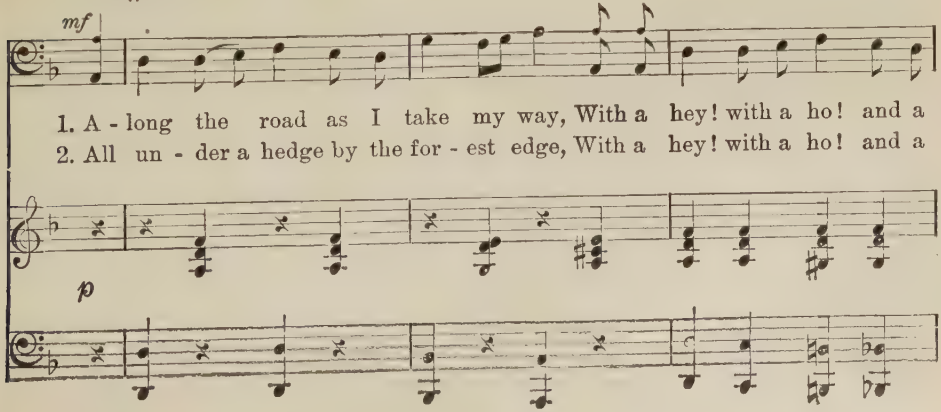
Old German Melody


Andantino
mf
mf
1. Earth, with her ten thousand flow-ers, Air, with all its beams and glow—
2. Sounds a-mong the vales and mountains, In the woods and by the fountains,
3. Hearts with pure de-vo - tion glowing, Char-i - ty to all are showing—
mf
mf
f
f
All a - round and all a - bove us, Hath this rec - ord, "God is love."
All these songs, be - neath, a - bove us, Have one bur - den, "God is love."
These are voi - ces from a - bove us, Sweet-ly whisp'ring, "God is love."
f
f

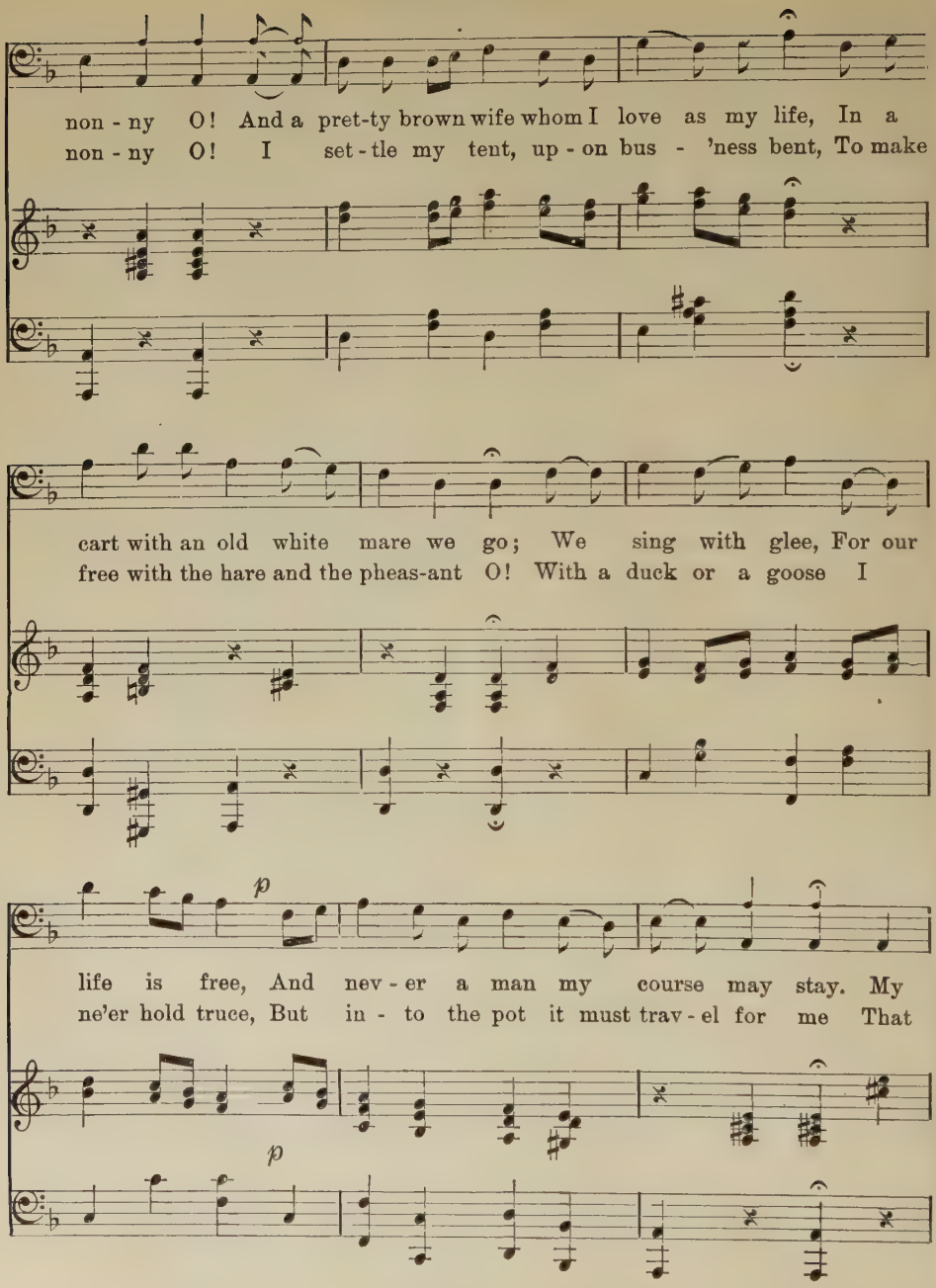
The Gypsy

Old English

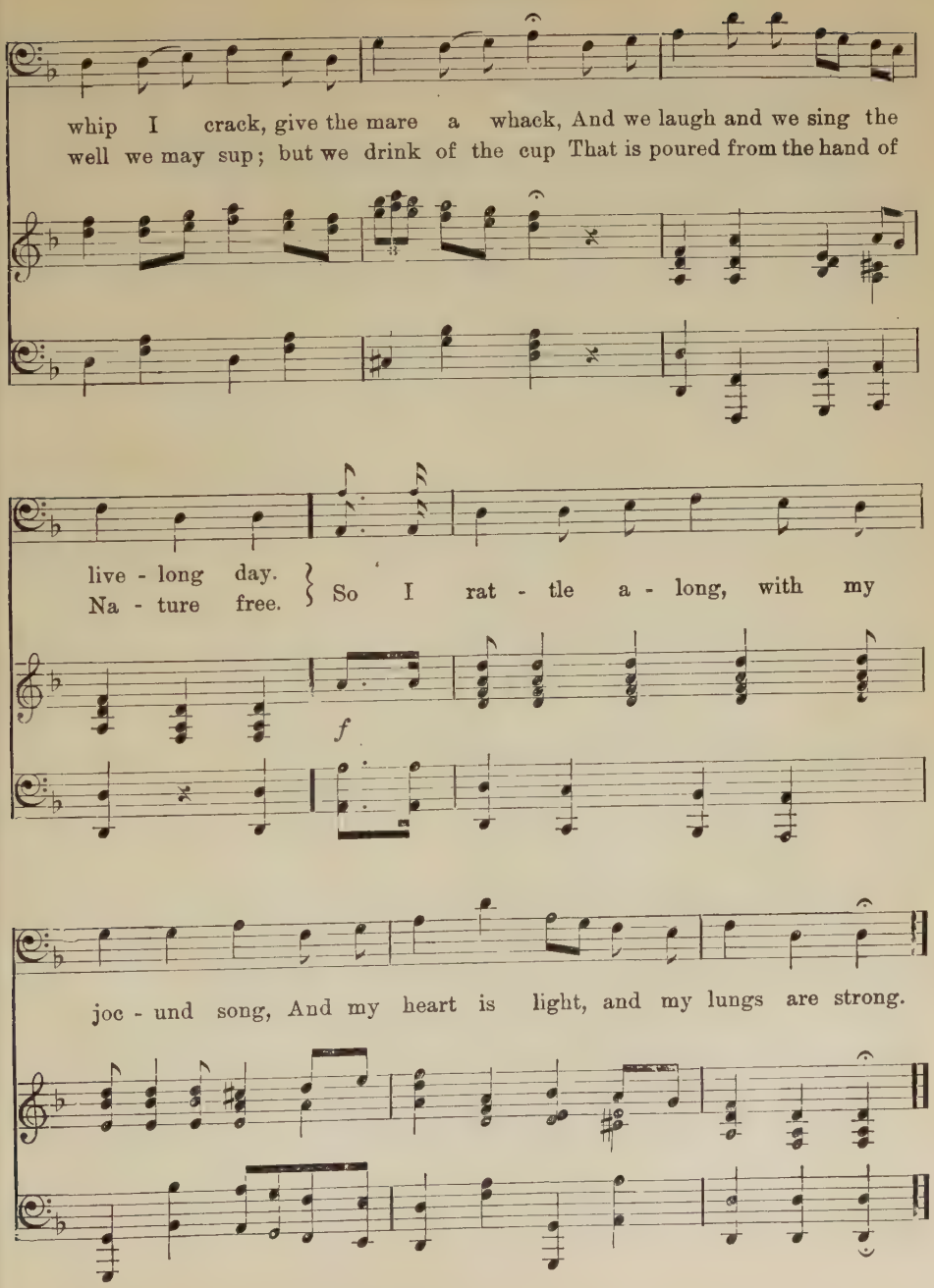
English Folksong



The Gypsy


non - ny O! And a pret-ty brown wife whom I love as my life, In a
non - ny O! I set - tle my tent, up - on bus - 'ness bent, To make
cart with an old white mare we go; We sing with glee, For our
free with the hare and the pheas-ant O! With a duck or a goose I
p
life is free, And nev - er a man my course may stay. My
ne'er hold truce, But in - to the pot it must trav - el for me That
p

The Gypsy

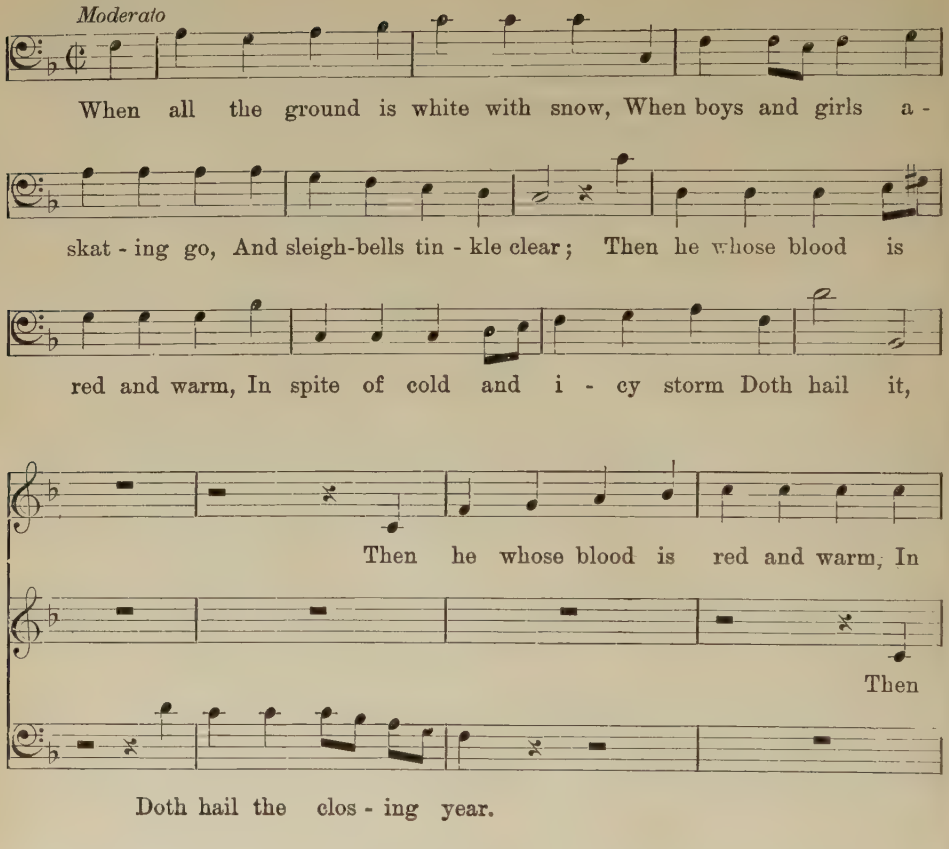

whip I crack, give the mare a whack, And we laugh and we sing the
well we may sup; but we drink of the cup That is poured from the hand of
live - long day.
Na - ture free.
So I rat - tle a - long, with my
f
joc - und song, And my heart is light, and my lungs are strong.

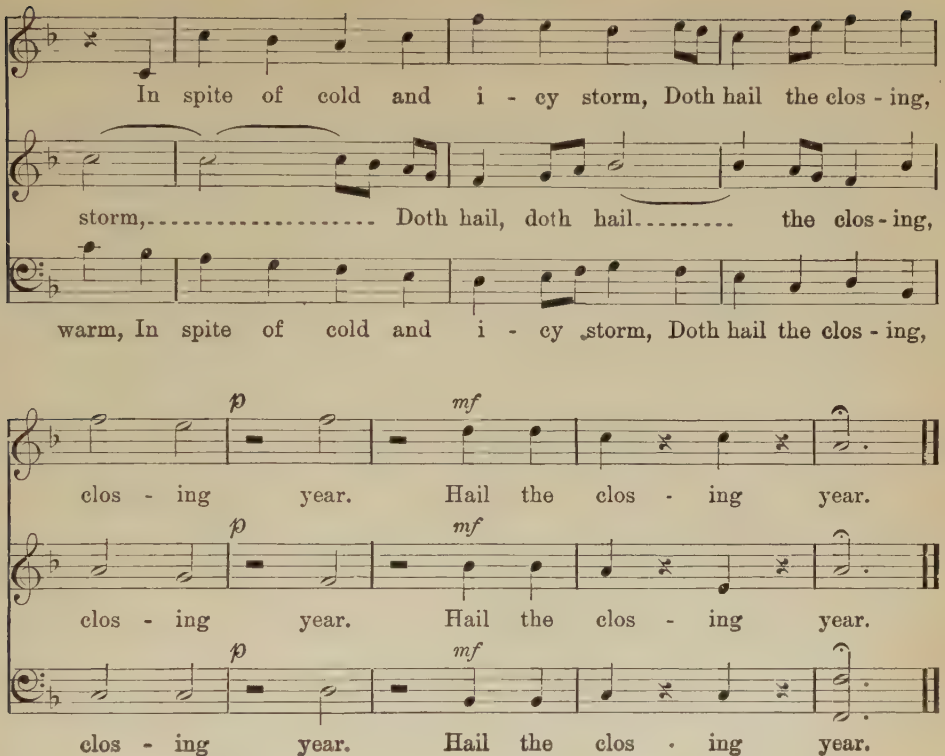
Winter's Praises

LAURENCE HARPER

JOSEPH GERSBACH

Moderato

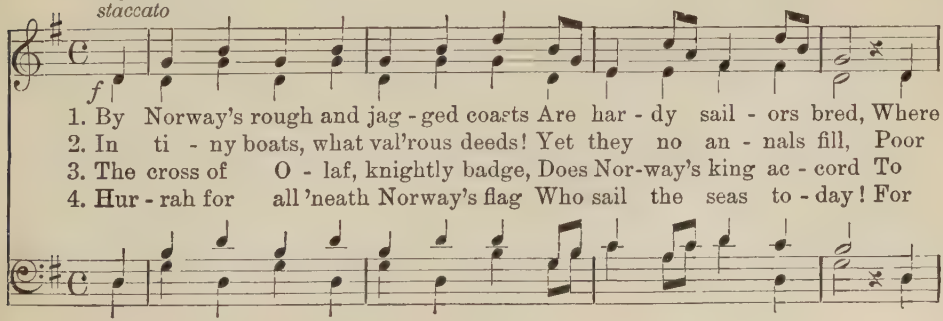

When all the ground is white with snow, When boys and girls a -
skat - ing go, And sleigh-bells tin - kle clear; Then he whose blood is
red and warm, In spite of cold and i - cy storm Doth hail it,
Then he whose blood is red and warm, In
Then
Doth hail the clos - ing year.
spite of cold and i - cy, i - - cy storm,
he whose blood is red and warm, In spite of cold and i - cy
Then he whose blood is red and


In spite of cold and i - cy storm, Doth hail the clos - ing,
storm, Doth hail, doth hail the clos - ing,
warm, In spite of cold and i - cy storm, Doth hail the clos - ing,
p mf
clos - ing year. Hail the clos - ing year.
clos - ing year. Hail the clos - ing year.
clos - ing year. Hail the clos - ing year.

Norwegian Sailor Song

Trans. from the Norwegian of B. Björnson
by Laura E. Poulsson

Edvard Grieg


Allegro vivace
staccato
f
1. By Norway's rough and jag - ged coasts Are har - dy sail - ors bred, Where
2. In ti - ny boats, what val'rous deeds! Yet they no an - nals fill, Poor
3. The cross of O - laf, knightly badge, Does Nor-way's king ac - cord To
4. Hur - rah for all 'neath Norway's flag Who sail the seas to - day! For

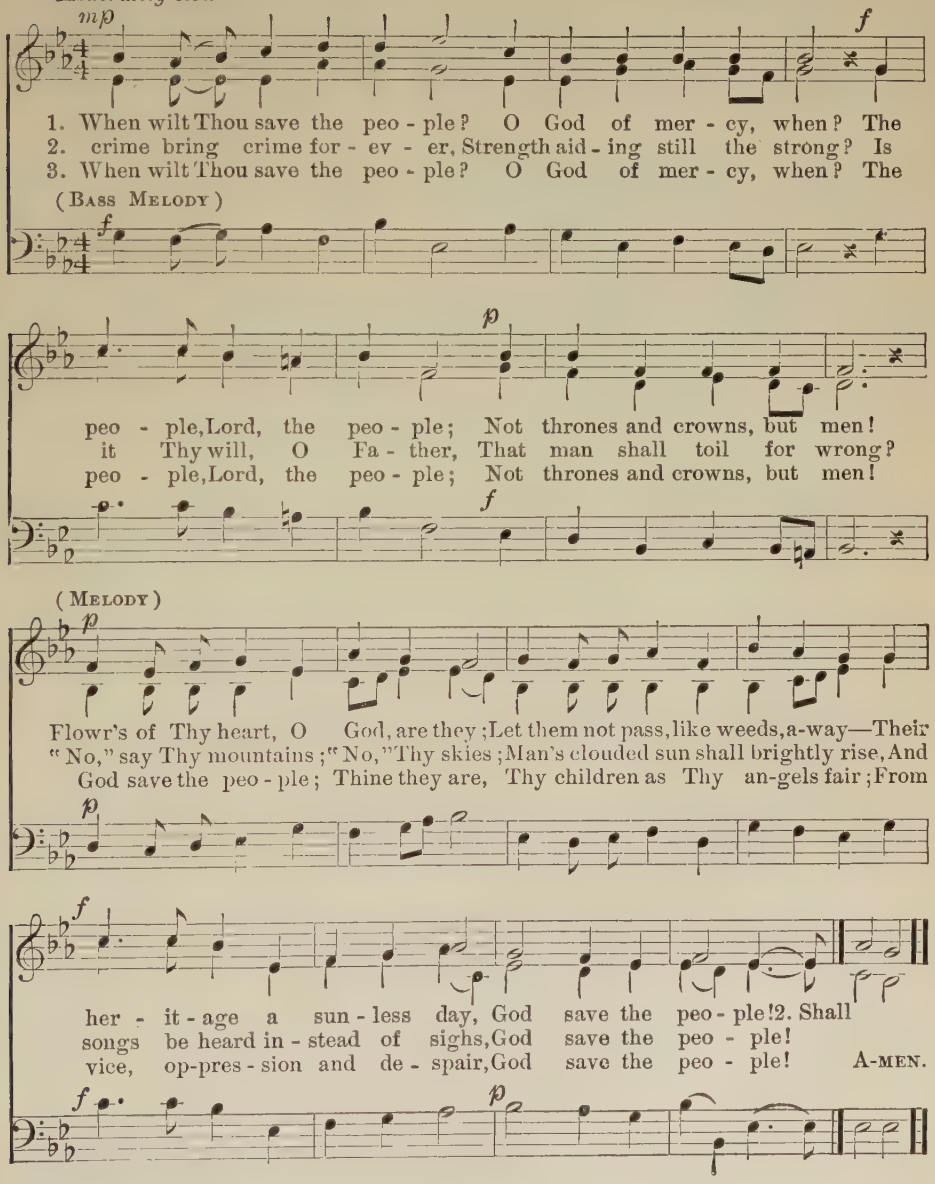
Norwegian Sailor Song

boat can ride, their oars are plied, Their sails are spread. To
fish - er - men have he - roes been Of might and skill. For
men, whose zeal for Nor - way's weal He would re - ward. Who
pi - lots bold, whom storm and cold Can nev - er stay. Hur -
dis - tant ports they roam; They fish at home 'Mid rocks and foam,
them no church-yard mound; With sea-weed crowned And rush - es bound,
more this cross might crave, Than pi - lots brave Who com-forts waive,
rah for all a - float, In fish - ing boat, On seas re - mote,—
ritard e cresc.
ff
a tempo
At hôme 'mid rocks and foam! Thro' per - ils man-i-fold, Their faith in
They o - cean graves have found. On hon - or's list, in gold Their names should
And lives by hun - dreds save? St. O-laf's cross could rest Up - on no
On fjord or seas re - mote! Well may old Norway boast The he - roes
p
cresc.
ff
ritard
God they hold, Thro' per-ils man - i - fold, Their faith in God they hold.
be en-rolled, On hon - or's list, in gold Their names should be en-rolled.
brav-er breast! St. O - laf's cross could rest Up - on no brav - er breast!
of her coast! Well may old Nor-way boast The he - roes of her coast!

God Save the People

EBENEZER ELLIOTT
Moderately slow

A. SOMERVILLE
Arranged Three Voices


mp
f
1. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The
2. crime bring crime for - ev - er, Strength aid - ing still the strong? Is
3. When wilt Thou save the peo - ple? O God of mer - cy, when? The
(BASS MELODY)
f
p
peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple; Not thrones and crowns, but men!
it Thy will, O Fa - ther, That man shall toil for wrong?
peo - ple, Lord, the peo - ple; Not thrones and crowns, but men!
f
(MELODY)
p
Flowr's of Thy heart, O God, are they; Let them not pass, like weeds, a-way—Their
"No," say Thy mountains; "No," Thy skies; Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise, And
God save the peo - ple; Thine they are, Thy children as Thy an-gels fair; From
p
f
her - it - age a sun - less day, God save the peo - ple! 2. Shall
songs be heard in - stead of sighs, God save the peo - ple!
vice, op-pres - sion and de - spair, God save the peo - ple! A-MEN.
f
p

Night Hymn at Sea

MRS. HEMANS — A. GORING THOMAS

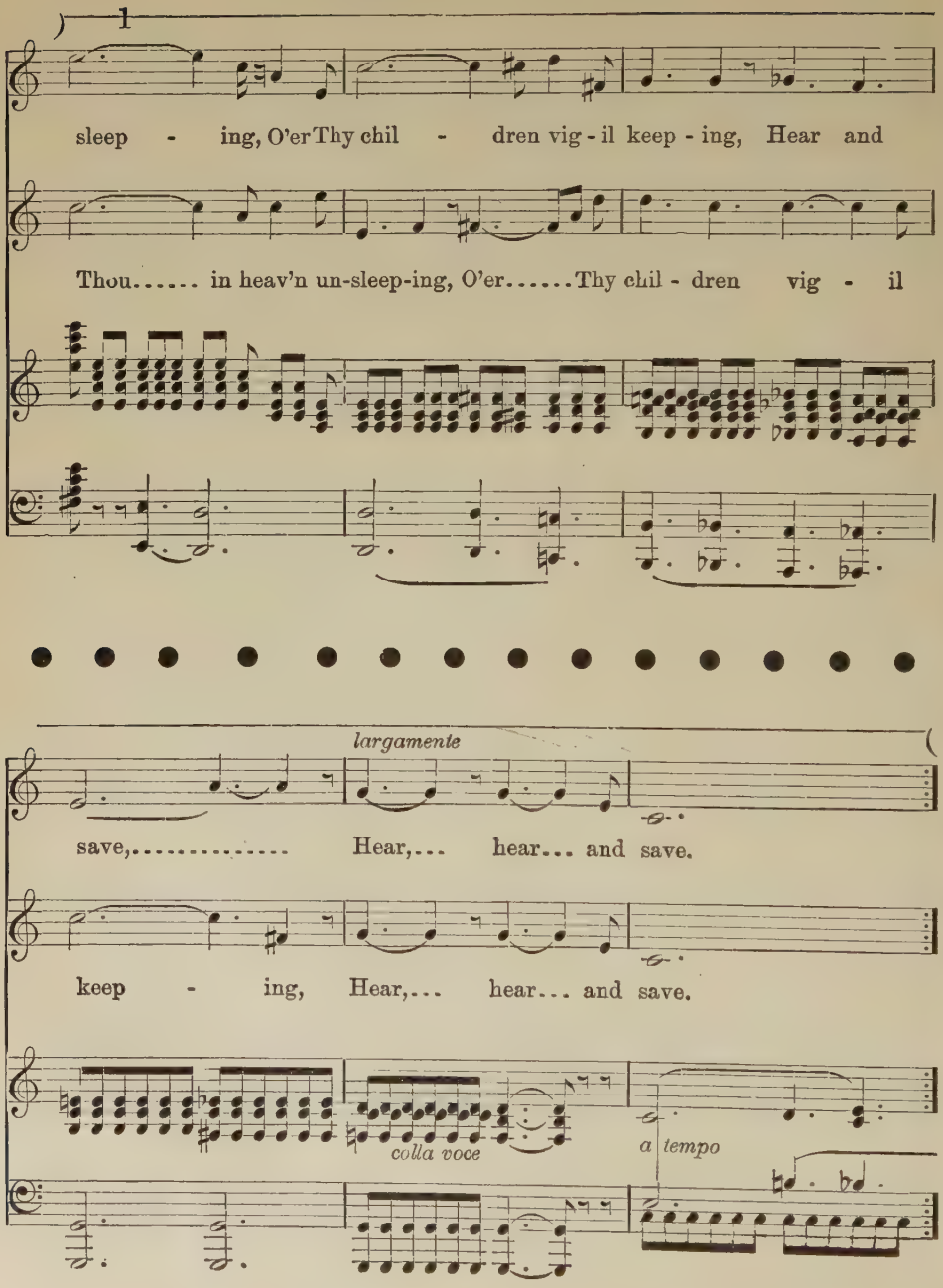
Andante non troppo

p
UNISON.
p
1. Night sinks on the wave,.....
2. Stars look o'er the sea.....
p
mp
Hol - low gusts... are sigh - ing,... Sea - birds.. to..... their
Few.. and sad..... and shroud - ed,.... Faith,.... our light... shall
mp

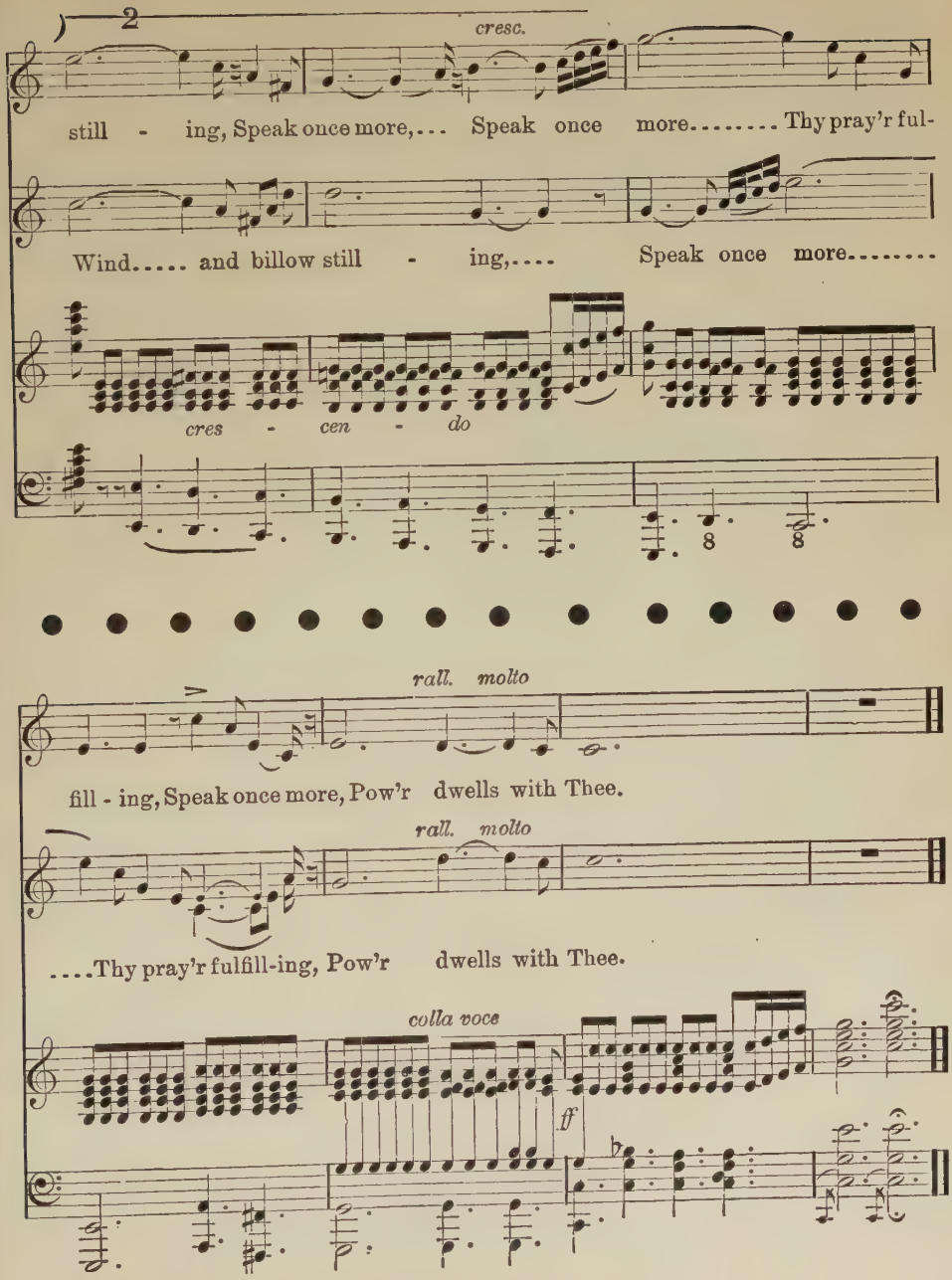
Night Hymn at Sea

cave..... Thro' the gloom are fly - ing.
be..... When all else is cloud - ed.
cave..... Thro' the gloom are fly - ing.
be..... When all else is cloud - ed.
rit.
p a tempo
Oh,.. should storms come sweep - ing,
Thou, whose voice came thrill - ing,
Thou, in heav'n un -
Wind and bil - low
Oh,..... should storms come sweep - ing,
Thou,..... whose voice came thrill - ing,
a tempo
3
p

Night Hymn at Sea


1
sleep - ing, O'er Thy chil - dren vig - il keep - ing, Hear and
Thou..... in heav'n un-sleep-ing, O'er.....Thy chil - dren vig - il
largamente
save,..... Hear,... hear... and save.
keep - ing, Hear,... hear... and save.
colla voce
a tempo

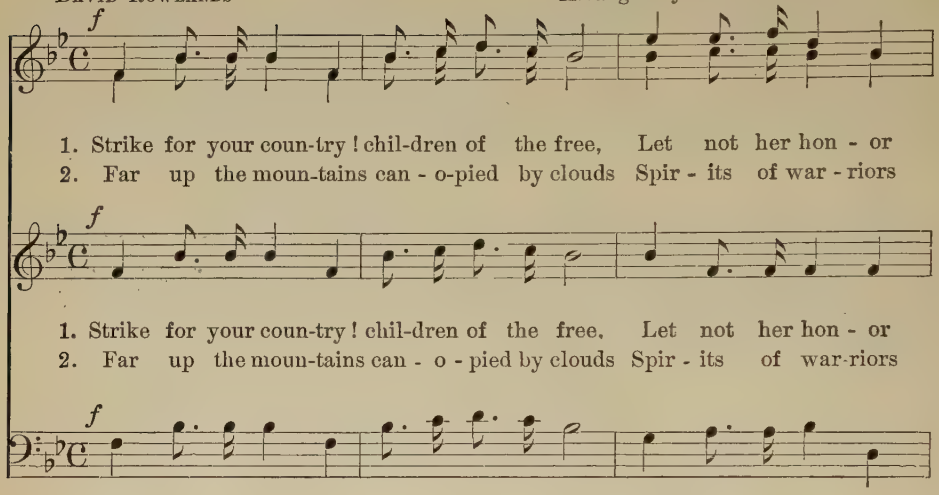
Night Hymn at Sea

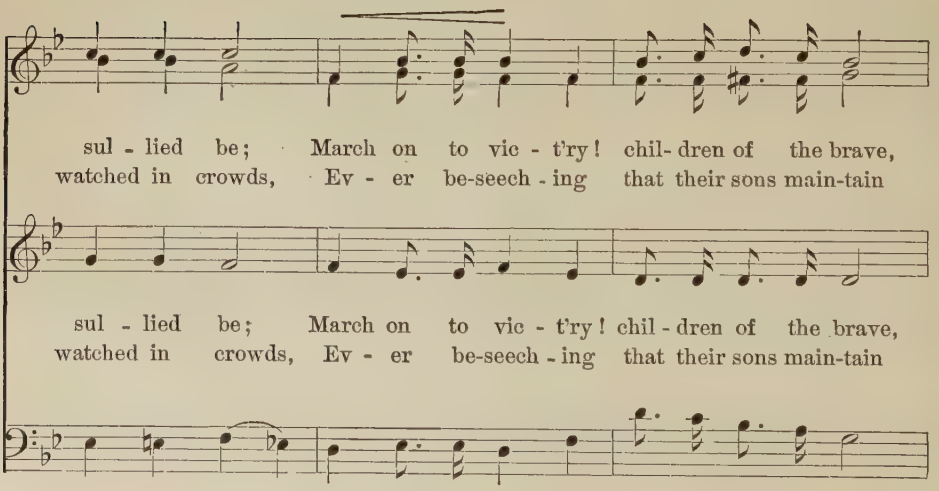

2
cresc.
still - ing, Speak once more,... Speak once more..... Thy pray'r ful-
Wind..... and billow still - ing,.... Speak once more.....
cres - cen - do
rall. molto
fill - ing, Speak once more, Pow'r dwells with Thee.
rall. molto
....Thy pray'r fulfill-ing, Pow'r dwells with Thee.
colla voce
ff

Captain Morgan's March

Welsh Air
RHYFELGYRCH CADBEN MORGAN
Arranged by DANIEL PROTHEROE

DAVID ROWLANDS


f
1. Strike for your coun-try! chil-dren of the free, Let not her hon - or
2. Far up the moun-tains can - o-pied by clouds Spir - its of war - riors
f
1. Strike for your coun-try! chil-dren of the free, Let not her hon - or
2. Far up the moun-tains can - o - pied by clouds Spir - its of war-riors
f


sul - lied be; March on to vic - t'ry! chil- dren of the brave,
watched in crowds, Ev - er be-seech - ing that their sons main-tain
sul - lied be; March on to vic - t'ry! chil - dren of the brave,
watched in crowds, Ev - er be-seech - ing that their sons main-tain

Or a-mong he-roes win a grave. See your foe-men ea - ger for the fray,
Cam-bria's proud banner free from stain. Wives and mothers, vir- tu-ous and true,
Or a-mong he-roes win a grave. See your foe-men ea - ger for the fray,
Cam-bria's proud banner free from stain. Wives and mothers, vir - tu-ous and true,
Tear - ing like a tor - rent, Sweep them a-way. In the con - flict
Whom you are de - fend - ing, pray God for you. Home in tri - umph
Tear - ing like a tor - rent, Sweep them a-way, In the con - flict
Whom you are de - fend - ing, pray God for you. Home in tri - umph
molto ritard.
let your hearts be strong, Know-ing that the right must de - feat the wrong.
you'll re-turn ere long, Sure-ly as the right must de - feat the wrong.
let your hearts be strong, Know-ing that the right must de - feat the wrong.
you'll re-turn ere long, Sure -ly as the right must de - feat the wrong.

Lift Up Your Hearts

H. Montague Butler — J. Yoakley

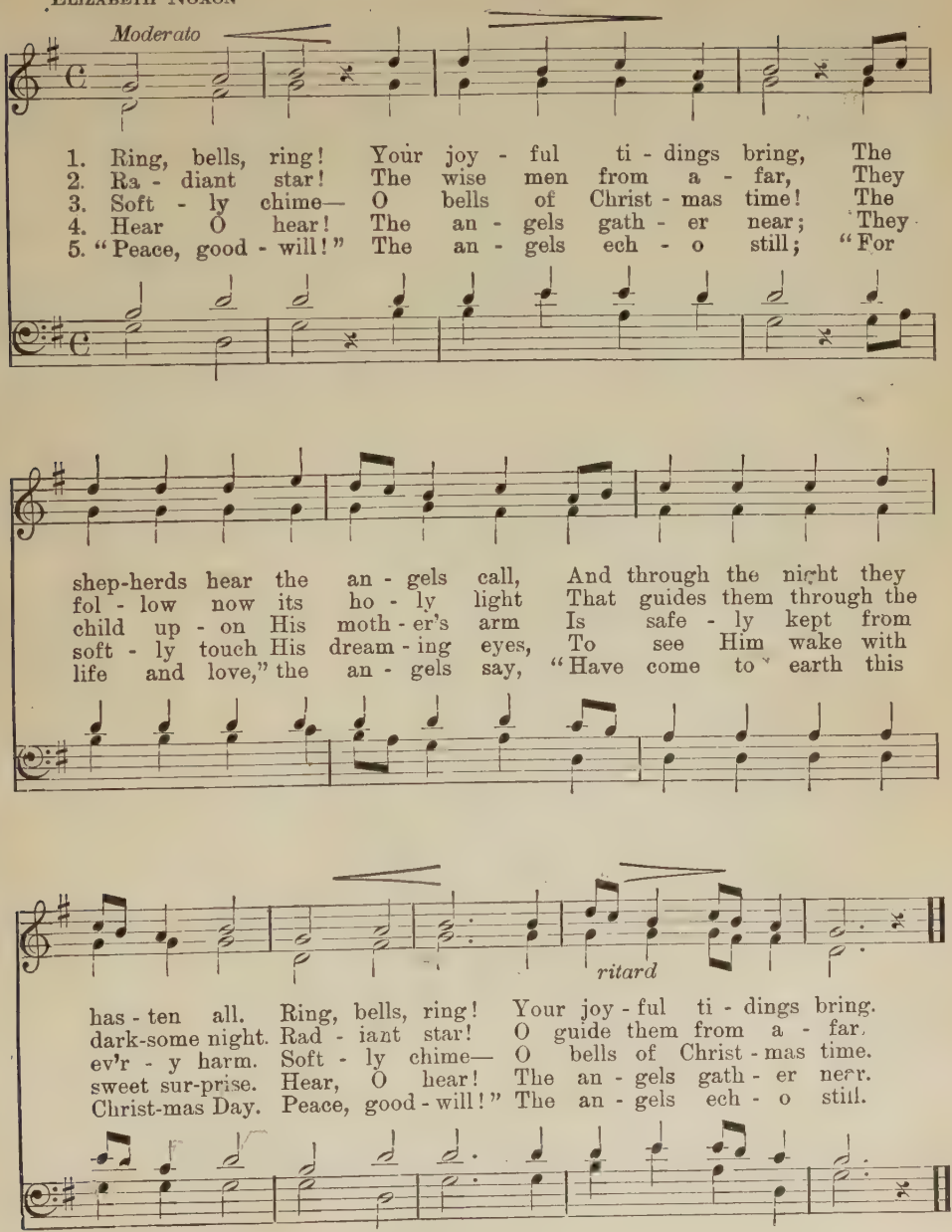
Moderato

1. "Lift up your hearts!" we lift them, Lord, to Thee;
2. Lift ev'r - y gift that thou thy - self hast giv'n;
3. Then as the trump - et call, in aft - er years,
Here at Thy feet none oth - er may we see,
Low lies the best till lift - ed up to heav'n:
"Lift up your hearts!" rings peal - ing in our ears.
"Lift up your hearts!" e'en so with one ac - cord,
Low lie the bound - ing heart, the teem - ing brain,
Still shall those hearts re - spond, with full ac - cord,
We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord.
Till sent from God they mount to God a - gain.
"We lift them up, we lift them to the Lord."

Christmas Carol

ELIZABETH NOXON

Old German

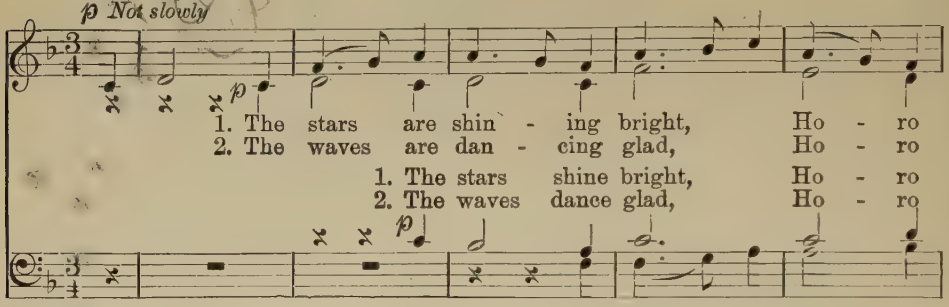

Moderato
1. Ring, bells, ring! Your joy - ful ti - dings bring, The
2. Ra - diant star! The wise men from a - far, They
3. Soft - ly chime— O bells of Christ - mas time! The
4. Hear O hear! The an - gels gath - er near; They
5. "Peace, good - will!" The an - gels ech - o still; "For
shep-herds hear the an - gels call, And through the night they
fol - low now its ho - ly light That guides them through the
child up - on His moth - er's arm Is safe - ly kept from
soft - ly touch His dream - ing eyes, To see Him wake with
life and love," the an - gels say, "Have come to earth this
ritard
has - ten all. Ring, bells, ring! Your joy - ful ti - dings bring.
dark-some night. Rad - iant star! O guide them from a - far,
ev'r - y harm. Soft - ly chime— O bells of Christ - mas time.
sweet sur-prise. Hear, O hear! The an - gels gath - er near.
Christ-mas Day. Peace, good - will!" The an - gels ech - o still.

Turn Ye to Me

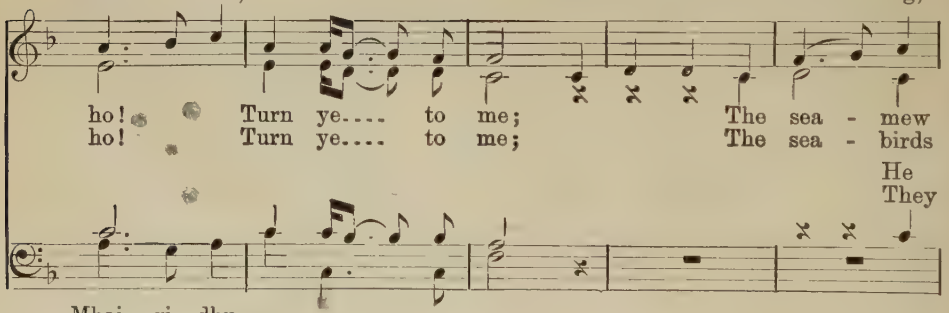
JOHN WILSON (Christopher North) — Old Highland Melody

1. The stars are shin - ing cheer - i - ly, cheer - i - ly, Ho - ro
2. The waves are dan - cing mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly, Ho - ro

p Not slowly

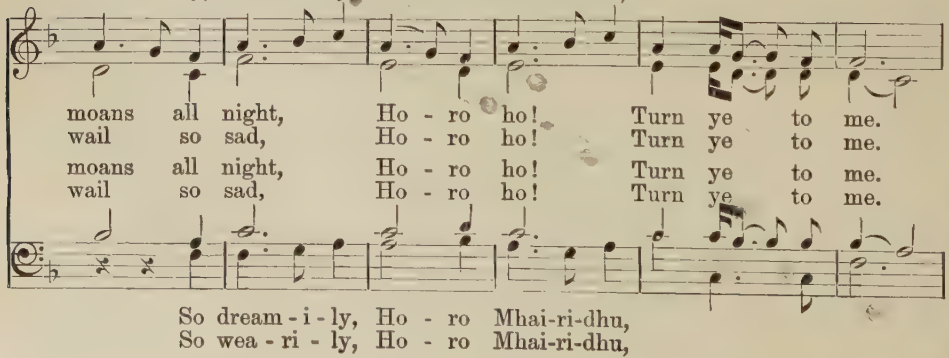

1. The stars are shin - ing bright, Ho - ro
2. The waves are dan - cing glad, Ho - ro
1. The stars shine bright, Ho - ro
2. The waves dance glad, Ho - ro
p

1. They're shin - ing, Ho - ro
2. They're dan - cing, Ho - ro


* Mhai - ri - dhu, The sea - mew is moan - ing,
Mhai - ri - dhu, The sea-birds are wail - ing,
ho! Turn ye.... to me; The sea - mew
ho! Turn ye.... to me; The sea - birds
He
They

Mhai - ri - dhu,
Mhai - ri - dhu,

drear - i - ly, drear - i - ly Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu,
wea - ri - ly, wea - ri - ly Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu,

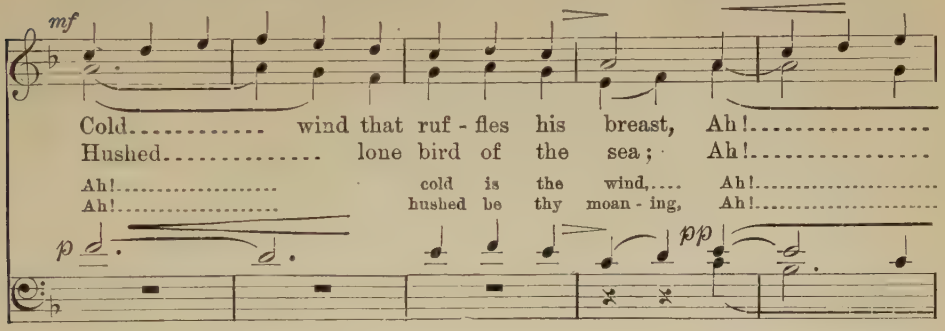

moans all night, Ho - ro ho! Turn ye to me.
wail so sad, Ho - ro ho! Turn ye to me.
moans all night, Ho - ro ho! Turn ye to me.
wail so sad, Ho - ro ho! Turn ye to me.

So dream - i - ly, Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu,
So wea - ri - ly, Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu,

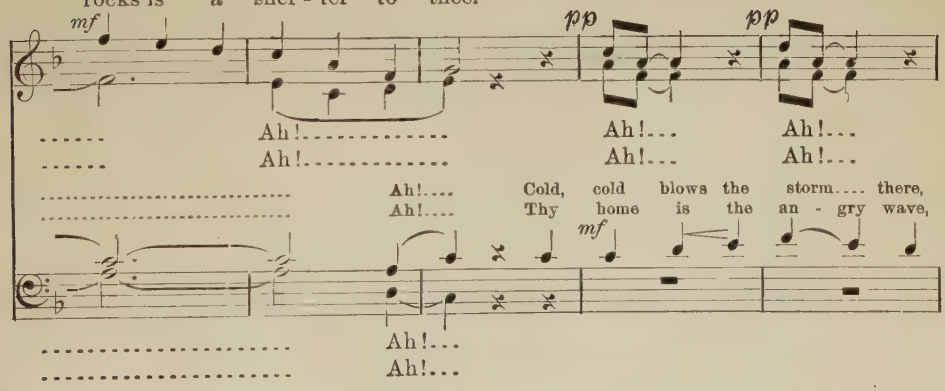
* Literally, "Dark Mary"

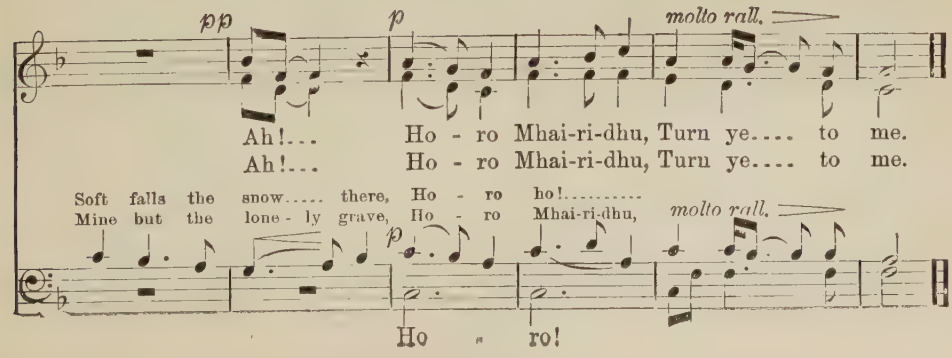
Turn Ye to Me

Cold is the storm-wind that ruf - fles his breast, But warm are the
Hushed be thy moan-ing, lone bird of the sea; Thy home on the



down-y plumes lin - ing his nest.
rocks is a shel - ter to thee.




pp
p
molto rall.
Ah!... Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye.... to me.
Ah!... Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu, Turn ye.... to me.
Soft falls the snow..... there, Ho - ro ho!.....
Mine but the lone - ly grave, Ho - ro Mhai-ri-dhu,
molto rall.
p
Ho - ro!

Shepherd's Dance

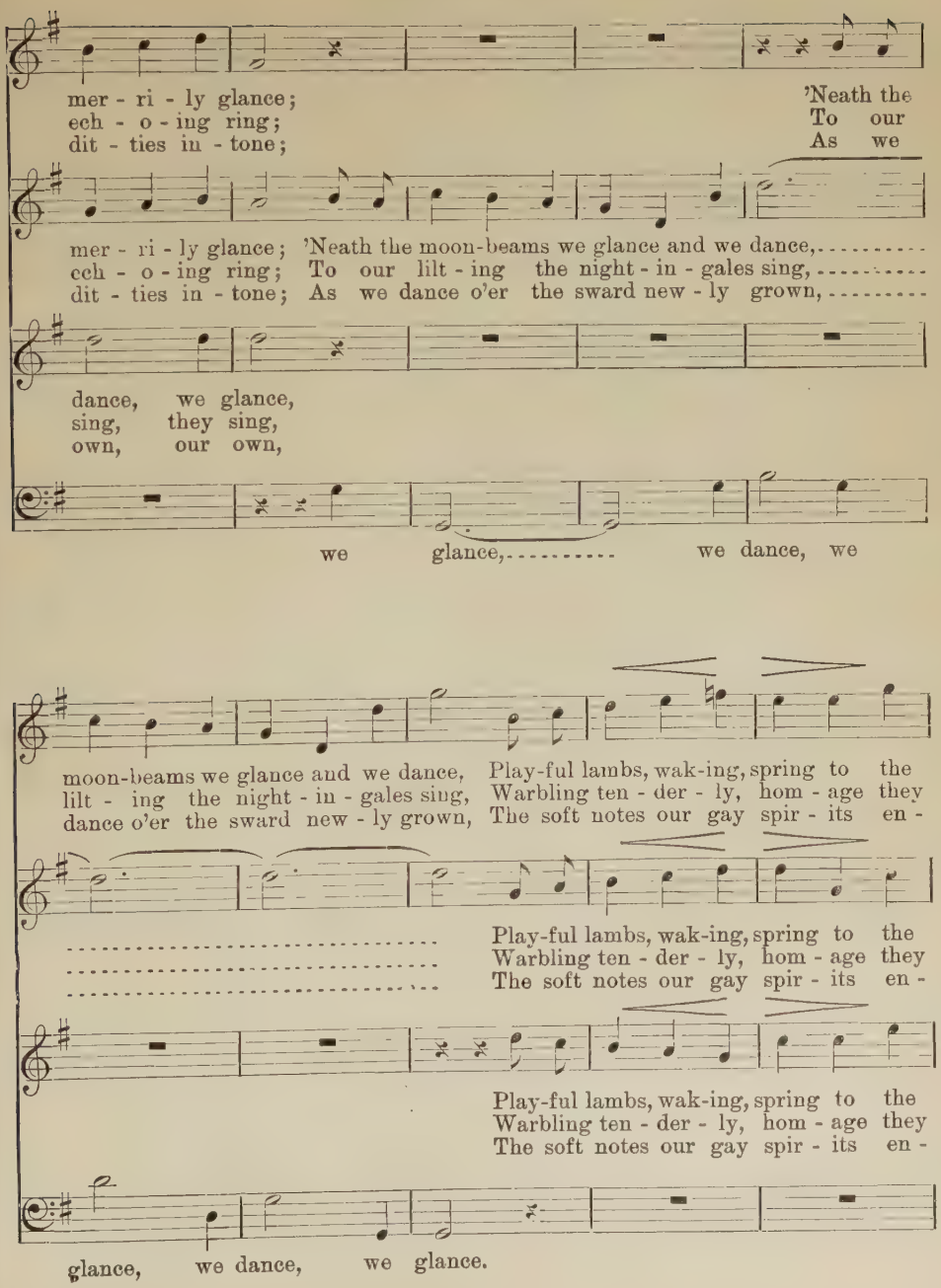
Translated by
MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN

J. PH. RAMEAU

Allegretto moderato

p
1. On the
2. In the
3. Sweet their
1. On the mead - ow green, night - ly we dance;.....
2. In the for - est, the night - in - gales sing;.....
3. Sweet their joy, but more sweet is our own .....
1. On the mead - ow green night - ly we dance; We
2. In the for - est, the night - in - gales sing; They
3. Sweet their joy, but more sweet is our own, Our
mead- ow green, night-ly we dance; With the bag - pipe a - tune our feet
for - est the night-in - gales sing While the hill - tops and val - leys re -
joy, but more sweet is our own As we dance while the shep-herds their
With the bag - pipe a - tune our feet
While the hill - tops and val - leys re -
As we dance while the shep-herds their
We dance, we
They sing, they
Our own, our
dance, we dance, we dance.
sing, they sing, they sing.
own, our own, our own.

Shepherd's Dance


mer - ri - ly glance;
ech - o - ing ring;
dit - ties in - tone;
'Neath the
To our
As we
mer - ri - ly glance; 'Neath the moon-beams we glance and we dance,
ech - o - ing ring; To our lilt - ing the night - in - gales sing,
dit - ties in - tone; As we dance o'er the sward new - ly grown,
dance, we glance,
sing, they sing,
own, our own,
we glance, we dance, we
moon-beams we glance and we dance,
lilt - ing the night - in - gales sing,
dance o'er the sward new - ly grown,
Play-ful lambs, wak-ing, spring to the
Warbling ten - der - ly, hom - age they
The soft notes our gay spir - its en -
Play-ful lambs, wak-ing, spring to the
Warbling ten - der - ly, hom - age they
The soft notes our gay spir - its en -
Play-ful lambs, wak-ing, spring to the
Warbling ten - der - ly, hom - age they
The soft notes our gay spir - its en -
glance, we dance, we glance.

Shepherd's Dance

sound..... Frol - ic gai - ly round,.....
pay..... To se - clud - ed fay,.....
trance ..... And we light - ly dance,.....
sound ... Frol - ic gai - ly round,.....
pay ..... To se - clud - ed fay,.....
trance... And we light - ly dance,.....
sound. Lambs, spring wak-ing to the sound.
pay Hom - age to se - clud - ed fay.
trance. Notes our spir - its gay en - trance.
On the mead - ow they
To the queen of the
On the mead-ow green
f
..... On the mead-ow they gam - bol and dance.
..... To the queen of the wood nymphs they sing.
..... On the mead-ow green light - ly we dance.
f
..... On the mead-ow they gam - bol and dance.
..... To the queen of the wood nymphs they sing.
..... On the mead-ow green light - ly we dance.
f
On the mead-ow they gam - bol and dance.
To the queen of the wood nymphs they sing.
On the mead-ow green light - ly we dance.
f
gam - bol and dance,..... They dance and dance.
wood nymphs they sing,..... They sing, they sing.
light - ly we dance,..... We dance, we dance.

From Glory Unto Glory

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL

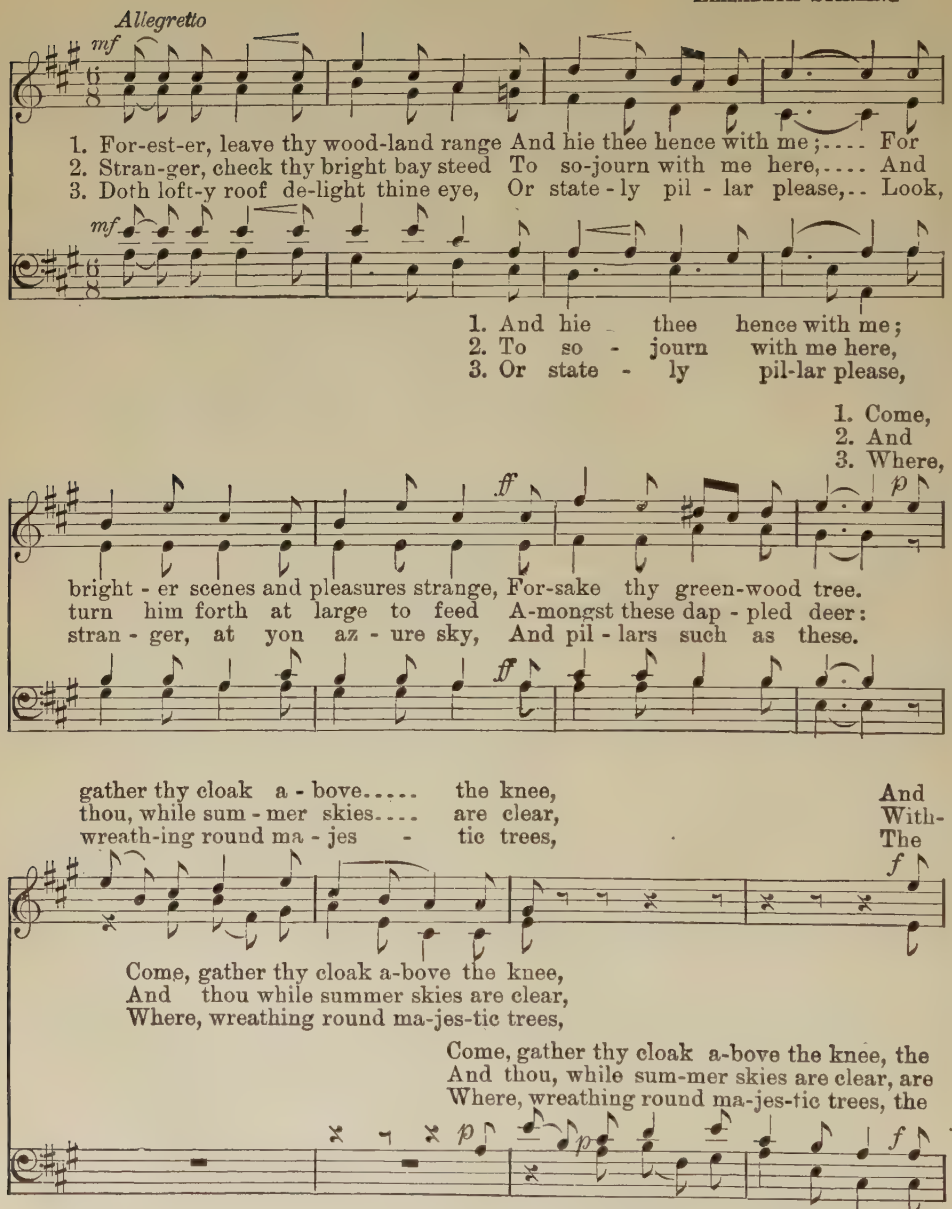
SIR JOSEPH BARNBY

Andantino

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! be this our joy - ous song;
2. The full - ness of His bless - ing en - com - pass - eth our way;
3. And clo - ser yet, and clo - ser, the gold - en bonds shall be,
4. Oh, let our ad - o - ra - tion for all that He hath done,
As on the King's own high - way, we brave - ly march a - long.
The full - ness of His prom - is - es, crowns ev'r - y bright'ning day;
U - nit - ing all who love the Lord in pure sin - cer - i - ty;
Peal out be - yond the stars of God, while voice and life are one;
From glo - ry un - to glo - ry! what great things He hath done,
The full - ness of His glo - ry is beam - ing from a - bove,
And wid - er, yet and wid - er, shall the cir - cling glo - ry glow,
And let our con - se - cra - tion be real, deep and true:
What won-ders He hath shown us, what tri-umphs He hath won!
While more and more we learn to know the full-ness of His love.
As more and more are taught of God that might-y love to know.
Oh, e - ven now our hearts shall bow, and joyful vows re - new. A - MEN.

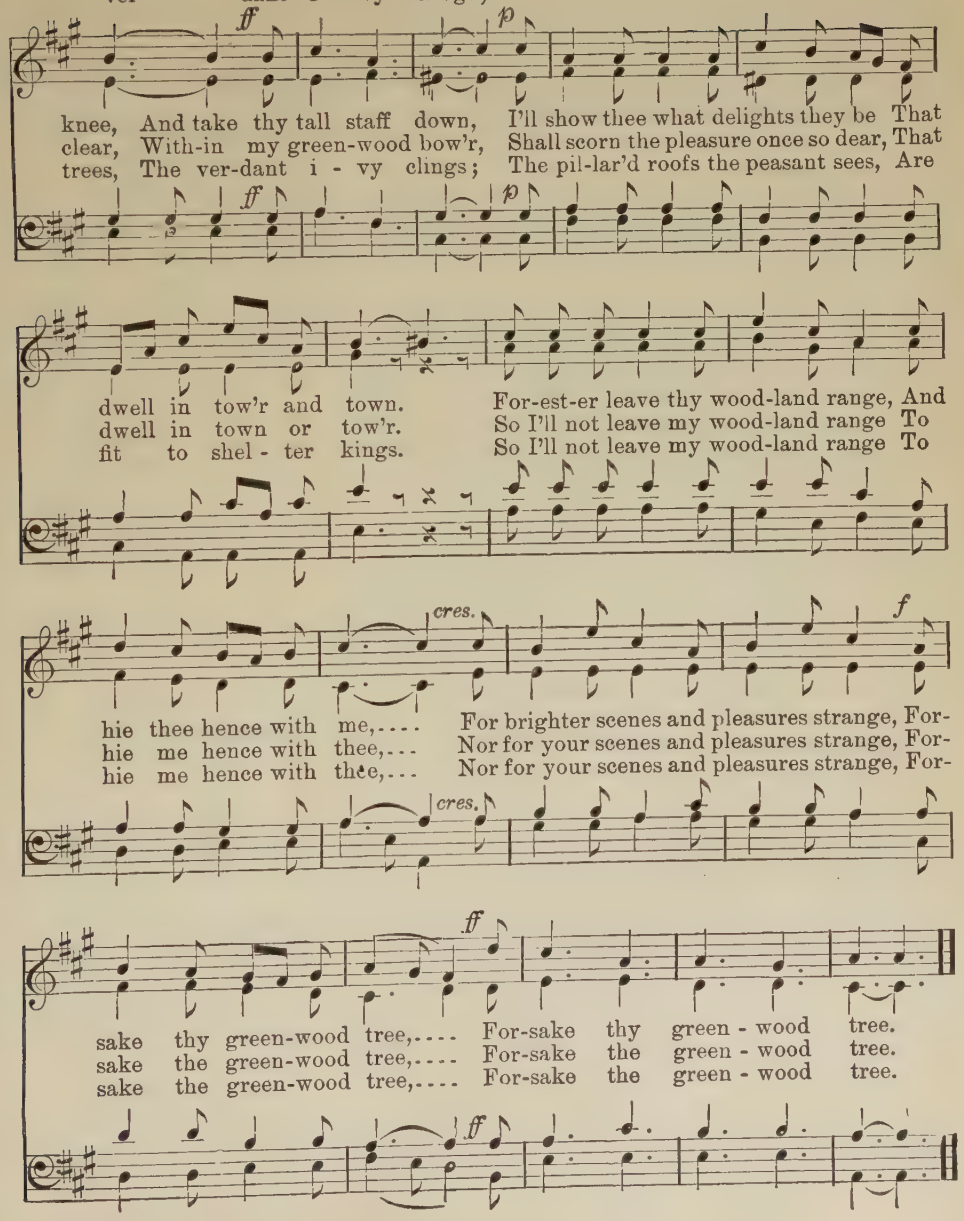
The Forester

ELIZABETH STIRLING


Allegretto
mf
1. For-est-er, leave thy wood-land range And hie thee hence with me;.... For
2. Stran-ger, check thy bright bay steed To so-journ with me here,.... And
3. Doth loft-y roof de-light thine eye, Or state-ly pil-lar please,.. Look,
mf
1. And hie thee hence with me;
2. To so - journ with me here,
3. Or state - ly pil-lar please,
1. Come,
2. And
3. Where,
ff
p
bright-er scenes and pleasures strange, For-sake thy green-wood tree.
turn him forth at large to feed A-mongst these dap-pled deer:
stran-ger, at yon az-ure sky, And pil-lars such as these.
ff
gather thy cloak a-bove..... the knee,
thou, while sum-mer skies.... are clear,
wreath-ing round ma-jes - tic trees,
And
With-
The
f
Come, gather thy cloak a-bove the knee,
And thou while summer skies are clear,
Where, wreathing round ma-jes-tic trees,
Come, gather thy cloak a-bove the knee, the
And thou, while sum-mer skies are clear, are
Where, wreathing round ma-jes-tic trees, the
p
p
f
Come, gather thy cloak a-bove the
And thou, while summer skies are
Where, wreathing round ma-jes-tic

The Forester

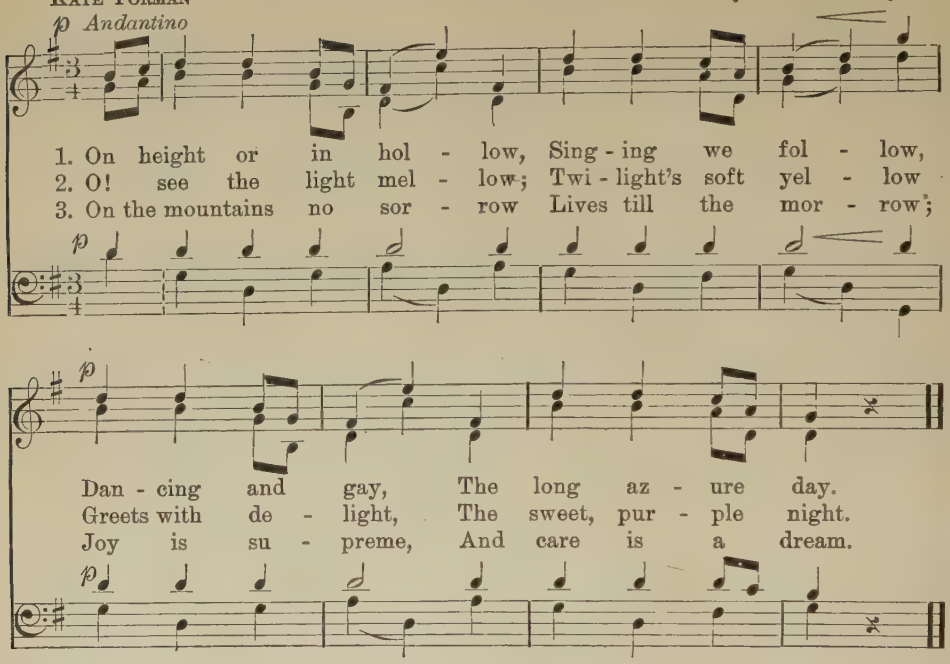
take..... thy tall staff down,
in..... my green-wood bow'r,
ver - dant i - vy clings;


ff
p
knee, And take thy tall staff down, I'll show thee what delights they be That
clear, With-in my green-wood bow'r, Shall scorn the pleasure once so dear, That
trees, The ver-dant i - vy clings; The pil-lar'd roofs the peasant sees, Are
dwell in tow'r and town. For-est-er leave thy wood-land range, And
dwell in town or tow'r. So I'll not leave my wood-land range To
fit to shel - ter kings. So I'll not leave my wood-land range To
cres.
f
hie thee hence with me,.... For brighter scenes and pleasures strange, For-
hie me hence with thee,... Nor for your scenes and pleasures strange, For-
hie me hence with thee,... Nor for your scenes and pleasures strange, For-
cres.
ff
sake thy green-wood tree,.... For-sake thy green - wood tree.
sake the green-wood tree,.... For-sake the green - wood tree.
sake the green-wood tree,.... For-sake the green - wood tree.
ff

In the Mountains

KATE FORMAN

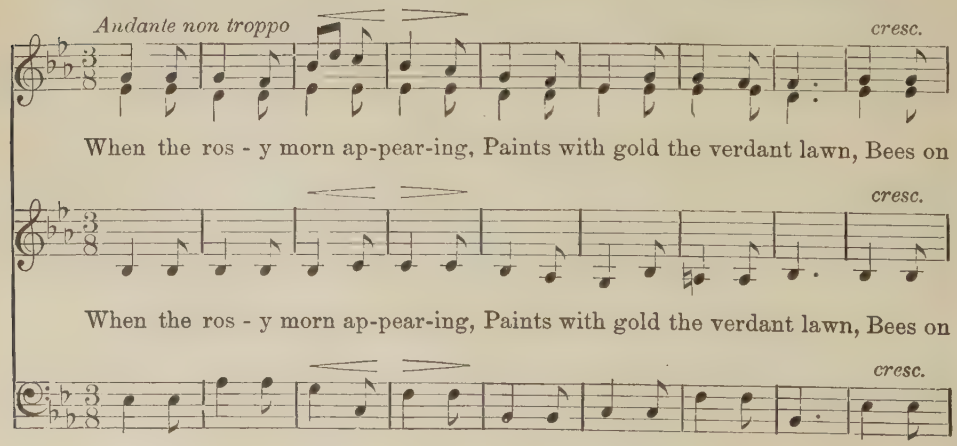
Tyrolienne Melody


p Andantino
1. On height or in hol - low, Sing - ing we fol - low,
2. O! see the light mel - low; Twi - light's soft yel - low
3. On the mountains no sor - row Lives till the mor - row;
Dan - cing and gay, The long az - ure day.
Greets with de - light, The sweet, pur - ple night.
Joy is su - preme, And care is a dream.

When the Rosy Morn

FRANCES BROOKE

E A. SYDENHAM


Andante non troppo
cresc.
When the ros - y morn ap-pear-ing, Paints with gold the verdant lawn, Bees on
cresc.
When the ros - y morn ap-pear-ing, Paints with gold the verdant lawn, Bees on
cresc.

When the Rosy Morn

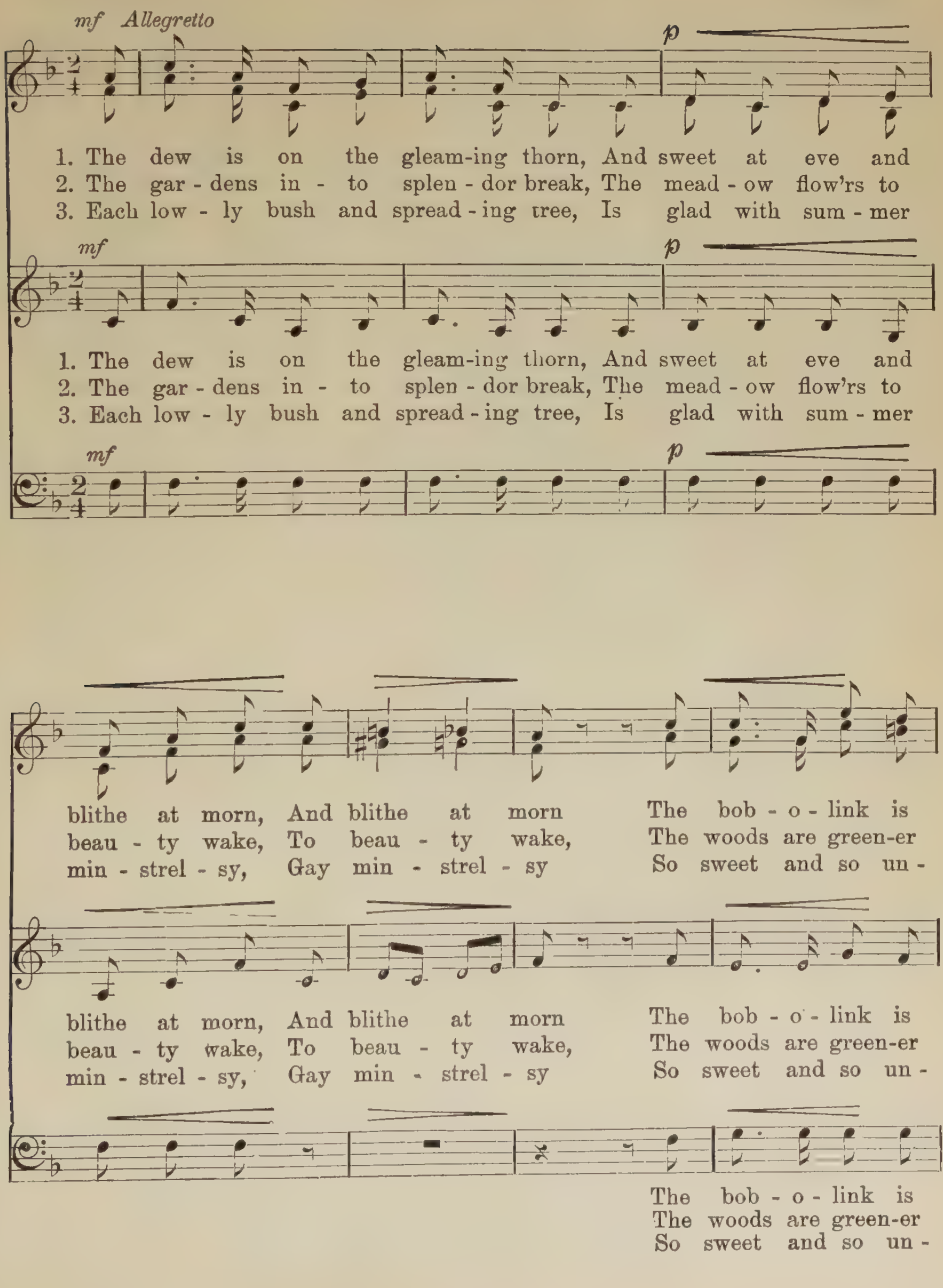
p
mf
banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds, the
p
banks of thyme dis-port-ing, Sip the sweets and hail the dawn. Warbling birds, the
p
mf
War - bling birds,
day pro-claim-ing, Car - ol sweet the live - ly strain; They for - sake their
day pro-claim-ing, Car - ol sweet the live - ly strain; They for - sake their
cresc.
f
leaf - y dwell - ing, To se - cure the gold - en grain, They for - sake their
cresc.
f
leaf - y dwell - ing, To se - cure the gold - en grain, They for - sake their
cresc,
f

When the Rosy Morn

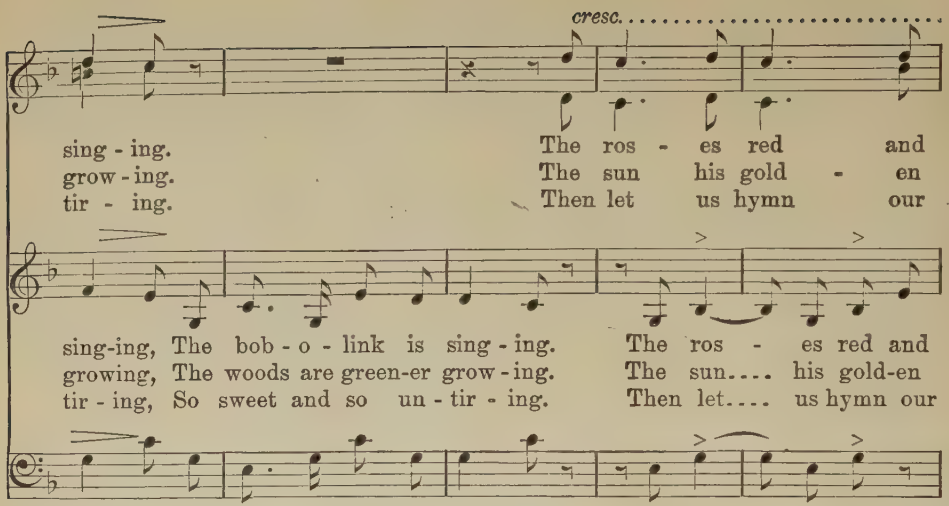
leaf - y dwell-ing, To se - cure the gold - en grain. See, con - tent, the
leaf - y dwell-ing, To se - cure the gold - en grain. See, con - tent, the
cres.
hum - ble glean-ers Take the scattered ears that fall! Na-ture, all her children
cres.
hum - ble glean-ers Take the scattered ears that fall! Na-ture, all her children
cres.
rall.
view-ing, Kind - ly bounteous, cares..... for all.....
rall.
view-ing, Kind - ly bounteous, cares..... for all.....
rall.

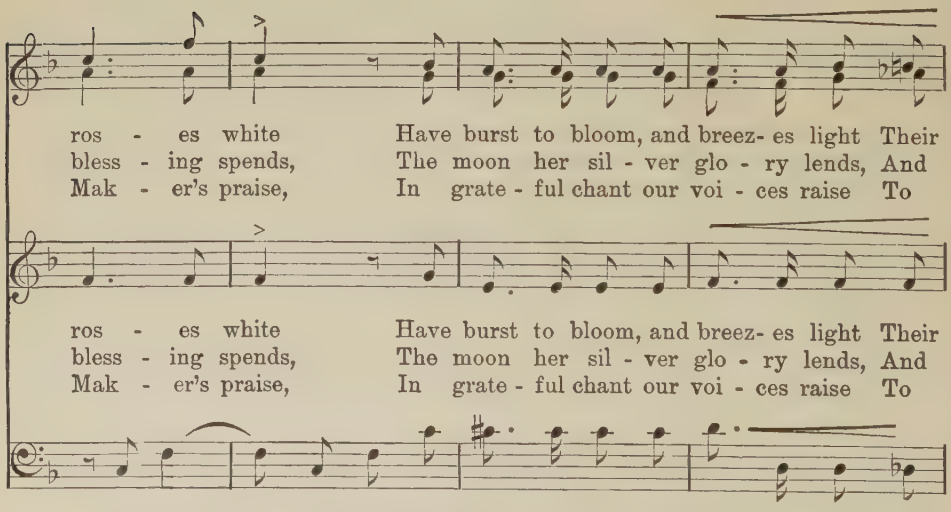
In June

MARY SEDGWICK N. LASSEN

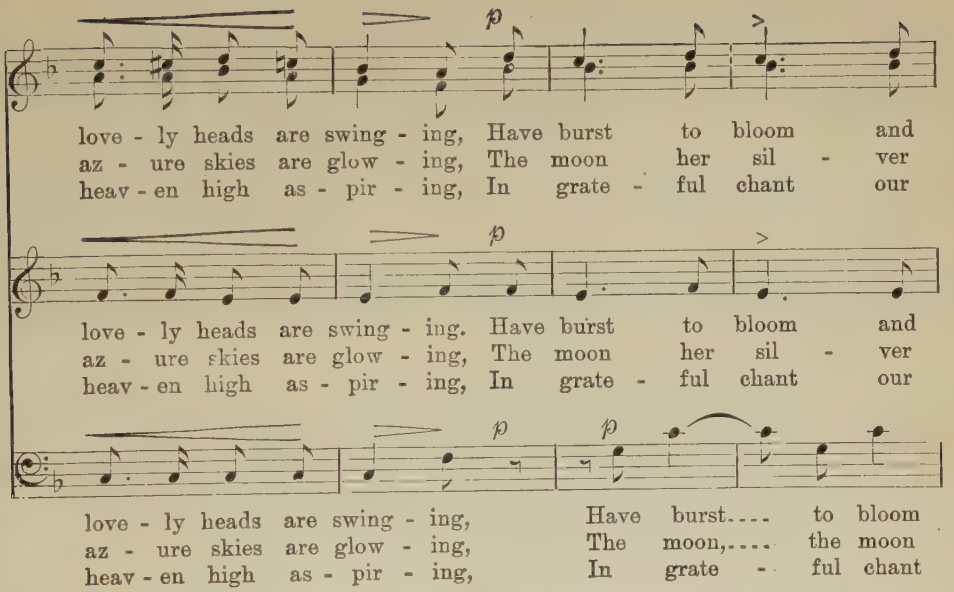

mf Allegretto
p
1. The dew is on the gleam-ing thorn, And sweet at eve and
2. The gar - dens in - to splen - dor break, The mead - ow flow'rs to
3. Each low - ly bush and spread - ing tree, Is glad with sum - mer
mf
p
1. The dew is on the gleam-ing thorn, And sweet at eve and
2. The gar - dens in - to splen - dor break, The mead - ow flow'rs to
3. Each low - ly bush and spread - ing tree, Is glad with sum - mer
mf
p
blithe at morn, And blithe at morn The bob - o - link is
beau - ty wake, To beau - ty wake, The woods are green-er
min - strel - sy, Gay min - strel - sy So sweet and so un -
blithe at morn, And blithe at morn The bob - o - link is
beau - ty wake, To beau - ty wake, The woods are green-er
min - strel - sy, Gay min - strel - sy So sweet and so un -
The bob - o - link is
The woods are green-er
So sweet and so un -

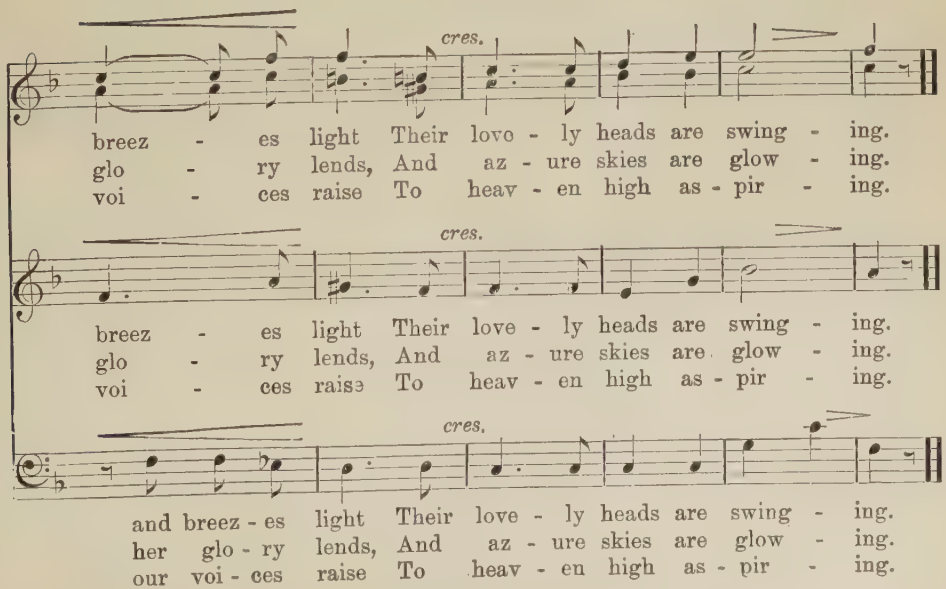
In June


cresc.
sing - ing. The ros - es red and
grow - ing. The sun his gold - en
tir - ing. Then let us hymn our
sing-ing, The bob - o - link is sing - ing. The ros - es red and
growing, The woods are green-er grow - ing. The sun.... his gold-en
tir - ing, So sweet and so un - tir - ing. Then let.... us hymn our
sing-ing, The bob - o - link is sing - ing. The ros - es red
growing, The woods are green-er grow - ing. The sun,.... the sun
tir - ing, So sweet and so un - tir - ing. Then let.... us hymn


ros - es white Have burst to bloom, and breez- es light Their
bless - ing spends, The moon her sil - ver glo - ry lends, And
Mak - er's praise, In grate - ful chant our voi - ces raise To
ros - es white Have burst to bloom, and breez- es light Their
bless - ing spends, The moon her sil - ver glo - ry lends, And
Mak - er's praise, In grate - ful chant our voi - ces raise To
and ros - es white Have burst to bloom, and breez - es light Their
his bless - ing spends, The moon her sil - ver glo - ry lends, And
our Mak - er's praise, In grate - ful chant our voi - ces raise To

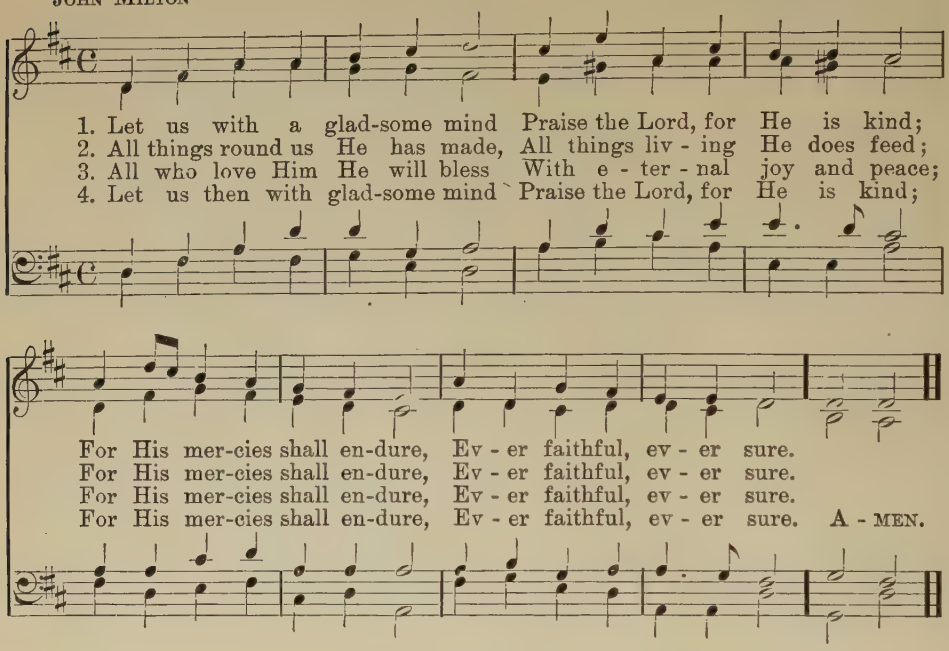
In June


p
love - ly heads are swing - ing, Have burst to bloom and
az - ure skies are glow - ing, The moon her sil - ver
heav - en high as - pir - ing, In grate - ful chant our
p
love - ly heads are swing - ing. Have burst to bloom and
az - ure skies are glow - ing, The moon her sil - ver
heav - en high as - pir - ing, In grate - ful chant our
p p
love - ly heads are swing - ing, Have burst.... to bloom
az - ure skies are glow - ing, The moon,.... the moon
heav - en high as - pir - ing, In grate - ful chant


cres.
breez - es light Their love - ly heads are swing - ing.
glo - ry lends, And az - ure skies are glow - ing.
voi - ces raise To heav - en high as - pir - ing.
cres.
breez - es light Their love - ly heads are swing - ing.
glo - ry lends, And az - ure skies are glow - ing.
voi - ces raise To heav - en high as - pir - ing.
cres.
and breez - es light Their love - ly heads are swing - ing.
her glo - ry lends, And az - ure skies are glow - ing.
our voi - ces raise To heav - en high as - pir - ing.

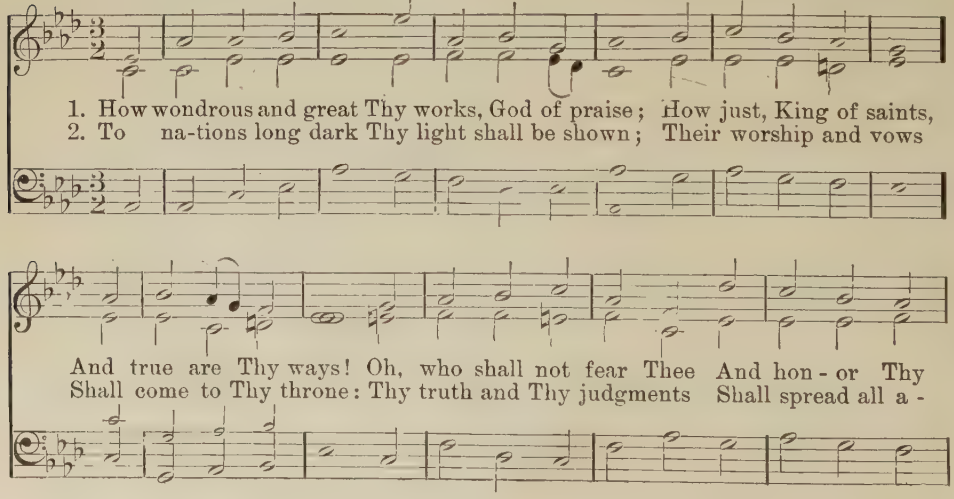
Let Us with a Gladsome Mind

JOHN MILTON — German Chorale

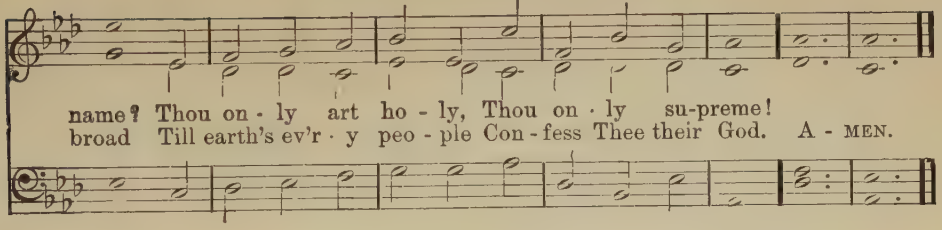

1. Let us with a glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
2. All things round us He has made, All things liv - ing He does feed;
3. All who love Him He will bless With e - ter - nal joy and peace;
4. Let us then with glad-some mind Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.
For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.
For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure.
For His mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faithful, ev - er sure. A - MEN.

How Wondrous and Great

H. O. ONDERDONK — GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL


1. How wondrous and great Thy works, God of praise; How just, King of saints,
2. To na-tions long dark Thy light shall be shown; Their worship and vows
And true are Thy ways! Oh, who shall not fear Thee And hon - or Thy
Shall come to Thy throne: Thy truth and Thy judgments Shall spread all a -

How Wondrous and Great



Birdling, Greet my Home for Me

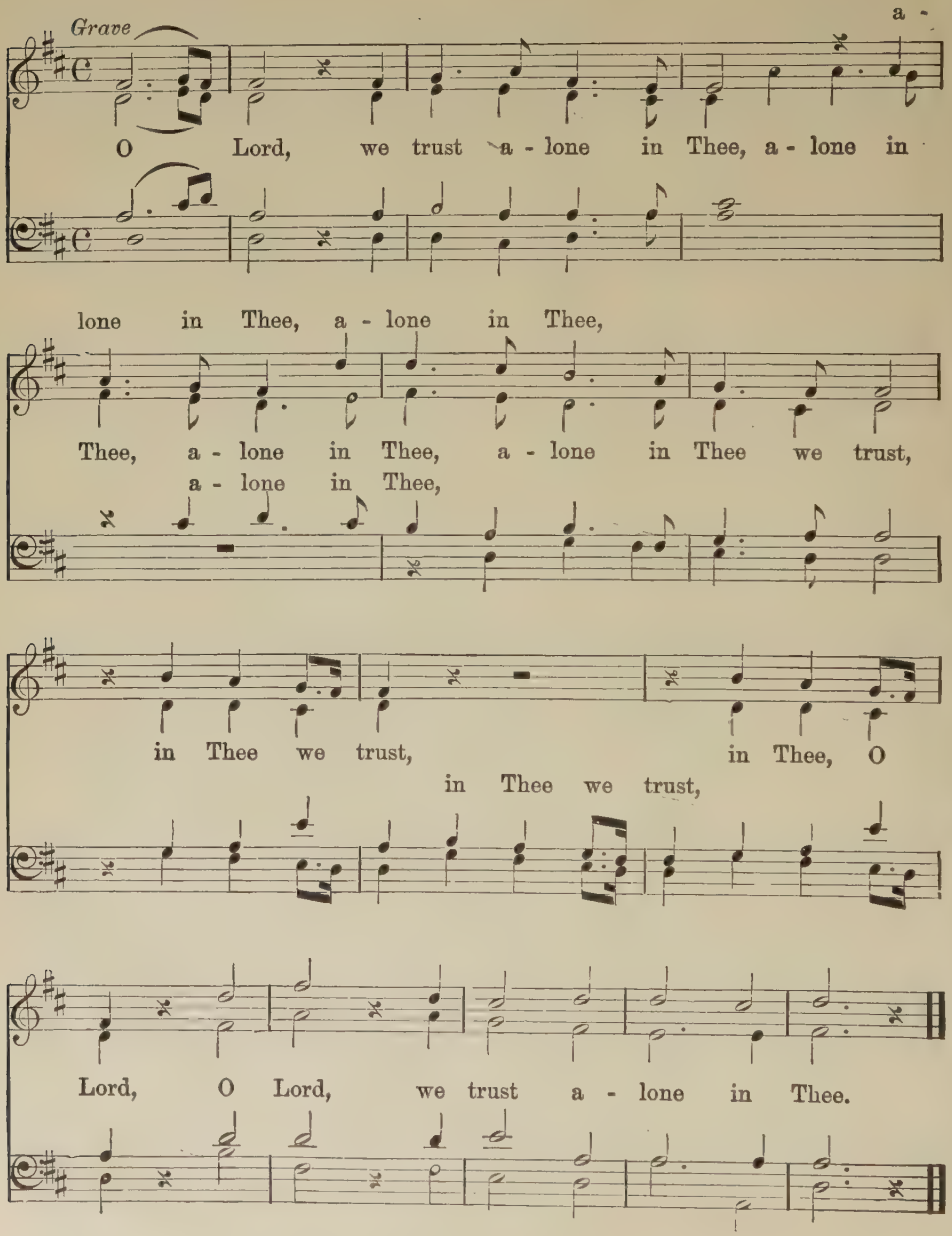
KATE FORMAN — JOH. FEYHL

p Moderato
cresc.
1. List, bird-ling hear my plea, Go greet my home for me, O - ver the
2. List, bird-ling, list to me, Go greet my wood-brook free, O - ver its
3. List, bird-ling, list and hear, Go greet my gar - den dear, Sweet-eyed for -
cresc.
mf
p
mountains fair, Deep in the woods enshrined. O faithful, faithful true hearts are there,
peb-bled way, Foaming, or calm, or bold. The I - ris, I - ris is blooming there
get - me - nots, Flow'r of my li - lac tree. O could I, could I but fly with thee,
mf
p
O faith-ful, faith-ful,
The I - ris blooming,
O could I but fly,
mf
cresc.
dim.
p dim. e rit.
Friend-ly and kind,..... Friendly and kind, Friend-ly and kind.
Pur - ple and gold,..... Pur - ple and gold, Pur - ple and gold.
There I would be,..... There I would be, There I would be.
mf
cresc.
dim.
p dim e rit.

O Lord, We Trust Alone in Thee

PSALM CXL, Verse 9

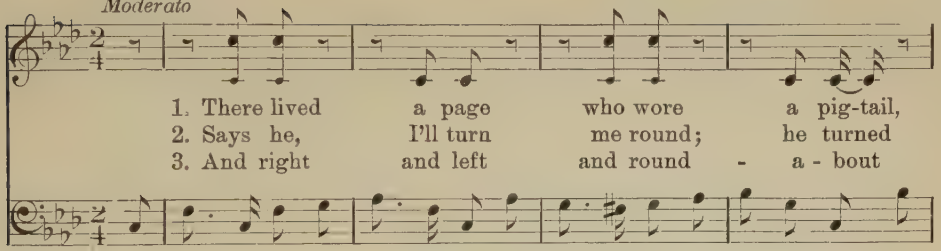
G. F. HÄNDEL


Grave
O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee, a - lone in
lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee,
Thee, a - lone in Thee, a - lone in Thee we trust,
a - lone in Thee,
in Thee we trust, in Thee, O
in Thee we trust,
Lord, O Lord, we trust a - lone in Thee.

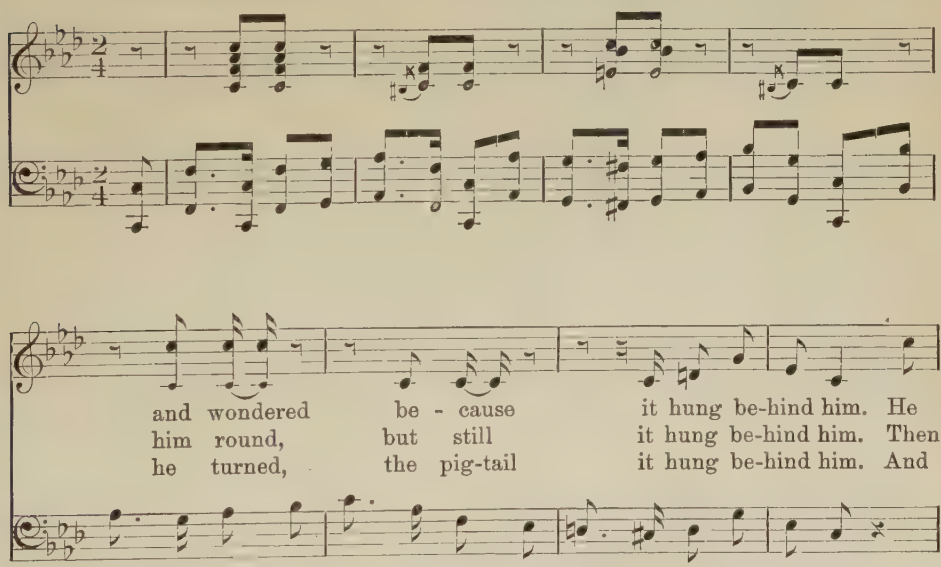
A Tragic Story

W. M. Thackeray — G. W. Chadwick

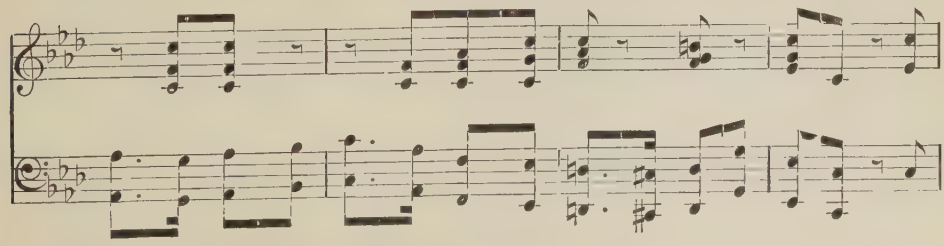
Moderato



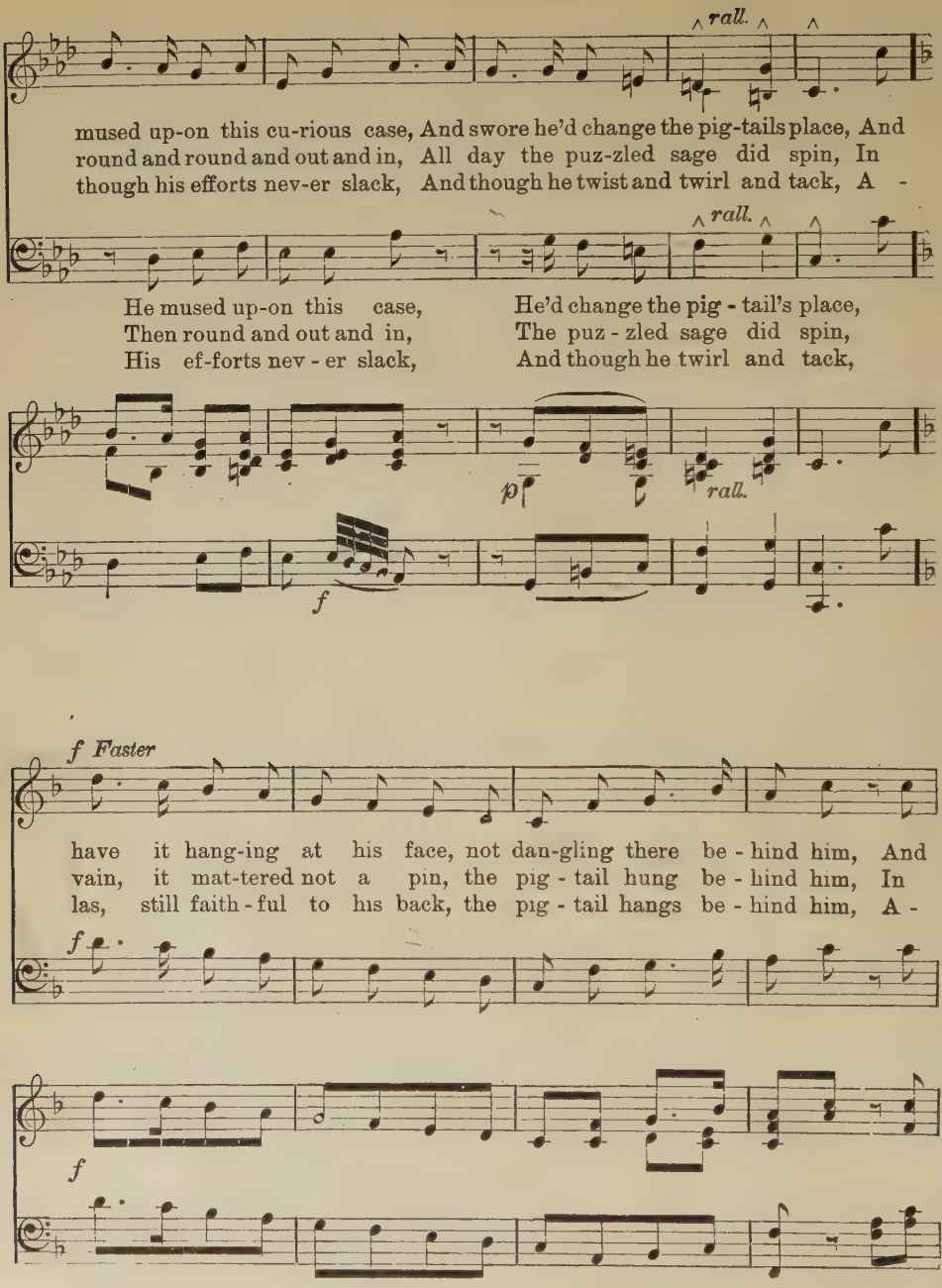
1. There lived a page in days of yore, And he a handsome pig-tail wore; But
2. Says he, the mys-ter-y I've found, I'll turn me round, I'll turn me round; He
3. And right and left and round-about, And up and down, and in and out He


and wondered be - cause it hung be-hind him. He
him round, but still it hung be-hind him. Then
he turned, the pig-tail it hung be-hind him. And

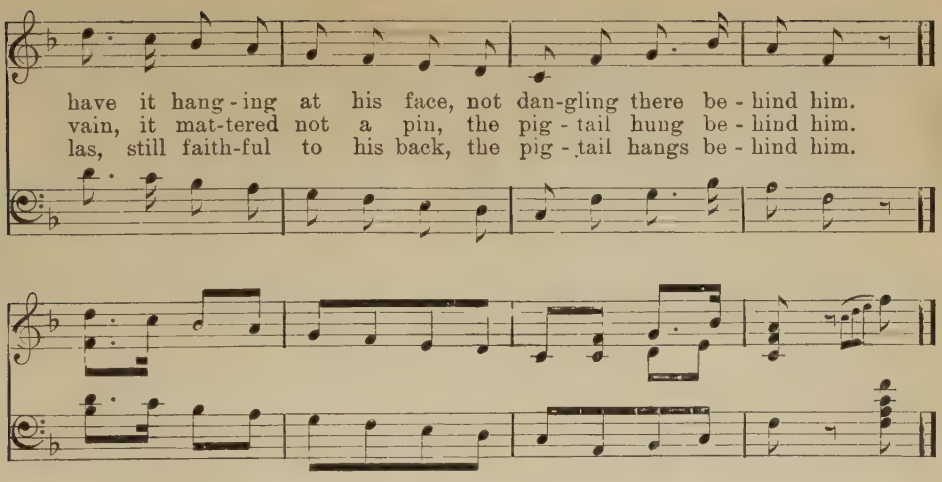
won-dered much, and sor-rowed more, Be-cause it hung be-hind him.
turned him round, he turned him round, But still it hung be-hind him.
turned, but still the pig - tail stout Hung stead - i - ly be-hind him.



A Tragic Story

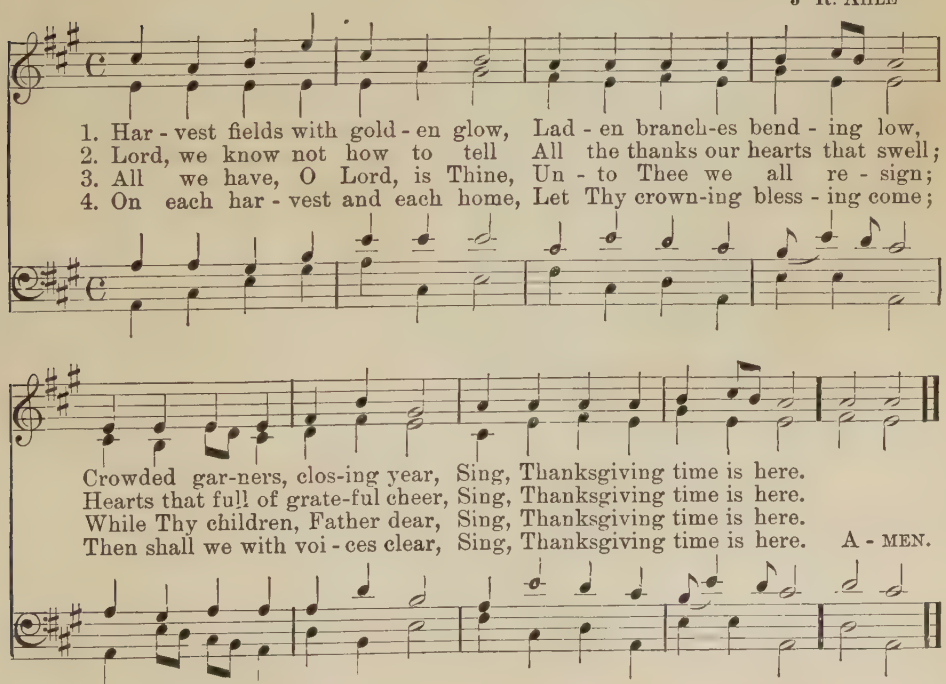

rall.
mused up-on this cu-rious case, And swore he'd change the pig-tails place, And
round and round and out and in, All day the puz-zled sage did spin, In
though his efforts nev-er slack, And though he twist and twirl and tack, A -
rall.
He mused up-on this case, He'd change the pig - tail's place,
Then round and out and in, The puz - zled sage did spin,
His ef-forts nev - er slack, And though he twirl and tack,
p
rall.
f
f Faster
have it hang-ing at his face, not dan-gling there be - hind him, And
vain, it mat-tered not a pin, the pig - tail hung be - hind him, In
las, still faith - ful to his back, the pig - tail hangs be - hind him, A -
f
f

A Tragic Story


have it hang-ing at his face, not dan-gling there be-hind him.
vain, it mat-tered not a pin, the pig-tail hung be-hind him.
las, still faith-ful to his back, the pig-tail hangs be-hind him.

Thanksgiving

J R. AHLE


1. Har-vest fields with gold-en glow, Lad-en branch-es bend-ing low,
2. Lord, we know not how to tell All the thanks our hearts that swell;
3. All we have, O Lord, is Thine, Un-to Thee we all re-sign;
4. On each har-vest and each home, Let Thy crown-ing bless-ing come;
Crowded gar-ners, clos-ing year, Sing, Thanksgiving time is here.
Hearts that full of grate-ful cheer, Sing, Thanksgiving time is here.
While Thy children, Father dear, Sing, Thanksgiving time is here.
Then shall we with voi-ces clear, Sing, Thanksgiving time is here. A-MEN.

Words by permission of John Church Co.

When Spring Unlocks the Flowers

REGINALD HEBER

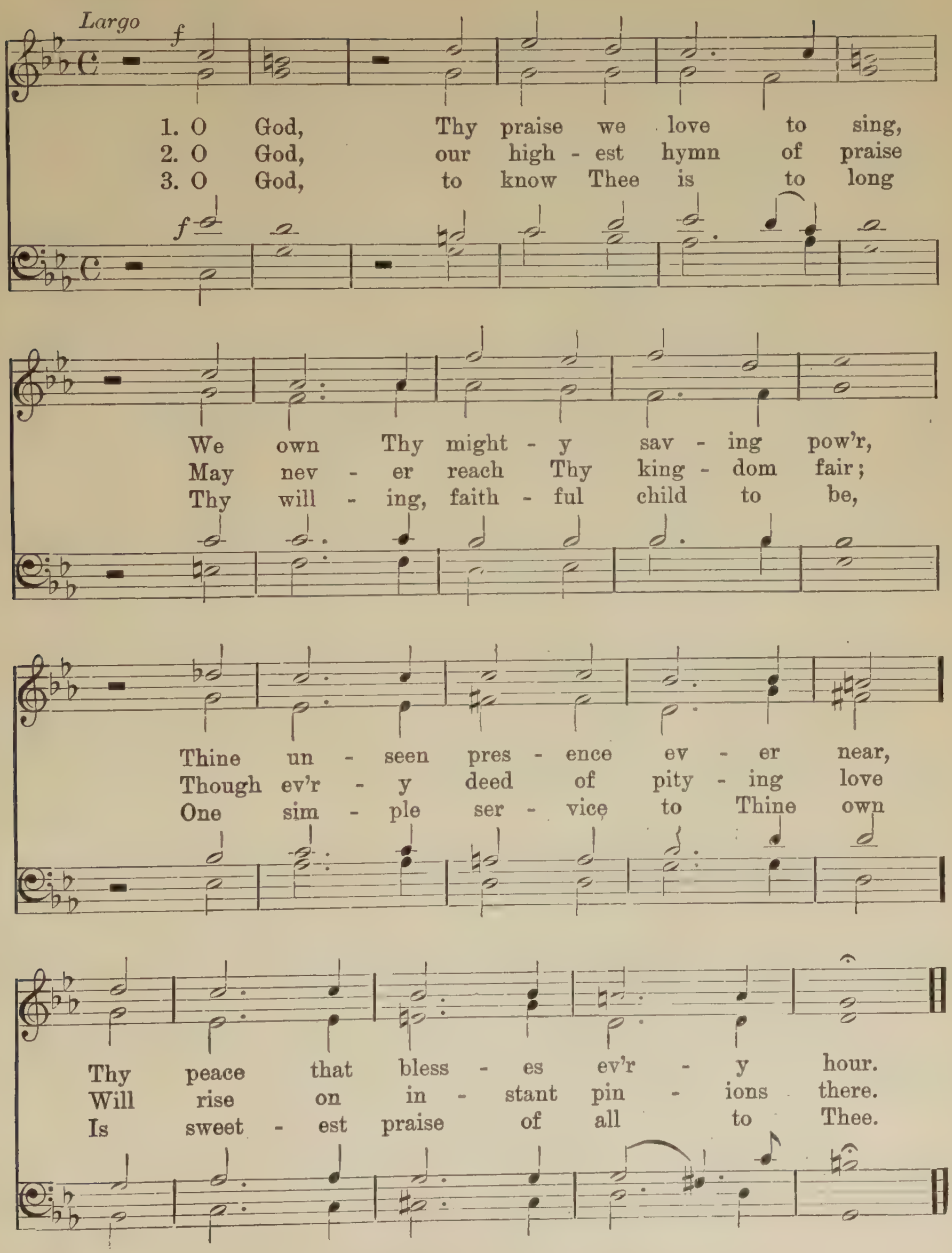
English Traditional Melody

Not slow

1. When spring un-locks the flow - ers to paint the laugh-ing soil;
2. The birds that wake the morn - ing, and those that love the shade;
3. Shall man, the Lord of na - ture, ex - pect - ant of the sky,
4. The flow'rs of spring may with - er, the hope of sum - mer fade,
When sum-mer's balm - y show - ers re - fresh the mow-er's toil;
The winds that sweep the moun-tains or lull the drow - sy glade;
Shall man a - lone, un - thank - ful, his lit - tle praise de - ny?
The au - tumn droop in win - ter, the birds for - sake the shade;
When win - ter binds in frost - y chains the fal - low and the flood,
The sun that from his am - ber bow'r re - joi - ceth on his way,
No; let the year for - sake his course, the sea - sons cease to be,
The winds be lulled, the sun and moon for - get their old de - cree,
In God, the earth re - joi - ceth still and owns his Mak - er good.
The moon and stars their Mas - ter's name in si - lent pomp dis - play.
Thee, Mas - ter, must we al - ways love and hon - or, on - ly Thee.
But we, in na - ture's lat - est hour, O Lord, will cling to Thee.

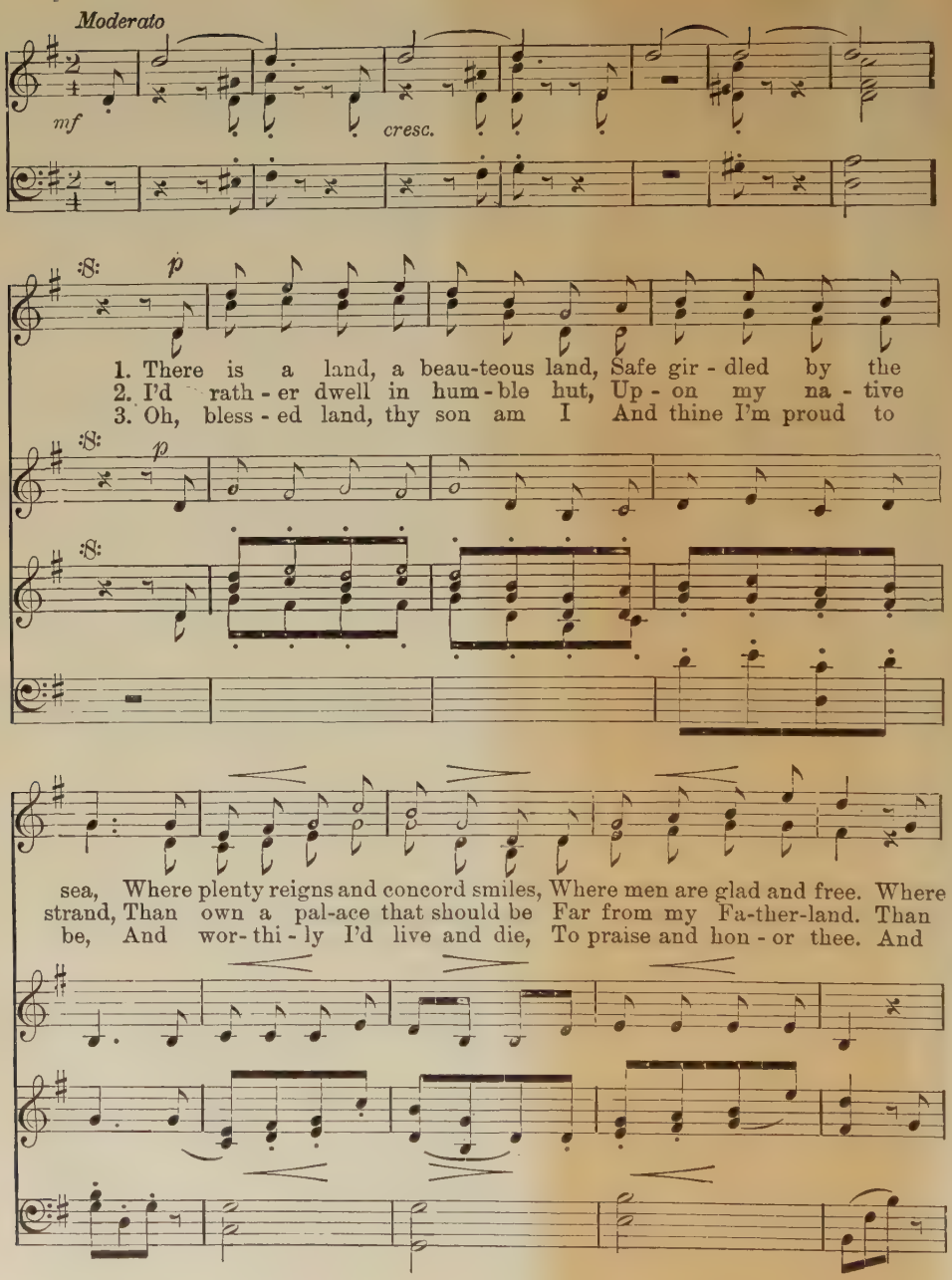
The Highest Praise

ELIZABETH NOXON — HÄNDEL

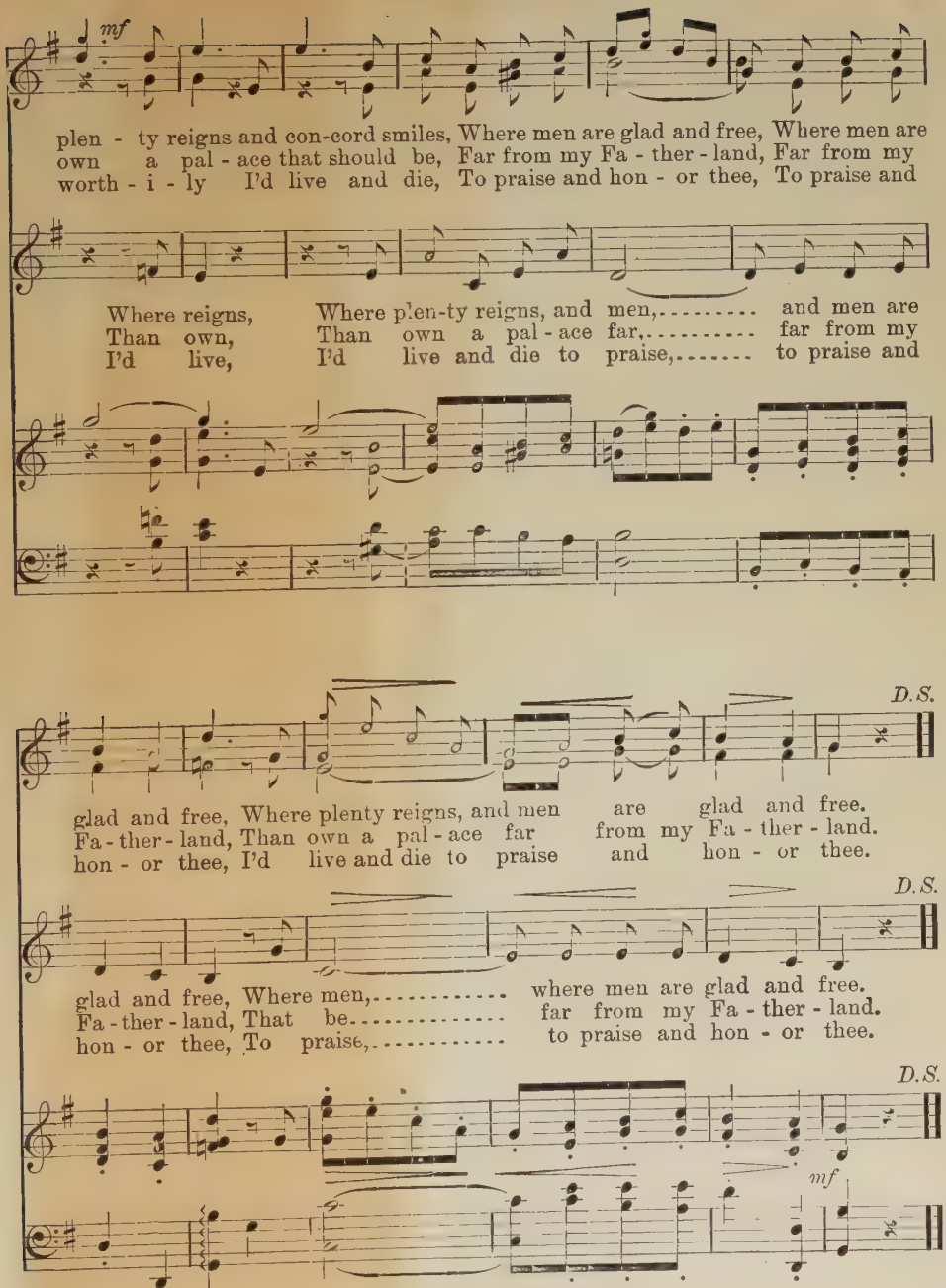

Largo
f
1. O God, Thy praise we love to sing,
2. O God, our high - est hymn of praise
3. O God, to know Thee is to long
f
We own Thy might - y sav - ing pow'r,
May nev - er reach Thy king - dom fair;
Thy will - ing, faith - ful child to be,
Thine un - seen pres - ence ev - er near,
Though ev'r - y deed of pity - ing love
One sim - ple ser - vice to Thine own
Thy peace that bless - es ev'r - y hour.
Will rise on in - stant pin - ions there.
Is sweet - est praise of all to Thee.

My Country

MARIE WURM

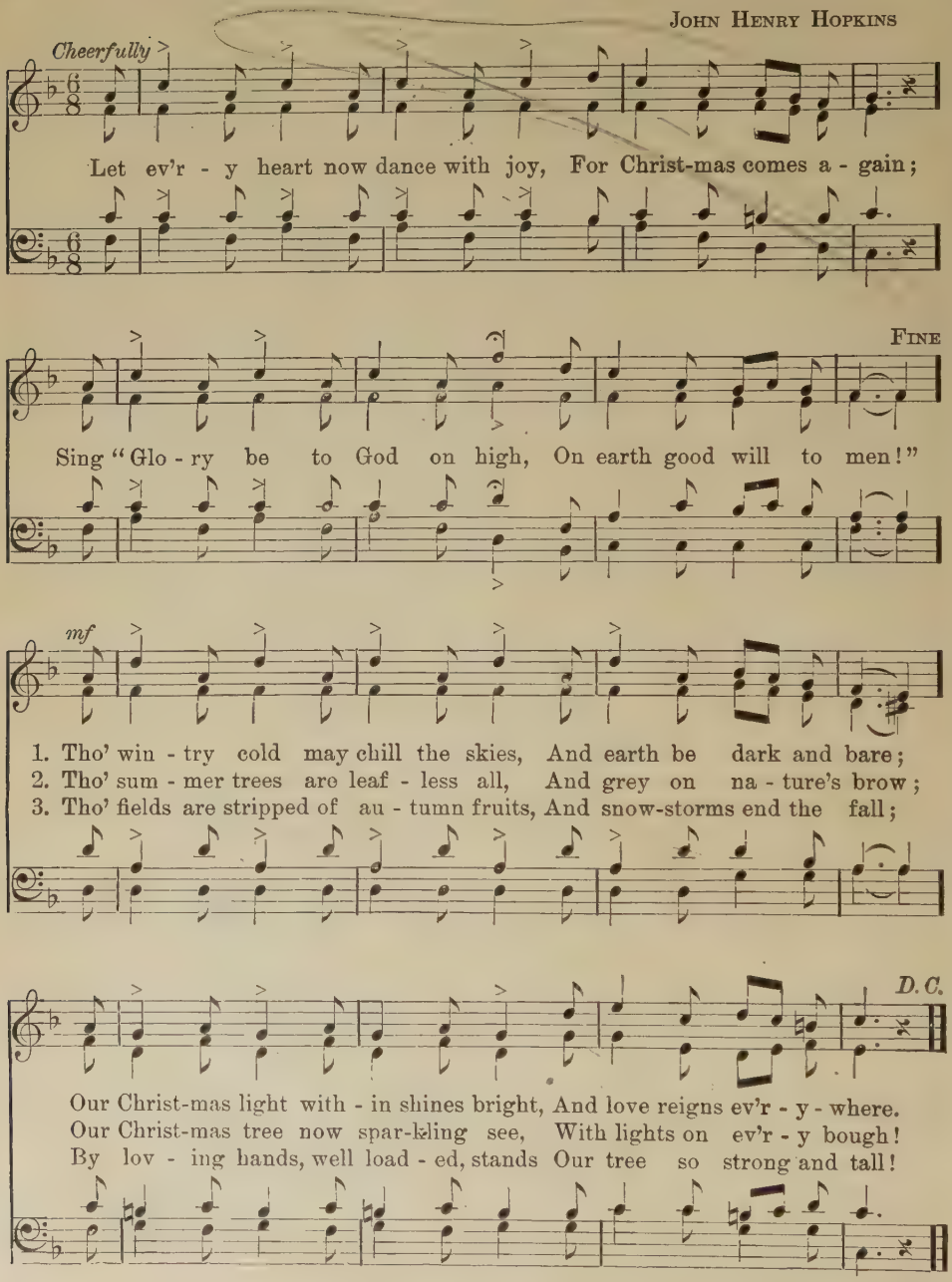

Moderato
mf
cresc.
p
1. There is a land, a beau-teous land, Safe gir - dled by the
2. I'd rath - er dwell in hum - ble hut, Up - on my na - tive
3. Oh, bless - ed land, thy son am I And thine I'm proud to
sea, Where plenty reigns and concord smiles, Where men are glad and free. Where
strand, Than own a pal-ace that should be Far from my Fa-ther-land. Than
be, And wor- thi - ly I'd live and die, To praise and hon - or thee. And

My Country


mf
plen - ty reigns and con-cord smiles, Where men are glad and free, Where men are
own a pal - ace that should be, Far from my Fa - ther - land, Far from my
worth - i - ly I'd live and die, To praise and hon - or thee, To praise and
Where reigns, Where plen-ty reigns, and men,..... and men are
Than own, Than own a pal - ace far,..... far from my
I'd live, I'd live and die to praise,..... to praise and
D.S.
glad and free, Where plenty reigns, and men are glad and free.
Fa - ther - land, Than own a pal - ace far from my Fa - ther - land.
hon - or thee, I'd live and die to praise and hon - or thee.
D.S.
glad and free, Where men,..... where men are glad and free.
Fa - ther - land, That be..... far from my Fa - ther - land.
hon - or thee, To praise,..... to praise and hon - or thee.
D.S.
mf

Let Every Heart Now Dance With Joy

JOHN HENRY HOPKINS


Cheerfully
Let ev'r - y heart now dance with joy, For Christ-mas comes a - gain;
Fine
Sing "Glo - ry be to God on high, On earth good will to men!"
mf
1. Tho' win - try cold may chill the skies, And earth be dark and bare;
2. Tho' sum - mer trees are leaf - less all, And grey on na - ture's brow;
3. Tho' fields are stripped of au - tumn fruits, And snow-storms end the fall;
D.C.
Our Christ-mas light with - in shines bright, And love reigns ev'r - y - where.
Our Christ-mas tree now spar-kling see, With lights on ev'r - y bough!
By lov - ing hands, well load - ed, stands Our tree so strong and tall!

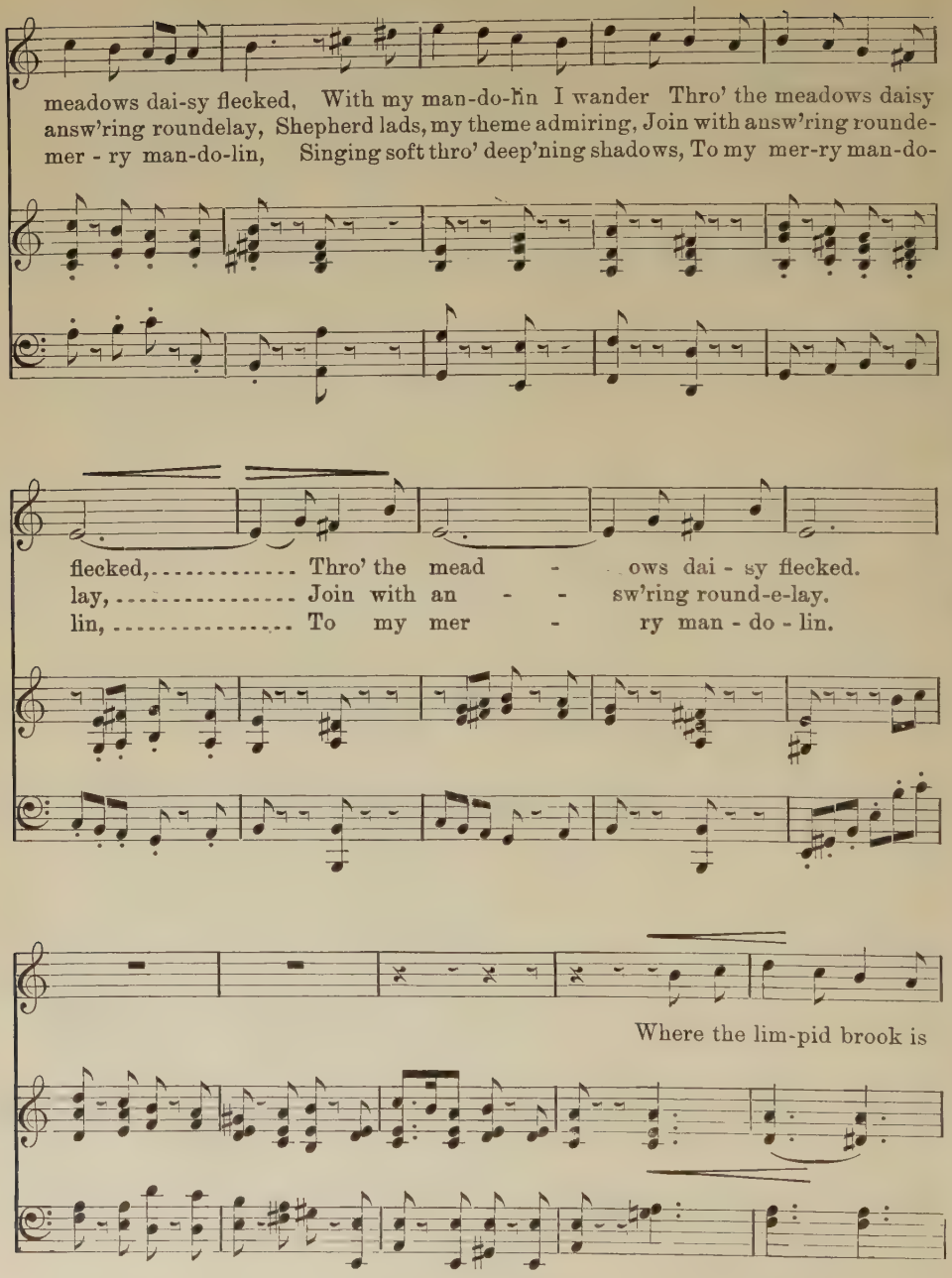
The Wandering Minstrel's Song

MARY GRANT O'SHERIDAN — MENDELSSOHN

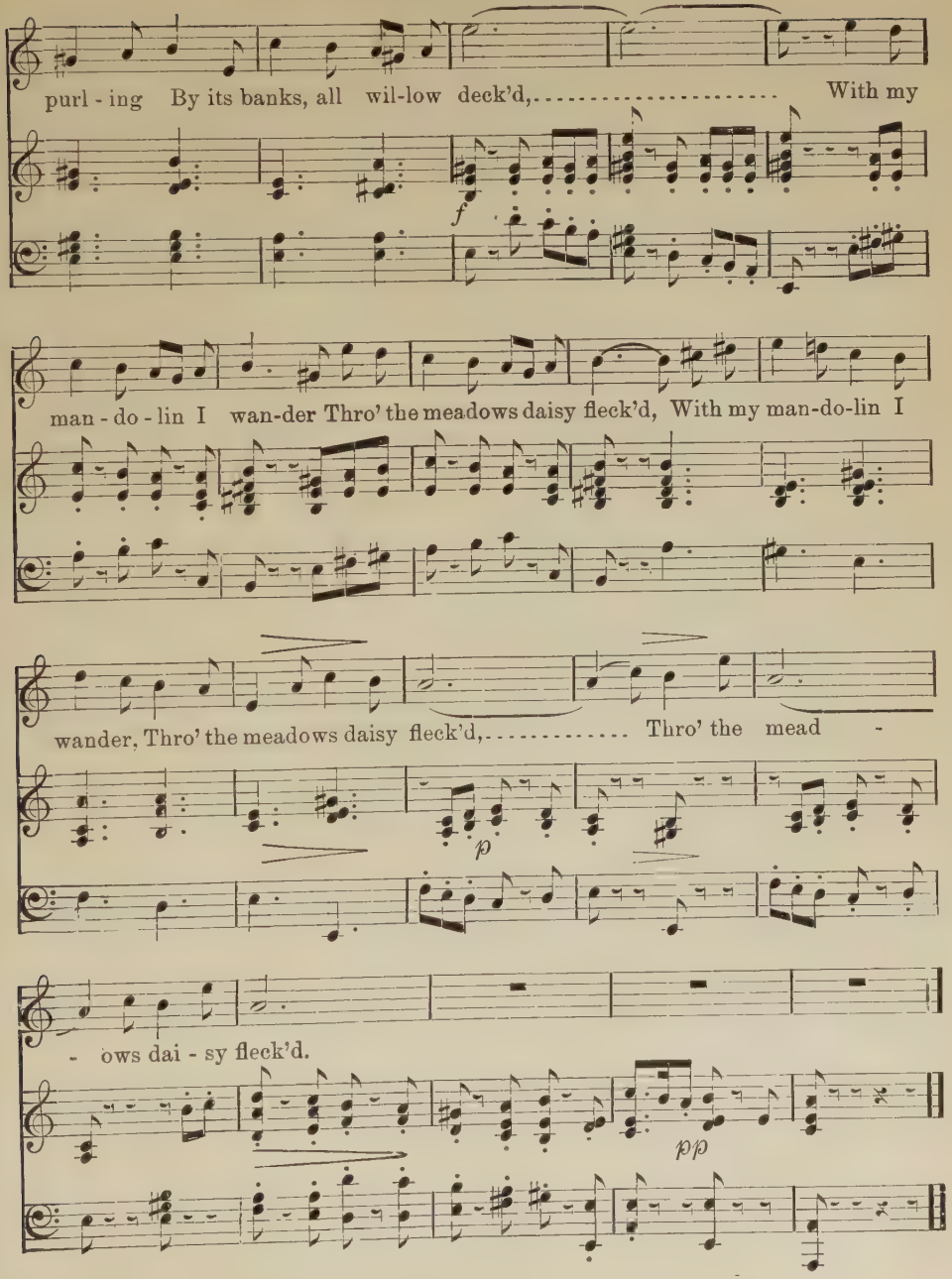
Allegretto

1. Where the
2. Each glad
3. Fare-well
p
lim - pid brook is purl - ing, By its banks all wil - low decked,.....
flow'r for my in - spir - ing Smiles in beau - ti - ful ar - ray;.....
flow'rs and flocks and mead - ows! Twi - light falls and folds me in,.....
With my man - do - lin I wan - der O'er the
Shep - herd lads my theme ad - mir - ing, Join with
Sing - ing soft thro' deep-'ning shad-ows, To my

The Wandering Minstrel's Song.

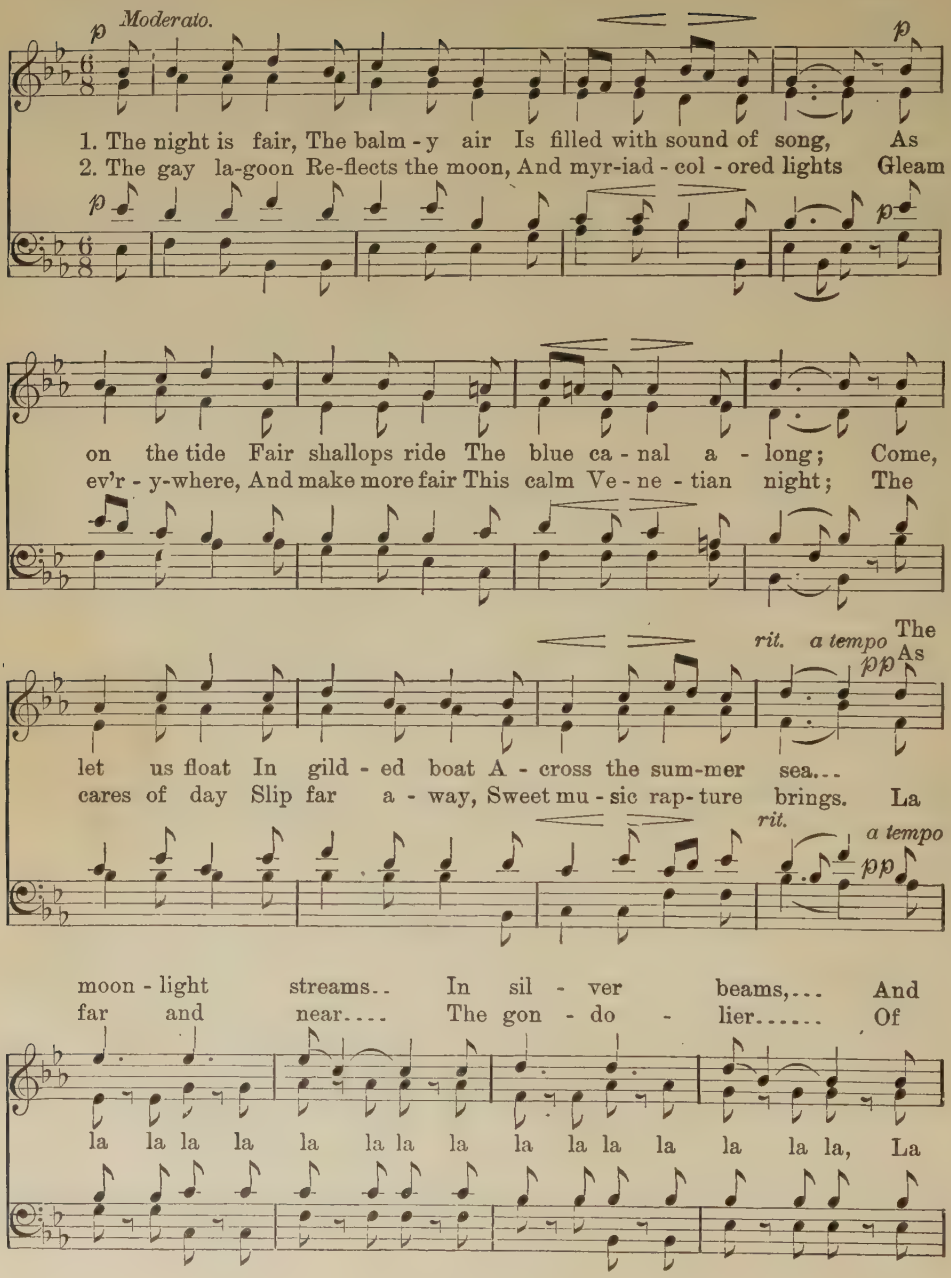

meadows dai-sy flecked, With my man-do-lin I wander Thro' the meadows daisy
answ'ring roundelay, Shepherd lads, my theme admiring, Join with answ'ring roundelay
mer - ry man-do-lin, Singing soft thro' deep'ning shadows, To my mer-ry man-do-
flecked, Thro' the mead - ows dai - sy flecked.
lay, Join with an - sw'ring round-e-lay.
lin, To my mer - ry man - do - lin.
Where the lim-pid brook is

The Wandering Minstrel's Song


purl - ing By its banks, all wil-low deck'd, With my
f
man - do - lin I wan-der Thro' the meadows daisy fleck'd, With my man-do-lin I
wander, Thro' the meadows daisy fleck'd, Thro' the mead -
p
- ows dai - sy fleck'd.
pp

In Venice.

ROBERT GRAHAM F. PAOLO TOSTI


Moderato.
p
1. The night is fair, The balm - y air Is filled with sound of song, As
2. The gay la-goon Re-flects the moon, And myr-iad - col - ored lights Gleam
on the tide Fair shallops ride The blue ca - nal a - long; Come,
ev'r - y-where, And make more fair This calm Ve - ne - tian night; The
rit. a tempo
pp
let us float In gild - ed boat A - cross the sum-mer sea...
cares of day Slip far a - way, Sweet mu - sic rap- ture brings. La
moon - light streams.. In sil - ver beams,... And
far and near.... The gon - do - lier..... Of
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, La

In Venice

calls to you and me,..... to you..... and me,..... The
beau-teous Ven-ice sings,.... of Ven - ice sings,.... As
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, La
moon - light streams.... In sil - ver beams,.... And
far and near,..... The gon - do - lier..... Of
cresc.
mf
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, La
cresc.
calls to you and me,..... to you..... and me.....
beauteous Ven-ice sings,.... of Ven - ice sings.....
rit e dim.
a tempo.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, La
Ah,.... la!.... Ah,.... la!.... Ah,....
pp
poco cresc.
la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la, La la la la la

In Venice

A Song of the Wind

CHARLES H. FAIRFAX H. W. L.

f With vigor. Fast.

1. Au - tumn winds blow - ing through the town, Rat - tling all the win - dow frames, Knock-ing shin - gles down, Might - y gusts
2. Here's the rain start - ing in to fall; Where's the old um - brel - la man? Can you hear him call? In - side out,

FINE

seize you un - a - ware, Au - tumn wind's a mer - ry clown, oh!
that's the way they fare, Old um - brel - las, one and all, oh!

mf *mp*

Ev'r - y sign-board creak-ing, Home-less dogs are shel - ter seek - ing;
Hold your cap se - cure - ly Or the wind will steal it sure - ly;

1 *f* 2 D. C.

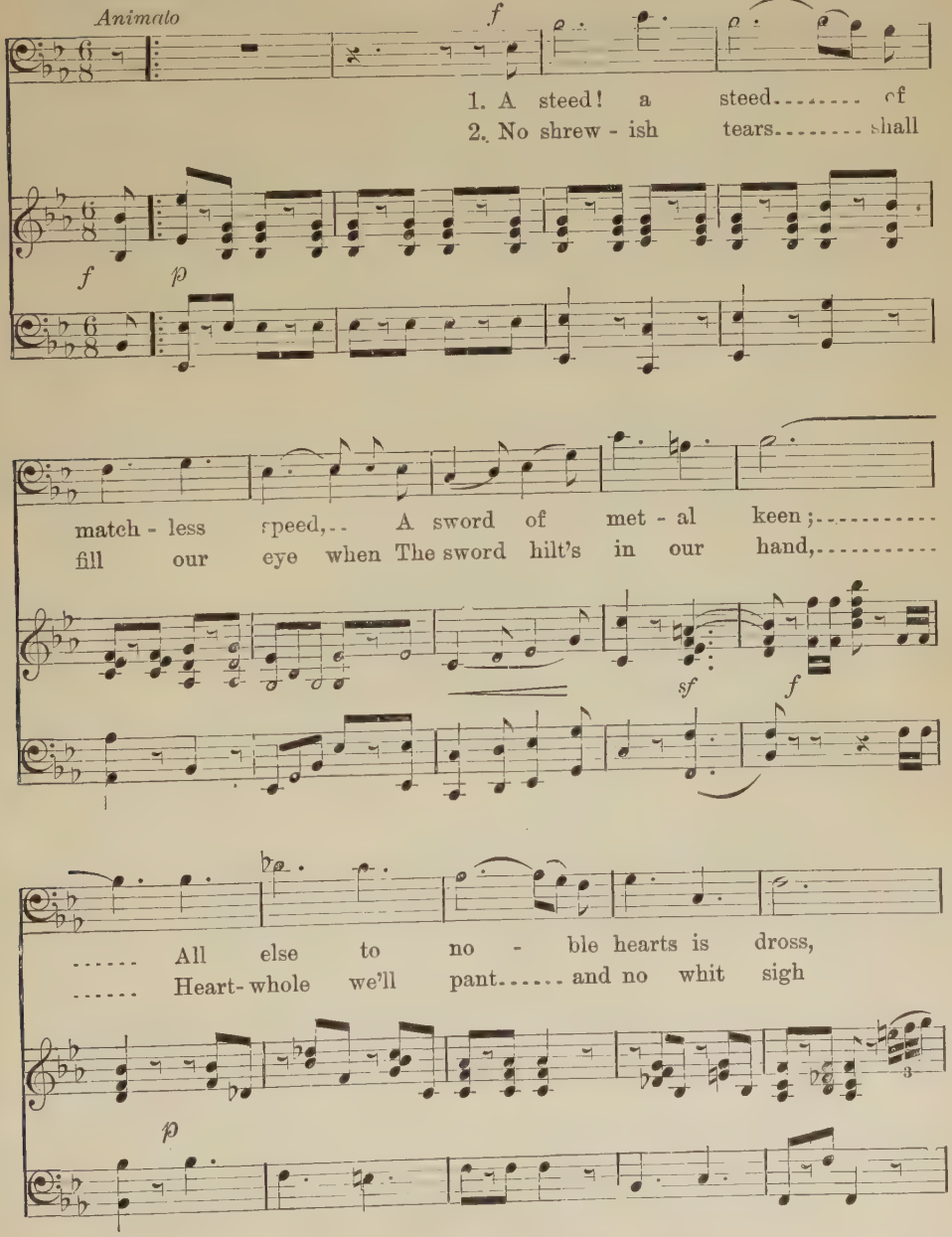
rit.

Clam - or ev'r - y - where, Like spir-its, frant-ic, shrieking. Have a care!

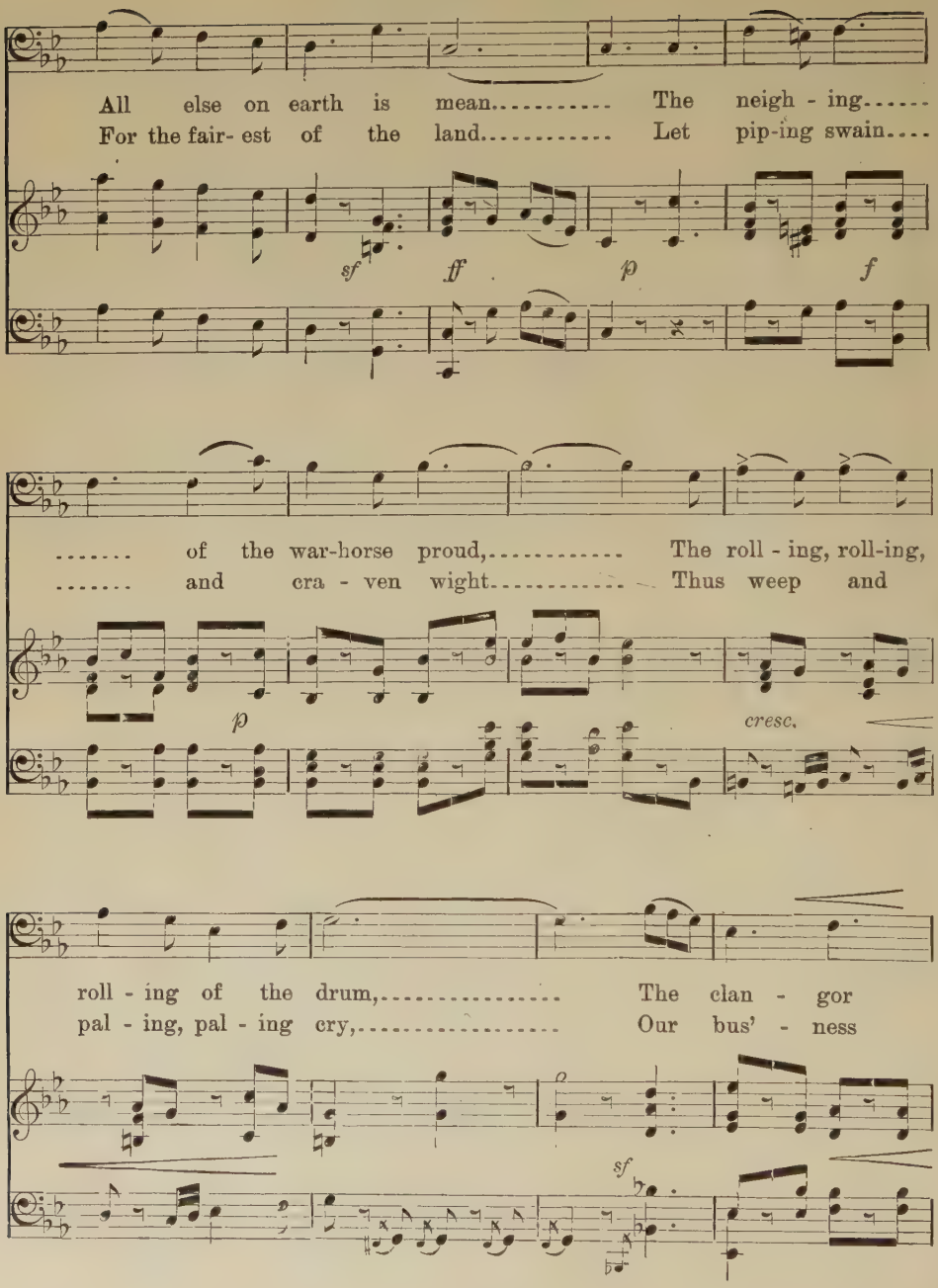
The Cavalier's Song

WILLIAM MOTHERWELL

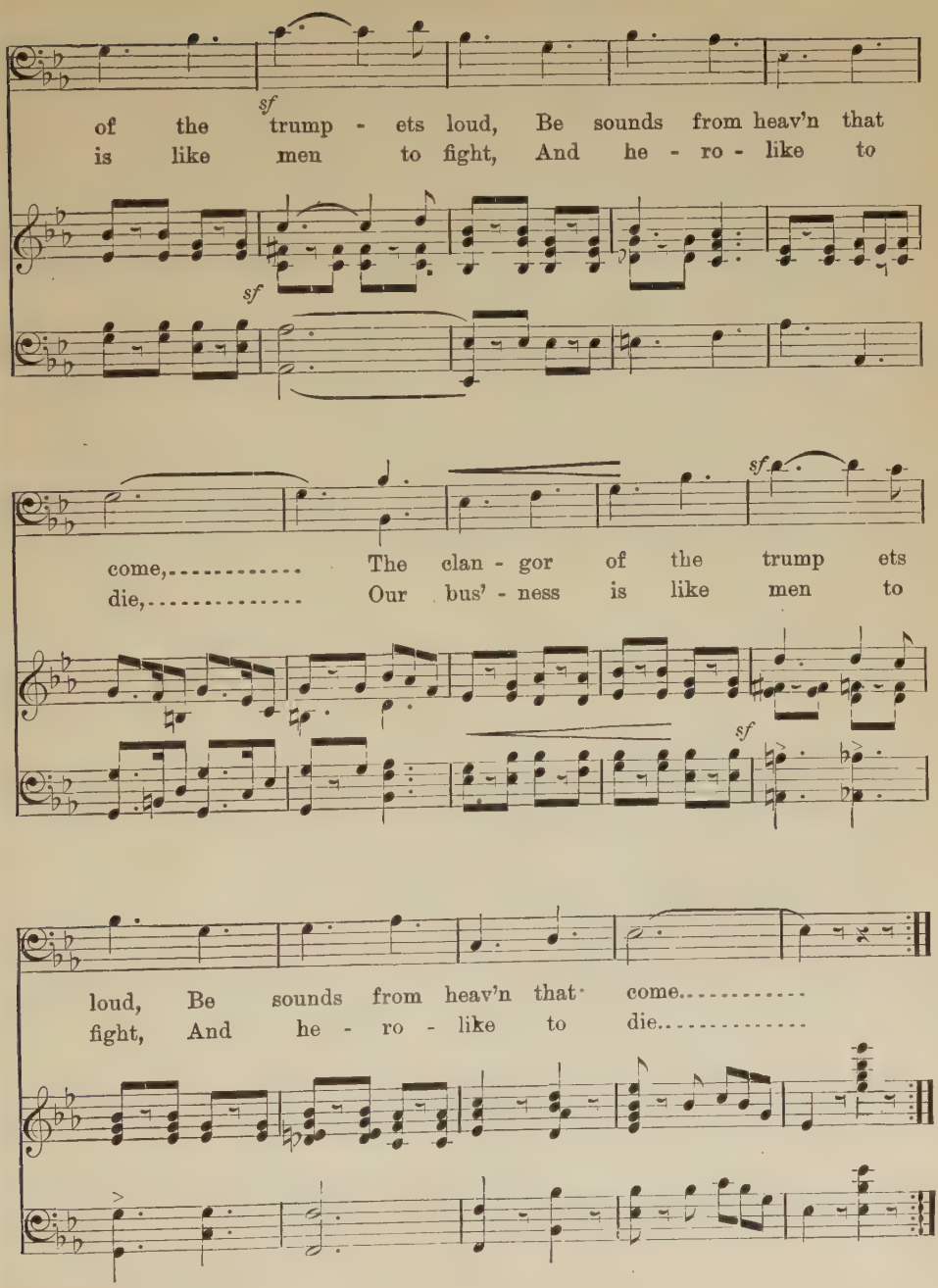
G. W. CHADWICK


Animato
f
1. A steed! a steed..... of
2. No shrew - ish tears..... shall
f
p
match - less speed,.. A sword of met - al keen;.....
fill our eye when The sword hilt's in our hand,.....
sf
f
..... All else to no - ble hearts is dross,
..... Heart-whole we'll pant..... and no whit sigh
p

The Cavalier's Song

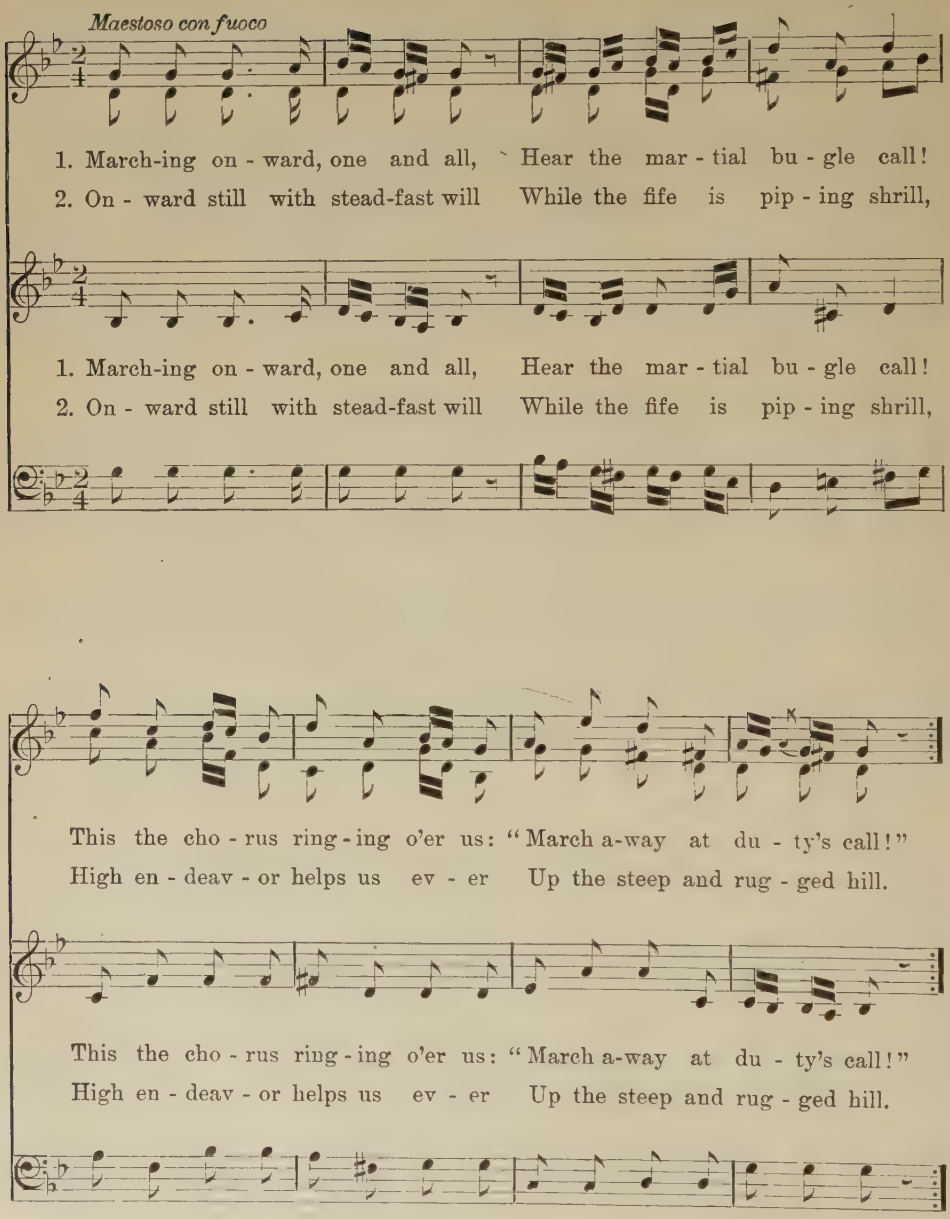

All else on earth is mean..... The neigh - ing.....
For the fair- est of the land..... Let pip-ing swain....
sf
ff
p
f
..... of the war-horse proud,..... The roll - ing, roll-ing,
..... and cra - ven wight..... Thus weep and
p
cresc.
roll - ing of the drum,..... The clan - gor
pal - ing, pal - ing cry,..... Our bus' - ness
sf

The Cavalier's Song

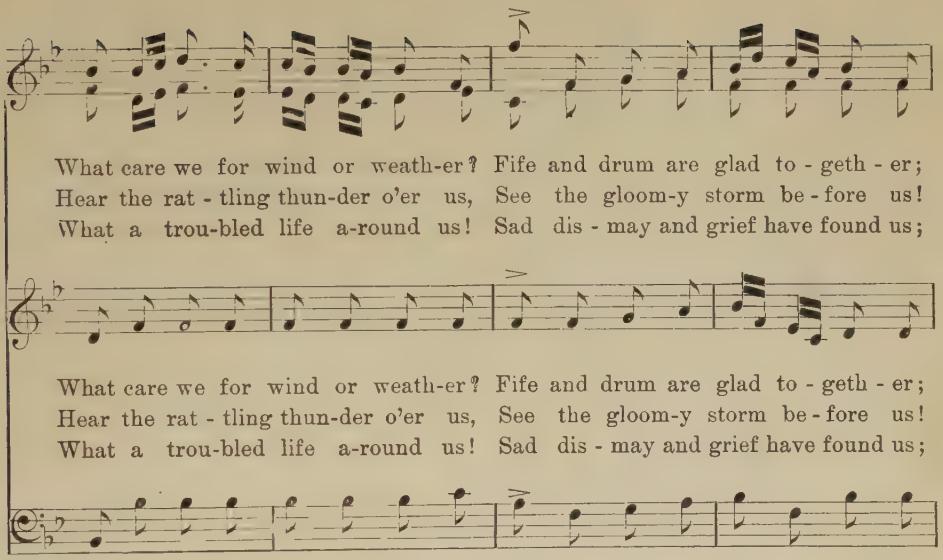

sf
of the trump - ets loud, Be sounds from heav'n that
is like men to fight, And he - ro - like to
sf
sf
come,..... The clan - gor of the trump ets
die,..... Our bus' - ness is like men to
sf
loud, Be sounds from heav'n that come.....
fight, And he - ro - like to die.....

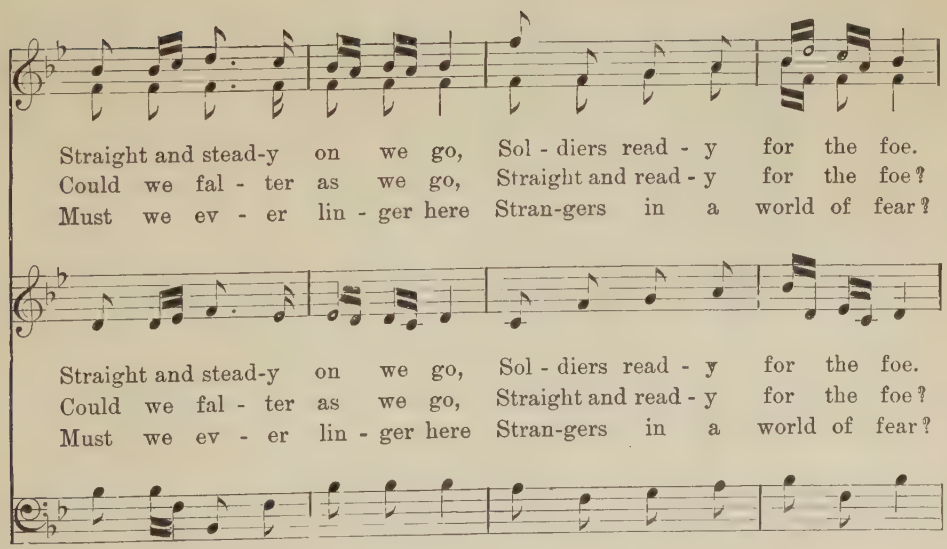
Marching Song

Hungarian Folksong

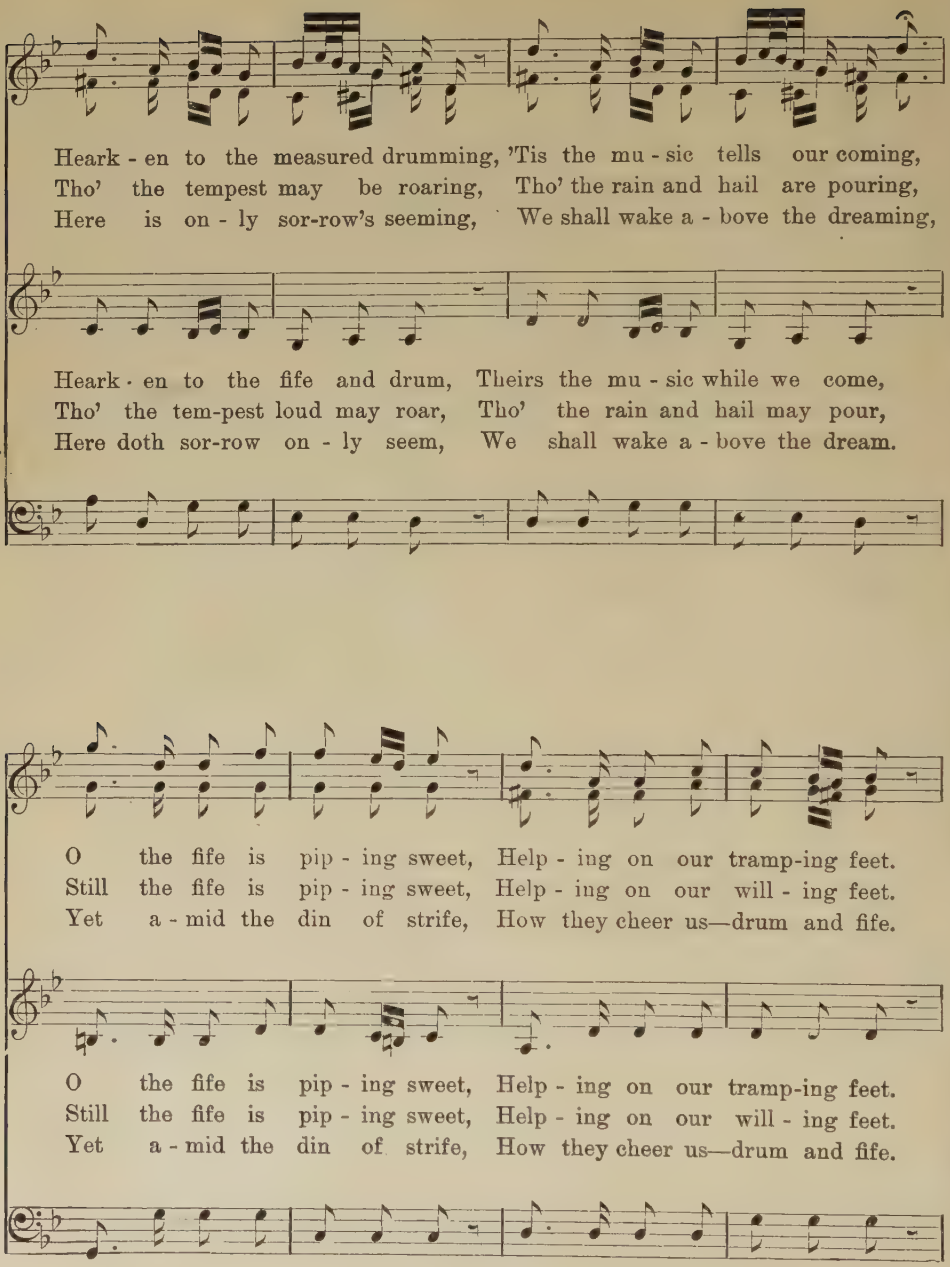

Maestoso con fuoco
1. March-ing on - ward, one and all, Hear the mar - tial bu - gle call!
2. On - ward still with stead-fast will While the fife is pip - ing shrill,
1. March-ing on - ward, one and all, Hear the mar - tial bu - gle call!
2. On - ward still with stead-fast will While the fife is pip - ing shrill,
This the cho - rus ring - ing o'er us: "March a-way at du - ty's call!"
High en - deav - or helps us ev - er Up the steep and rug - ged hill.
This the cho - rus ring - ing o'er us: "March a-way at du - ty's call!"
High en - deav - or helps us ev - er Up the steep and rug - ged hill.

Marching Song

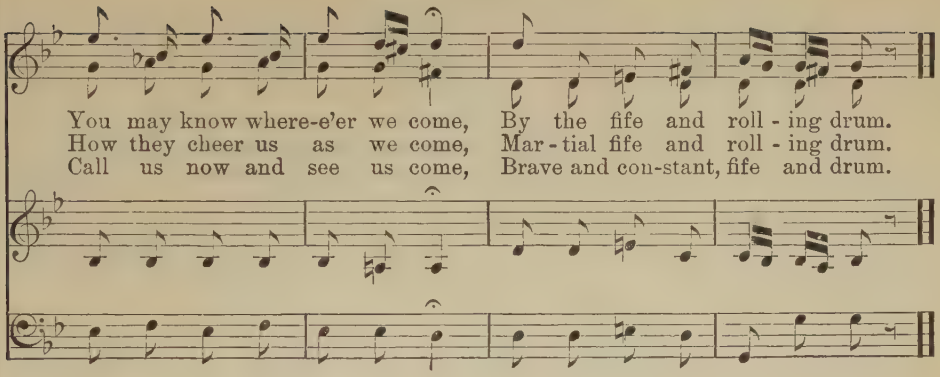

What care we for wind or weath-er? Fife and drum are glad to - geth - er;
Hear the rat - tling thun-der o'er us, See the gloom-y storm be - fore us!
What a trou-bled life a-round us! Sad dis - may and grief have found us;
What care we for wind or weath-er? Fife and drum are glad to - geth - er;
Hear the rat - tling thun-der o'er us, See the gloom-y storm be - fore us!
What a trou-bled life a-round us! Sad dis - may and grief have found us;


Straight and stead-y on we go, Sol - diers read - y for the foe.
Could we fal - ter as we go, Straight and read - y for the foe?
Must we ev - er lin - ger here Stran-gers in a world of fear?
Straight and stead-y on we go, Sol - diers read - y for the foe.
Could we fal - ter as we go, Straight and read - y for the foe?
Must we ev - er lin - ger here Stran-gers in a world of fear?

Marching Song

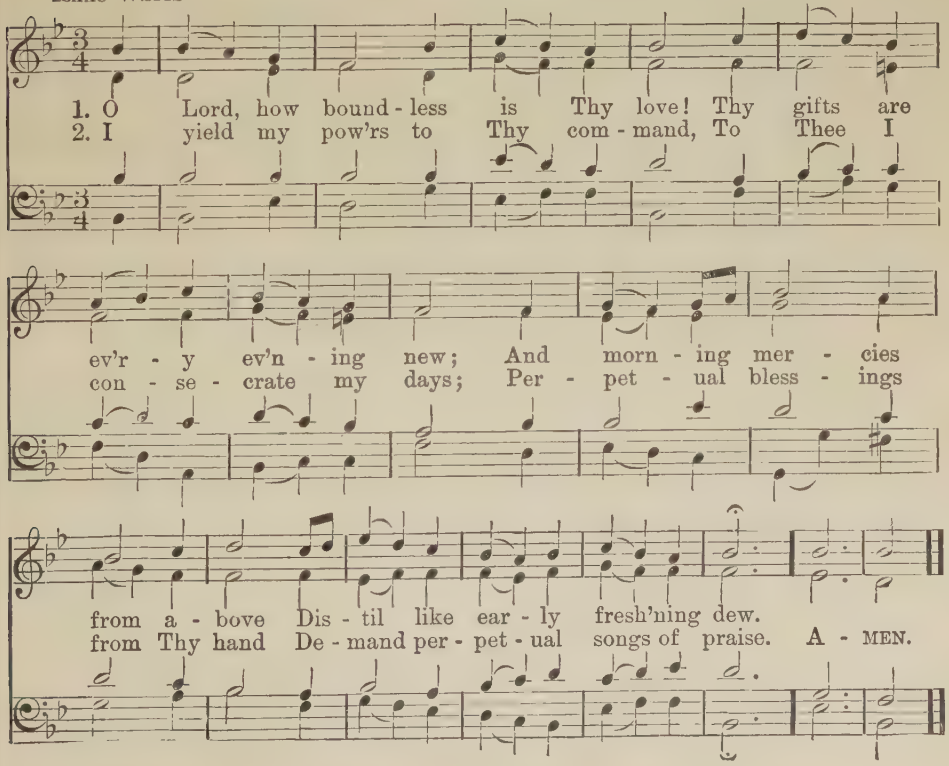

Heark - en to the measured drumming, 'Tis the mu - sic tells our coming,
Tho' the tempest may be roaring, Tho' the rain and hail are pouring,
Here is on - ly sor-row's seeming, We shall wake a - bove the dreaming,
Heark - en to the fife and drum, Theirs the mu - sic while we come,
Tho' the tem-pest loud may roar, Tho' the rain and hail may pour,
Here doth sor-row on - ly seem, We shall wake a - bove the dream.
O the fife is pip - ing sweet, Help - ing on our tramp-ing feet.
Still the fife is pip - ing sweet, Help - ing on our will - ing feet.
Yet a - mid the din of strife, How they cheer us—drum and fife.
O the fife is pip - ing sweet, Help - ing on our tramp-ing feet.
Still the fife is pip - ing sweet, Help - ing on our will - ing feet.
Yet a - mid the din of strife, How they cheer us—drum and fife.

Marching Song


You may know where-e'er we come, By the fife and roll - ing drum.
How they cheer us as we come, Mar - tial fife and roll - ing drum.
Call us now and see us come, Brave and con-stant, fife and drum.

O Lord, how boundless is Thy Love

ISAAC WATTS W. KNAPP

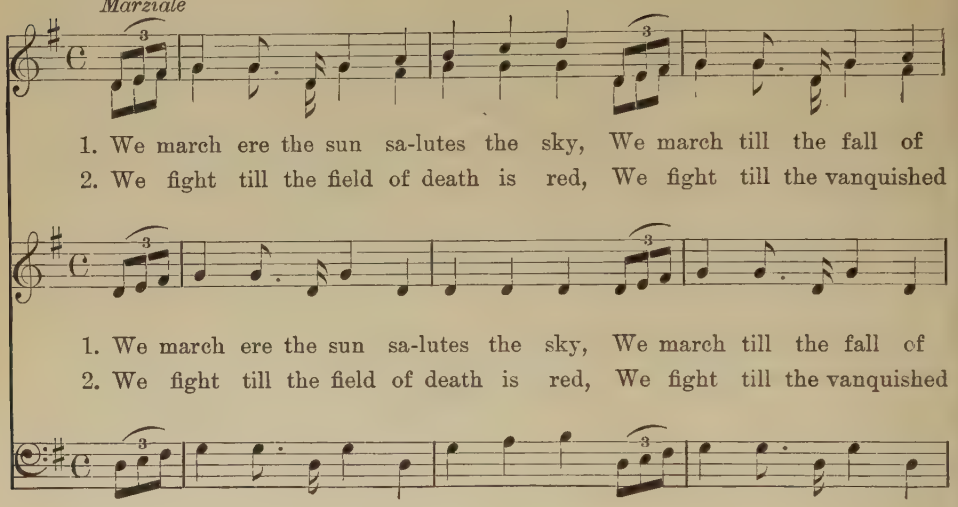

1. O Lord, how bound - less is Thy love! Thy gifts are
2. I yield my pow'rs to Thy com - mand, To Thee I
ev'r - y ev'n - ing new; And morn - ing mer - cies
con - se - crate my days; Per - pet - ual bless - ings
from a - bove Dis - til like ear - ly fresh'ning dew.
from Thy hand De - mand per - pet - ual songs of praise. A - MEN.

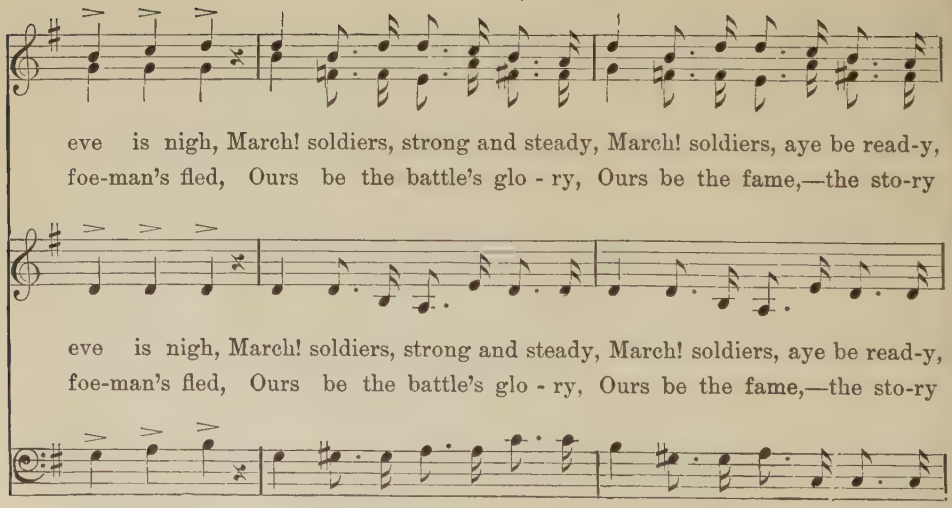
We March ere the Sun Salutes the Sky

Translated from the Spanish

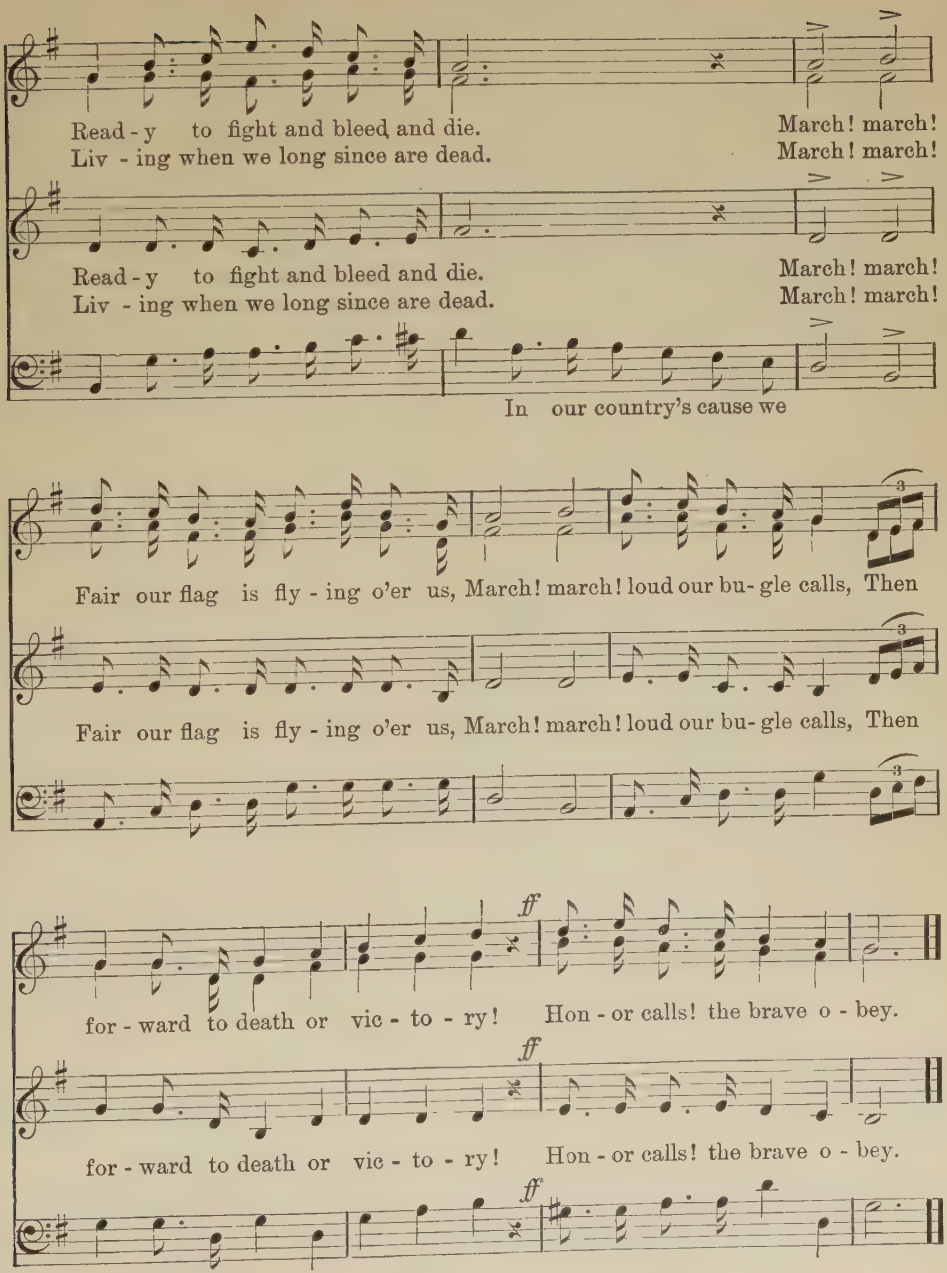
Spanish popular song

Marziale


1. We march ere the sun sa-lutes the sky, We march till the fall of
2. We fight till the field of death is red, We fight till the vanquished
1. We march ere the sun sa-lutes the sky, We march till the fall of
2. We fight till the field of death is red, We fight till the vanquished


eve is nigh, March! soldiers, strong and steady, March! soldiers, aye be read-y,
foe-man's fled, Ours be the battle's glo - ry, Ours be the fame,—the sto-ry
eve is nigh, March! soldiers, strong and steady, March! soldiers, aye be read-y,
foe-man's fled, Ours be the battle's glo - ry, Ours be the fame,—the sto-ry

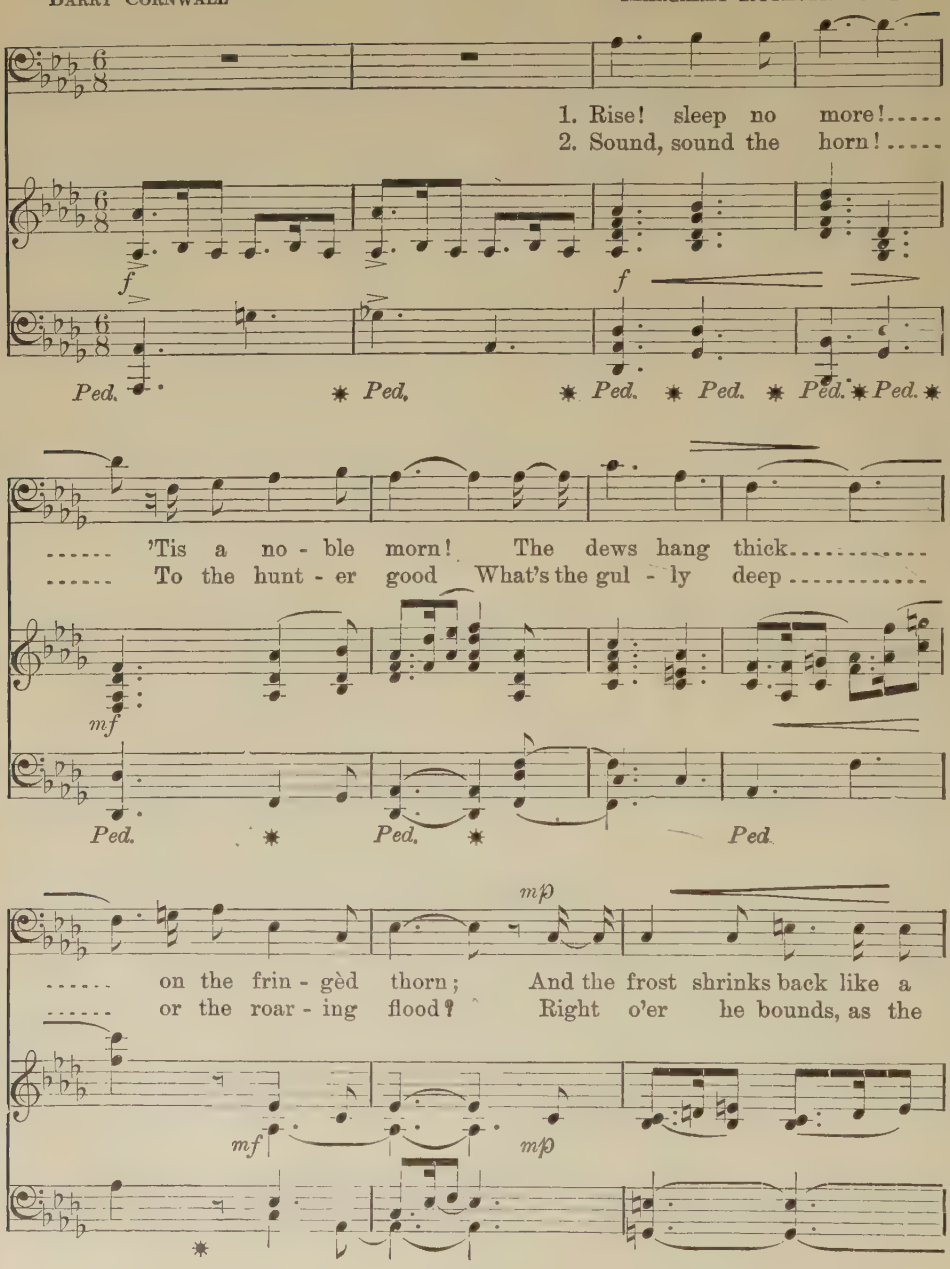
We March ere the Sun Salutes the Sky


Read - y to fight and bleed and die.
Liv - ing when we long since are dead.
March! march!
March! march!
Read - y to fight and bleed and die.
Liv - ing when we long since are dead.
March! march!
March! march!
In our country's cause we
Fair our flag is fly - ing o'er us, March! march! loud our bu- gle calls, Then
Fair our flag is fly - ing o'er us, March! march! loud our bu- gle calls, Then
ff
for - ward to death or vic - to - ry! Hon - or calls! the brave o - bey.
ff
for - ward to death or vic - to - ry! Hon - or calls! the brave o - bey.
ff

The Hunter's Song

BARRY CORNWALL

MARGARET RUTHVEN LANG


1. Rise! sleep no more!.....
2. Sound, sound the horn!.....
f
f
Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *
..... 'Tis a no - ble morn! The dews hang thick.....
..... To the hunt - er good What's the gul - ly deep .....
mf
Ped. * Ped. * Ped
mp
..... on the frin - gèd thorn; And the frost shrinks back like a
..... or the roar - ing flood? Right o'er he bounds, as the
mf
mp
*

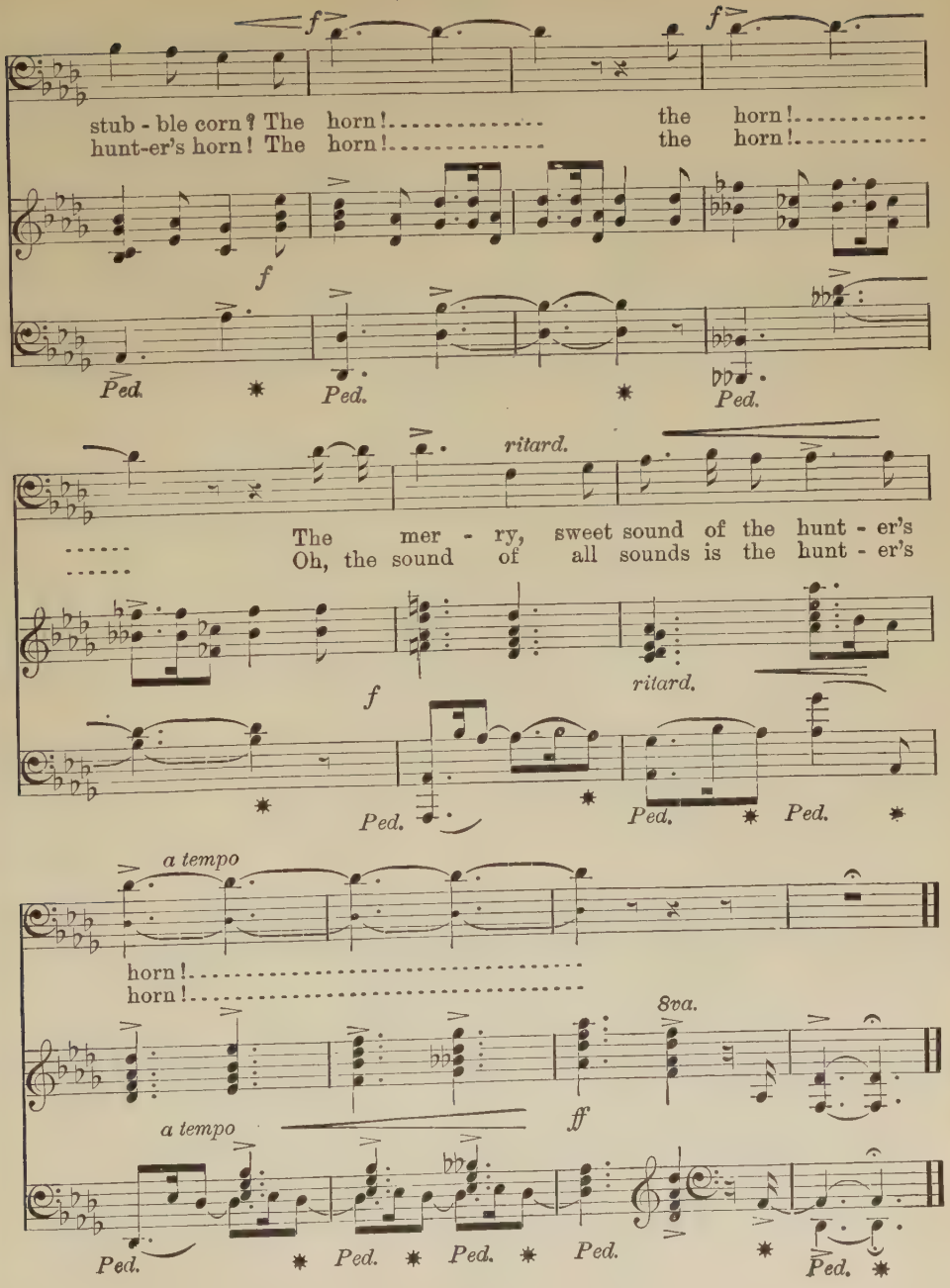
The Hunter's Song

mf
mf
beat - en hound Un - der the steam - ing, steam - ing ground. Be -
wild stag bounds At the heels of the swift, sure, si - lent hounds.
Ped.
hold where the bil - low - y clouds float
Oh! what de - light can a mor - tal
mp
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.
by,..... And leave us a - lone in the
lack, ... When once he is firm on his
Ped.
Ped.
Ped.

The Hunter's Song

mf
clear, gray sky!..... Our hors - es are read - y and
hors e's back,..... With his stir - rups short and his
mf
Ped. Ped. Ped.
stead - y so ho!.. I'm gone like a dart from the Tartar's bow. Hark!
snaf - fle strong, And the blast of the horn for his morn-ing song. Hark!
Ped.
cres.
Hark! who call - eth the maid - en morn, From her sleep in the woods and the
Hark! now home and dream till morn Of the bold,.. sweet sound of the
cres.
Ped. Ped. Ped.

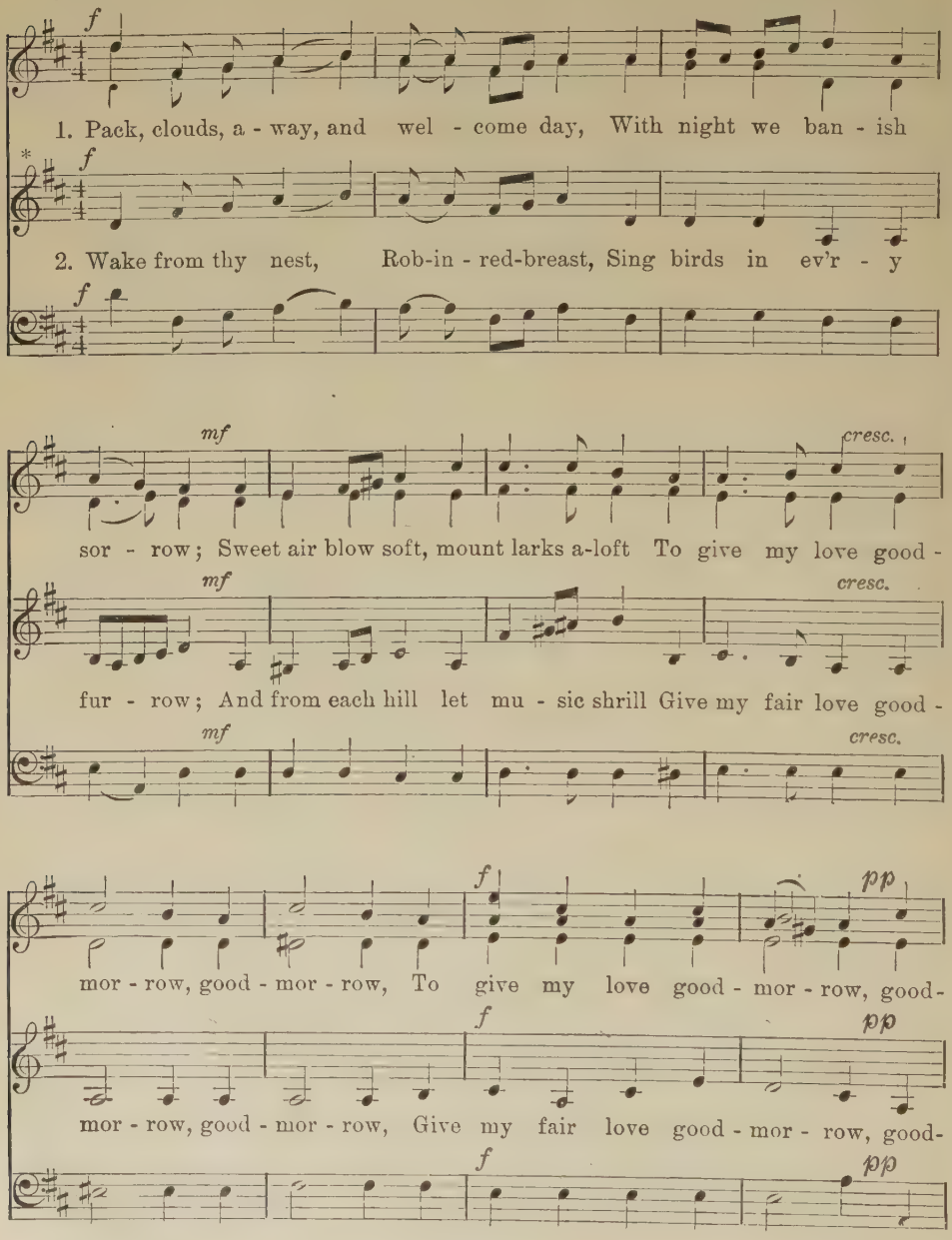
The Hunter's Song



Pack, Clouds, Away

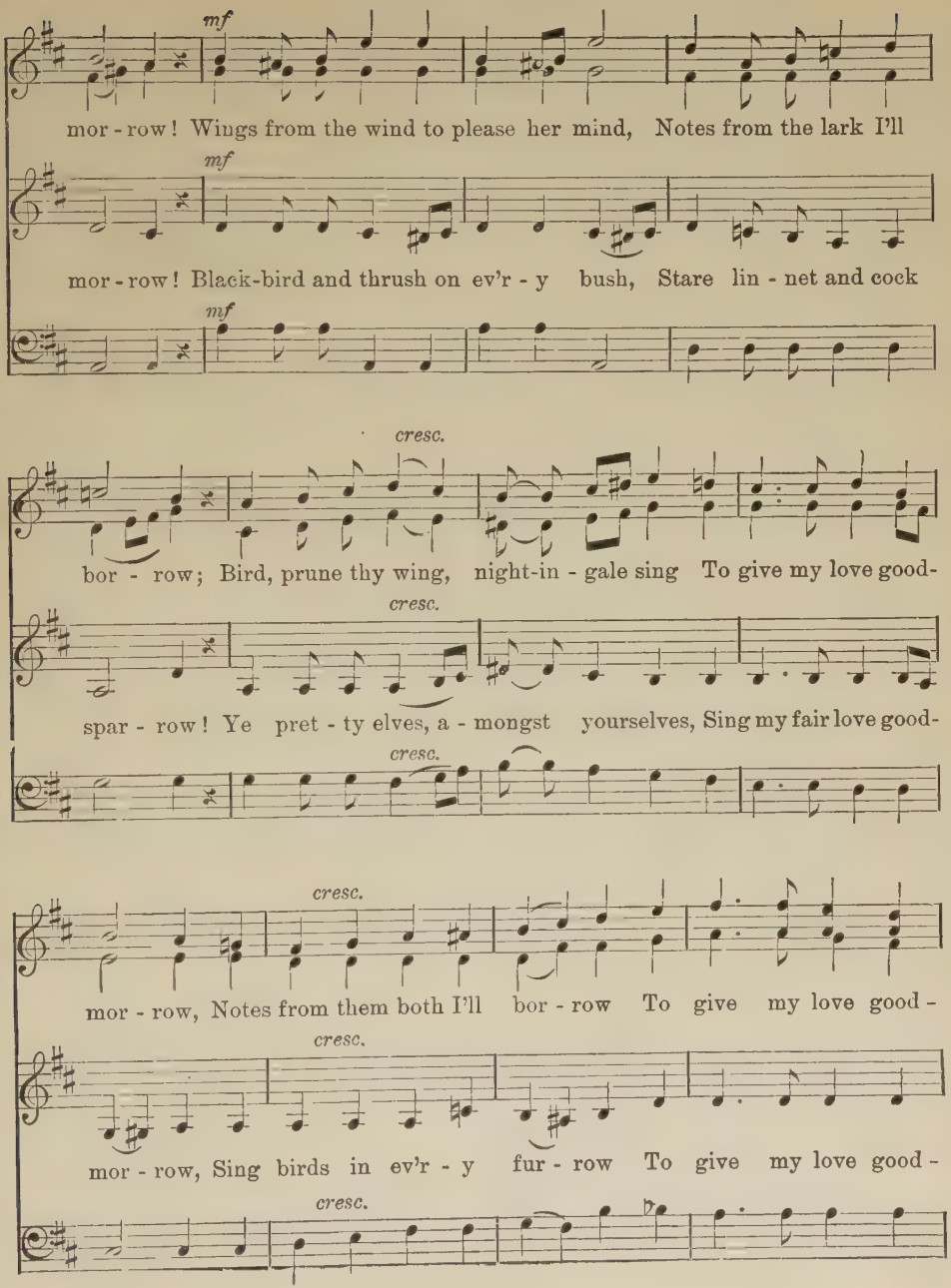
THOMAS HEYWOOD

W. A. C. CRUIKSHANK

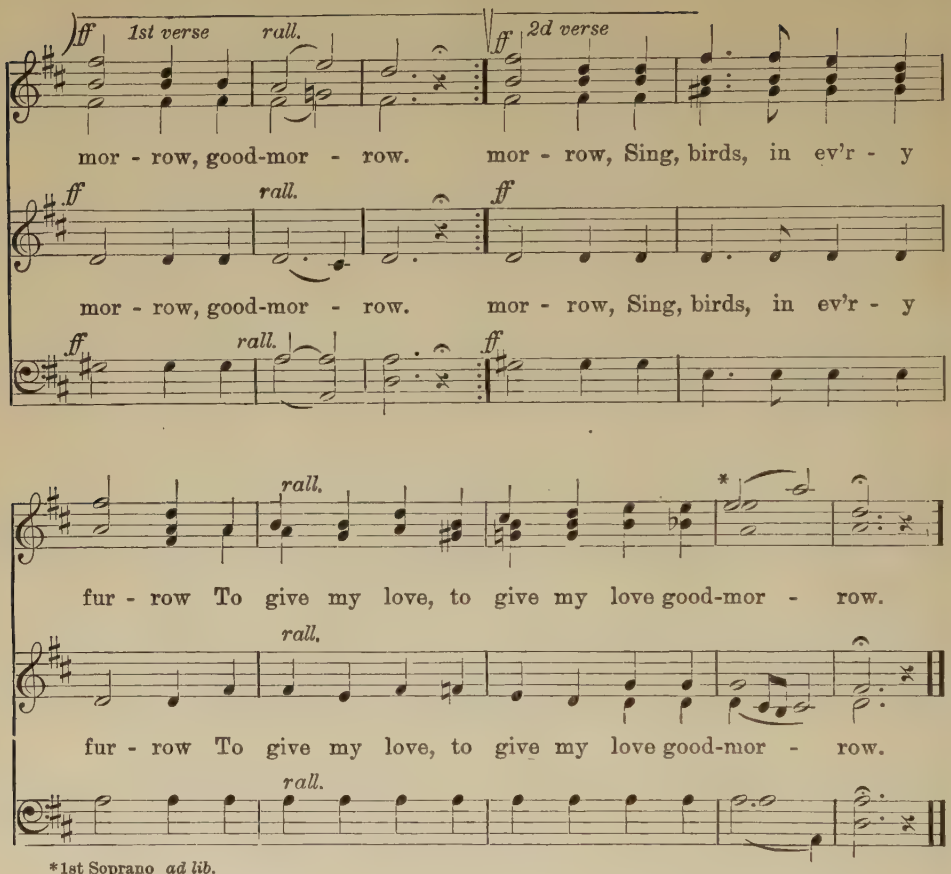

f
1. Pack, clouds, a - way, and wel - come day, With night we ban - ish
*
f
2. Wake from thy nest, Rob-in - red-breast, Sing birds in ev'r - y
f
mf
cresc.
sor - row; Sweet air blow soft, mount larks a-loft To give my love good -
mf
cresc.
fur - row; And from each hill let mu - sic shrill Give my fair love good -
mf
cresc.
f
pp
mor - row, good - mor - row, To give my love good - mor - row, good-
f
pp
mor - row, good - mor - row, Give my fair love good - mor - row, good-
f
pp

* Boy's low alto

Pack, Clouds, Away


mf
mor - row! Wings from the wind to please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll
mf
mor - row! Black-bird and thrush on ev'r - y bush, Stare lin - net and cock
mf
cresc.
bor - row; Bird, prune thy wing, night-in - gale sing To give my love good-
cresc.
spar - row! Ye pret - ty elves, a - mongst yourselves, Sing my fair love good-
cresc.
cresc.
mor - row, Notes from them both I'll bor - row To give my love good -
cresc.
mor - row, Sing birds in ev'r - y fur - row To give my love good -
cresc.

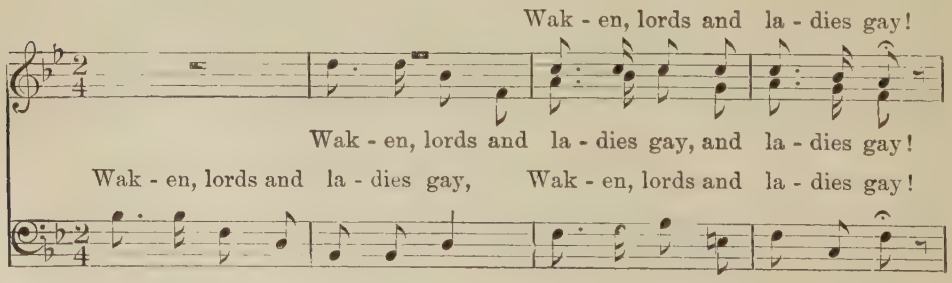
Pack, Clouds, Away


ff
1st verse
rall.
2d verse
mor - row, good-mor - row. mor - row, Sing, birds, in ev'r - y
mor - row, good-mor - row. mor - row, Sing, birds, in ev'r - y
fur - row To give my love, to give my love good-mor - row.
fur - row To give my love, to give my love good-mor - row.

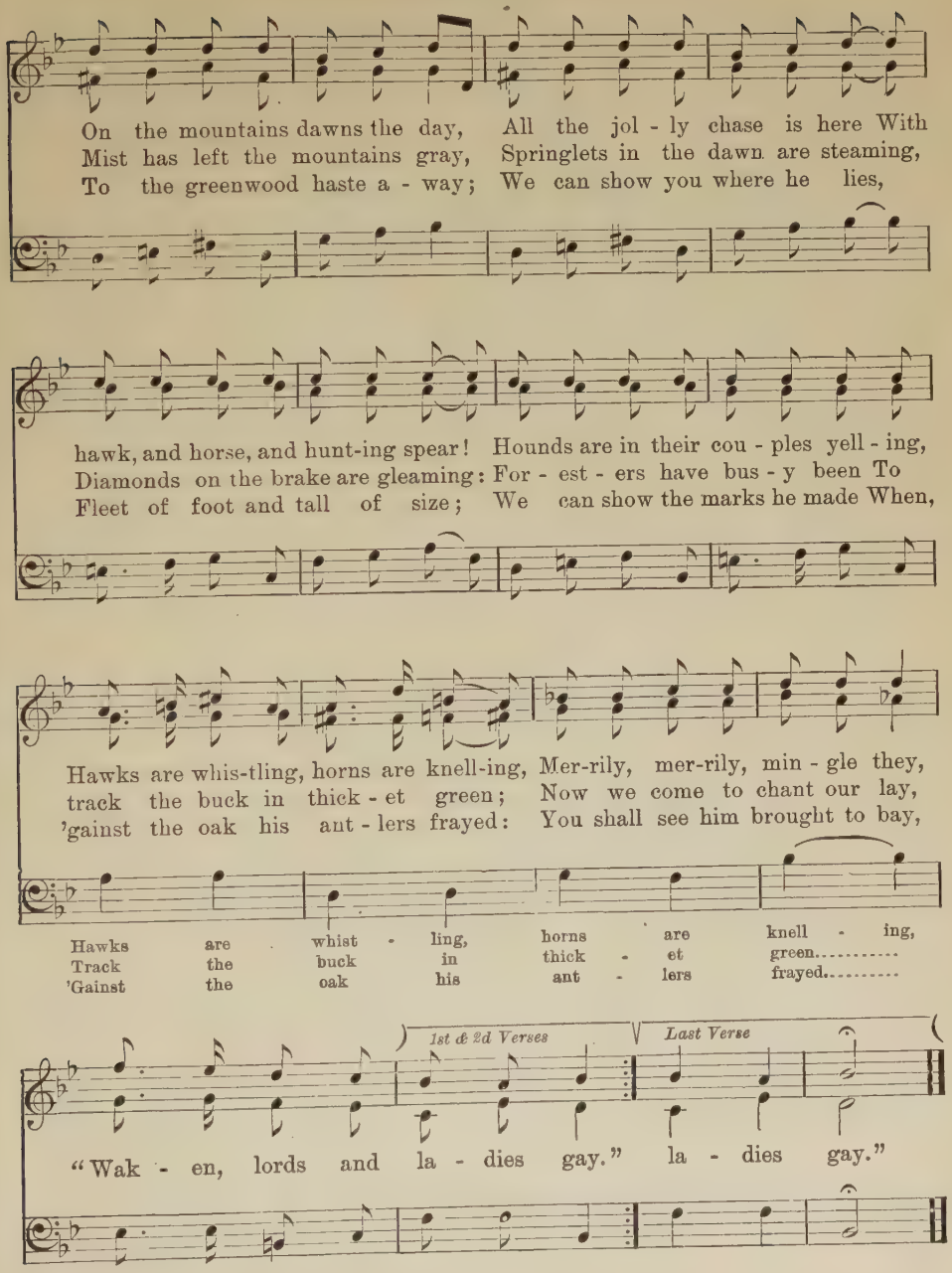
*1st Soprano *ad lib.*

Hunting Song

SIR WALTER SCOTT ADOLF WEIDIG

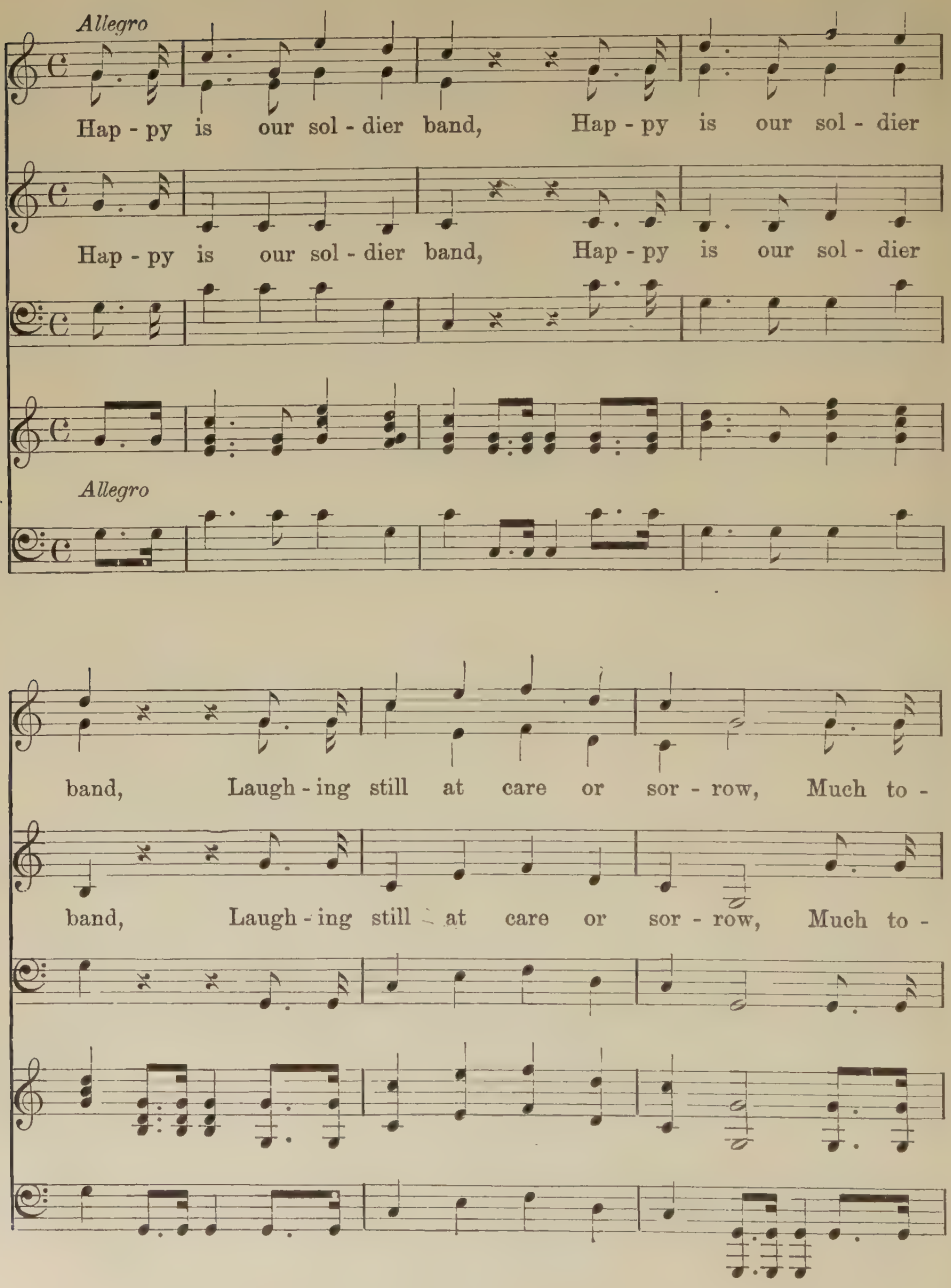

Wak - en, lords and la - dies gay!
Wak - en, lords and la - dies gay, and la - dies gay!
Wak - en, lords and la - dies gay, Wak - en, lords and la - dies gay!

Hunting Song

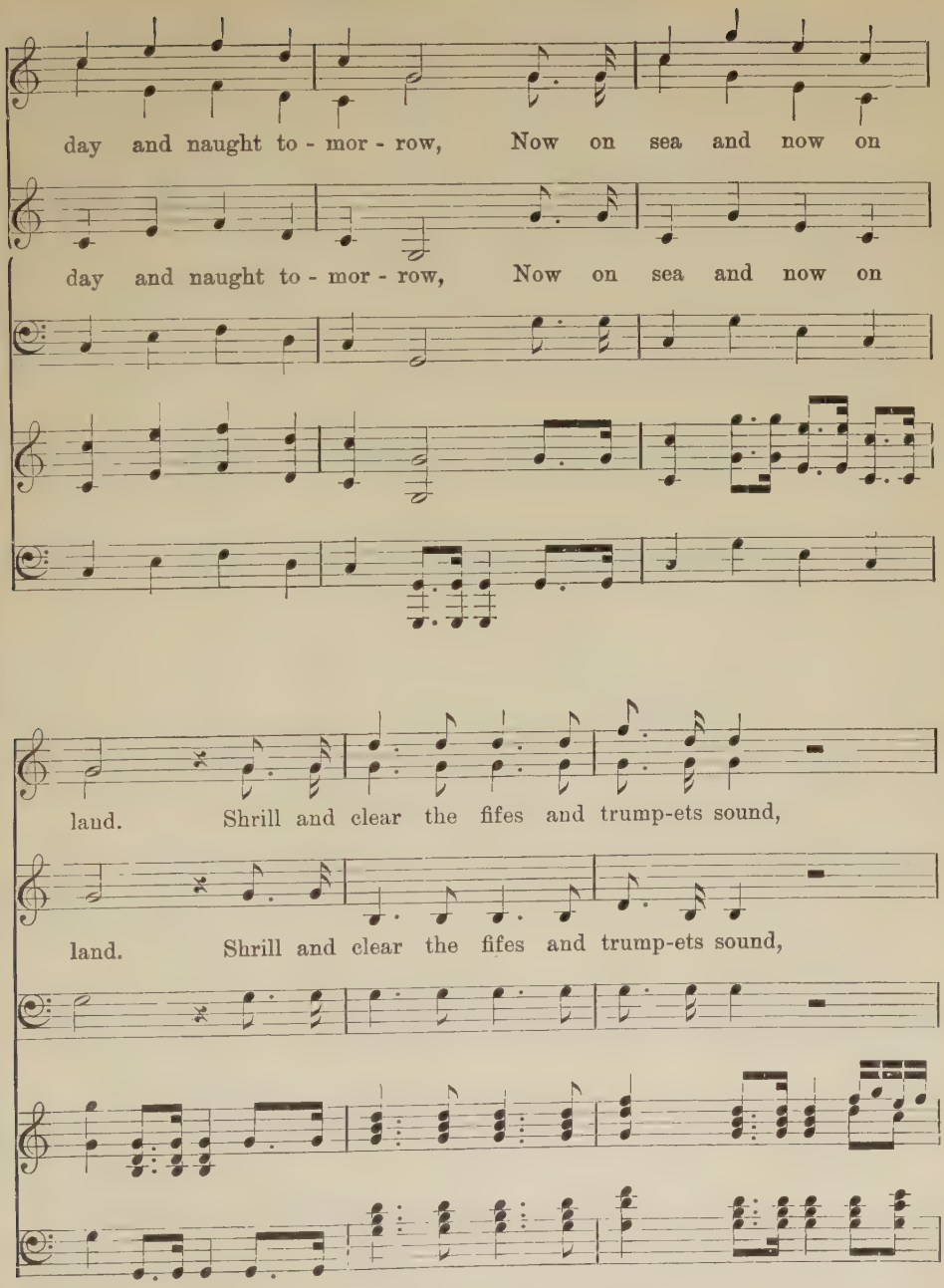

On the mountains dawns the day, All the jol - ly chase is here With
Mist has left the mountains gray, Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
To the greenwood haste a - way; We can show you where he lies,
hawk, and horse, and hunt-ing spear! Hounds are in their cou - ples yell - ing,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming: For - est - ers have bus - y been To
Fleet of foot and tall of size; We can show the marks he made When,
Hawks are whis-tling, horns are knell-ing, Mer-rily, mer-rily, min - gle they,
track the buck in thick - et green; Now we come to chant our lay,
'gainst the oak his ant - lers frayed: You shall see him brought to bay,
Hawks are whist - ling, horns are knell - ing,
Track the buck in thick - et green.....
'Gainst the oak his ant - lers frayed.....
1st & 2d Verses
Last Verse
"Wak - en, lords and la - dies gay." la - dies gay."

Happy is our Soldier Band

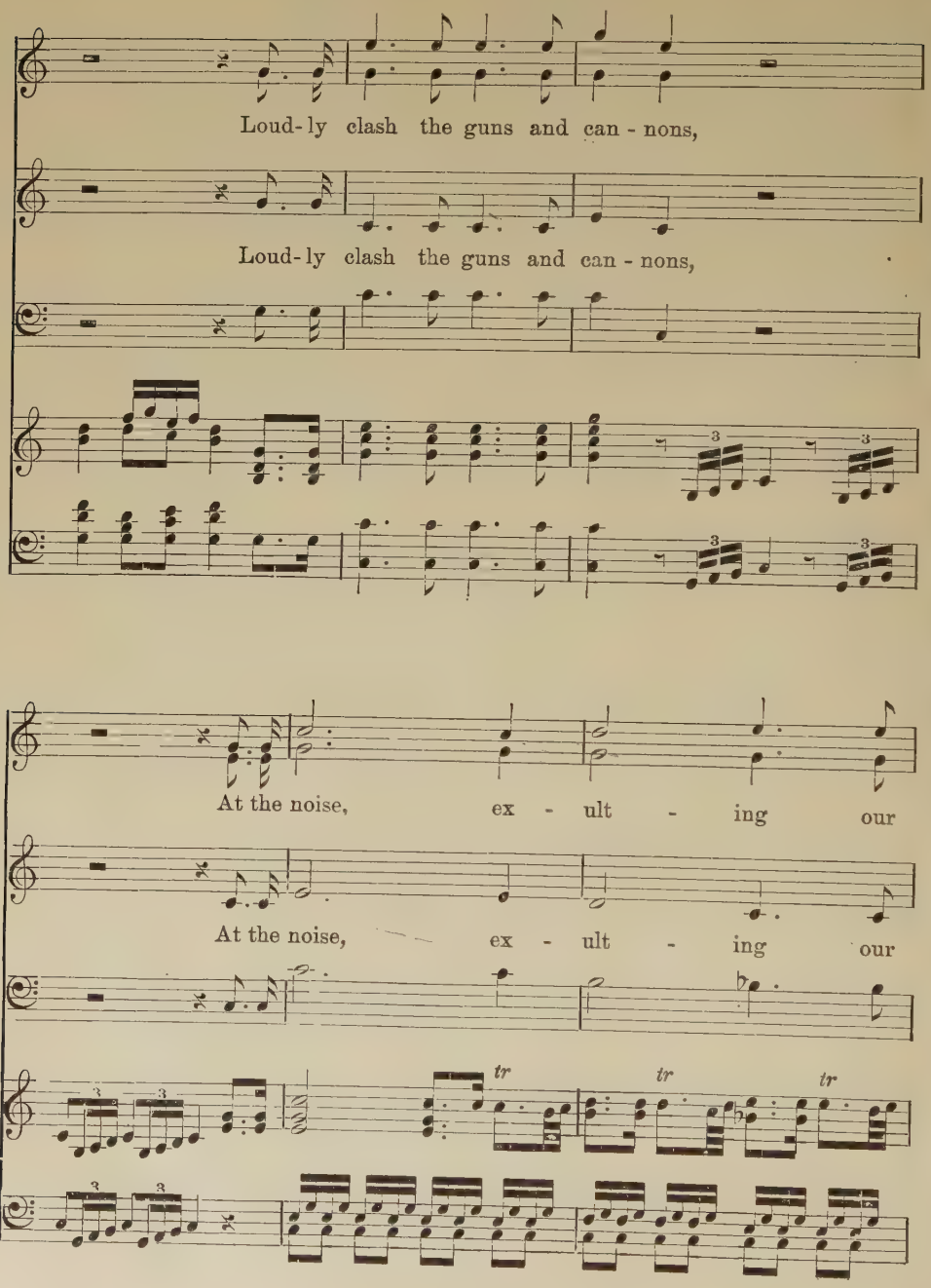
MOZART


Allegro
Hap - py is our sol - dier band, Hap - py is our sol - dier
Hap - py is our sol - dier band, Hap - py is our sol - dier
Allegro
band, Laugh - ing still at care or sor - row, Much to -
band, Laugh - ing still at care or sor - row, Much to -

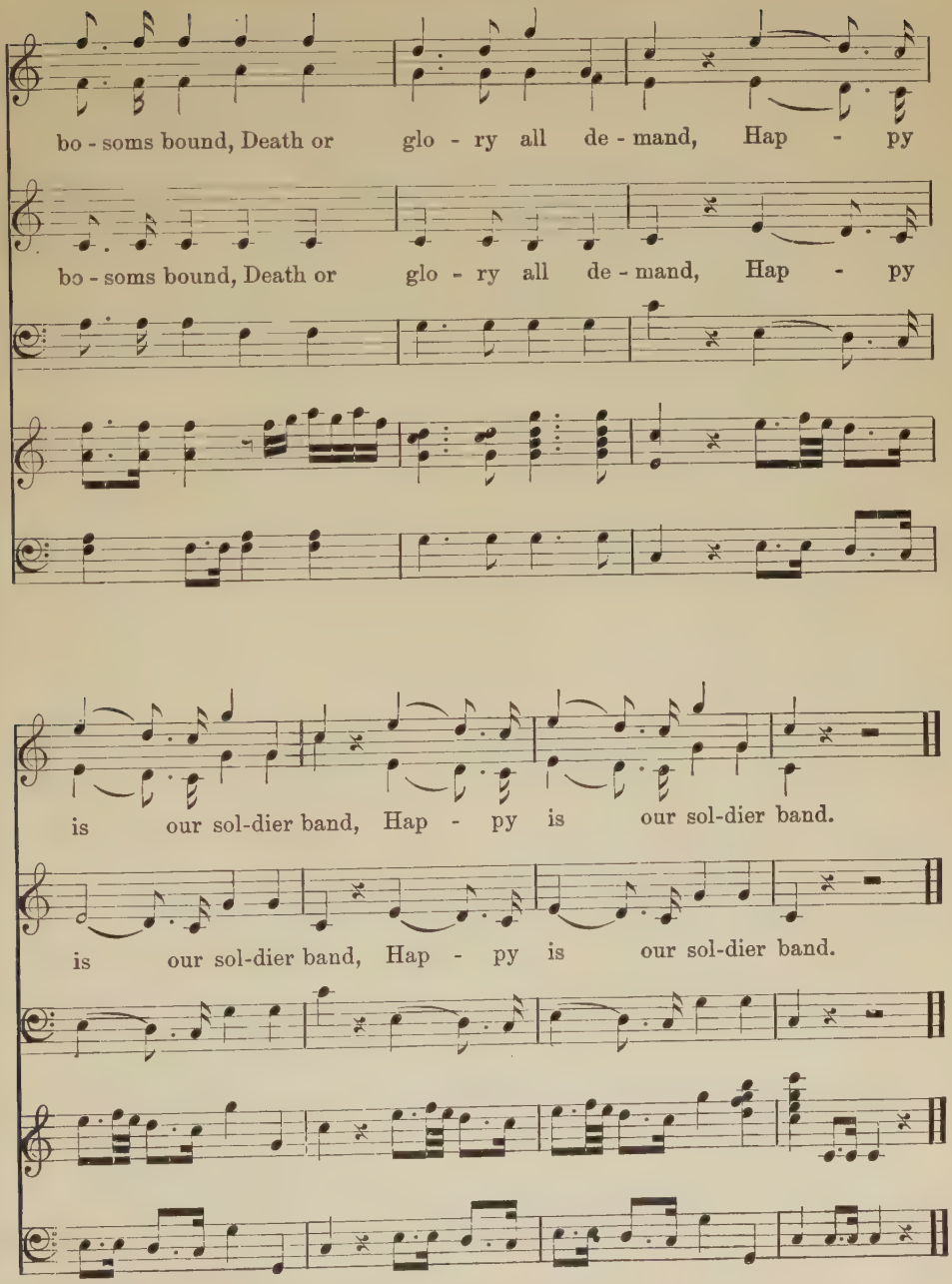
Happy is our Soldier Band


day and naught to - mor - row, Now on sea and now on
day and naught to - mor - row, Now on sea and now on
land. Shrill and clear the fifes and trump-ets sound,
land. Shrill and clear the fifes and trump-ets sound,

Happy is our Soldier Band


Loud-ly clash the guns and can - nons,
Loud-ly clash the guns and can - nons,
At the noise, ex - ult - ing our
At the noise, ex - ult - ing our
tr
tr
tr

Happy is our Soldier Band


bo - soms bound, Death or glo - ry all de - mand, Hap - py
bo - soms bound, Death or glo - ry all de - mand, Hap - py
is our sol-dier band, Hap - py is our sol-dier band.
is our sol-dier band, Hap - py is our sol-dier band.

Angelus

From the French of ARMAND SYLVESTRE

C. CHAMINADE

Andante

MEZZO SOPRANO

f

1. As bend - ing wea - ry o'er the fur - row Our tir - ed
here our fer-vent hearts in- clin - ing, As low our

ALTO OR BARITONE

f

1. As bend - ing wea - ry o'er the fur - row Our tir - ed
here our fer-vent hearts in- clin - ing, As low our

Andante

f *mp*

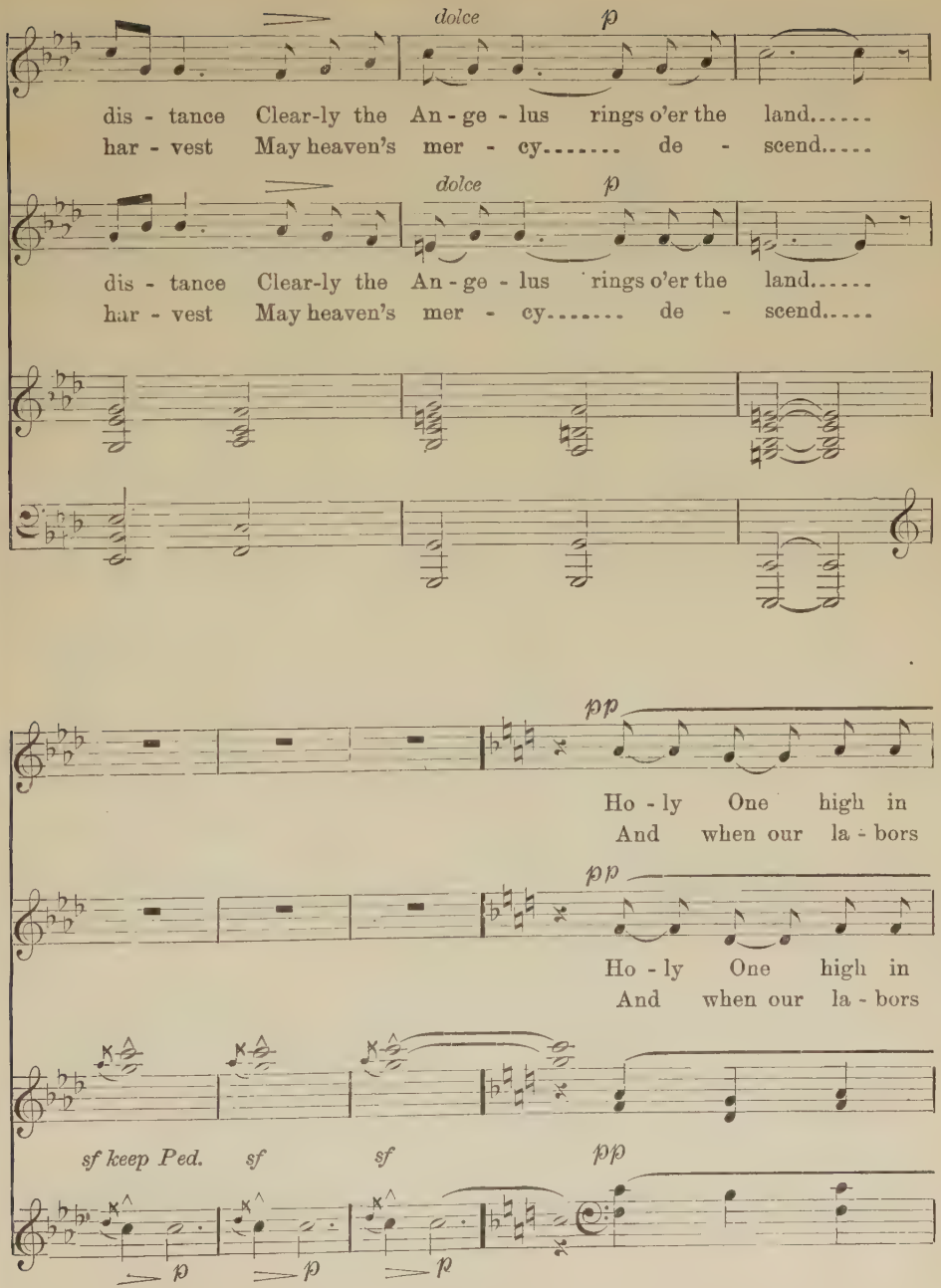
frames no more can stand, A - far out in the ha - zy
knees in pray'r we bend. —— E'er on our heads and on the

f

frames no more can stand, A - far out in the
knees in pray'r we bend. —— E'er on the

mf *f* *mp*

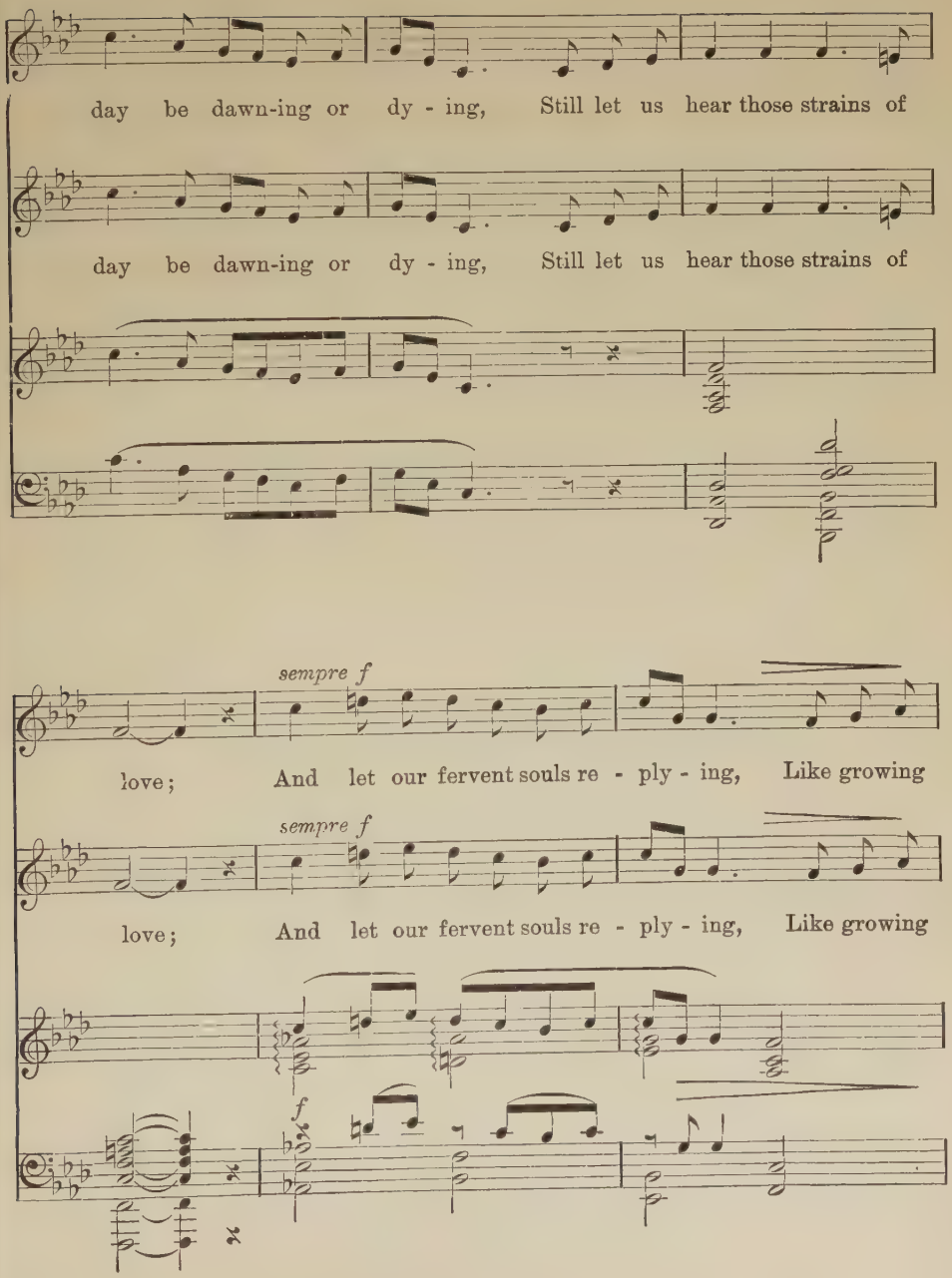
Angelus


dolce
p
dis - tance Clear-ly the An - ge - lus rings o'er the land.....
har - vest May heaven's mer - cy..... de - scend.....
dolce
p
dis - tance Clear-ly the An - ge - lus rings o'er the land.....
har - vest May heaven's mer - cy..... de - scend.....
pp
Ho - ly One high in
And when our la - bors
pp
Ho - ly One high in
And when our la - bors
sf keep Ped.
sf
sf
pp
p
p
p

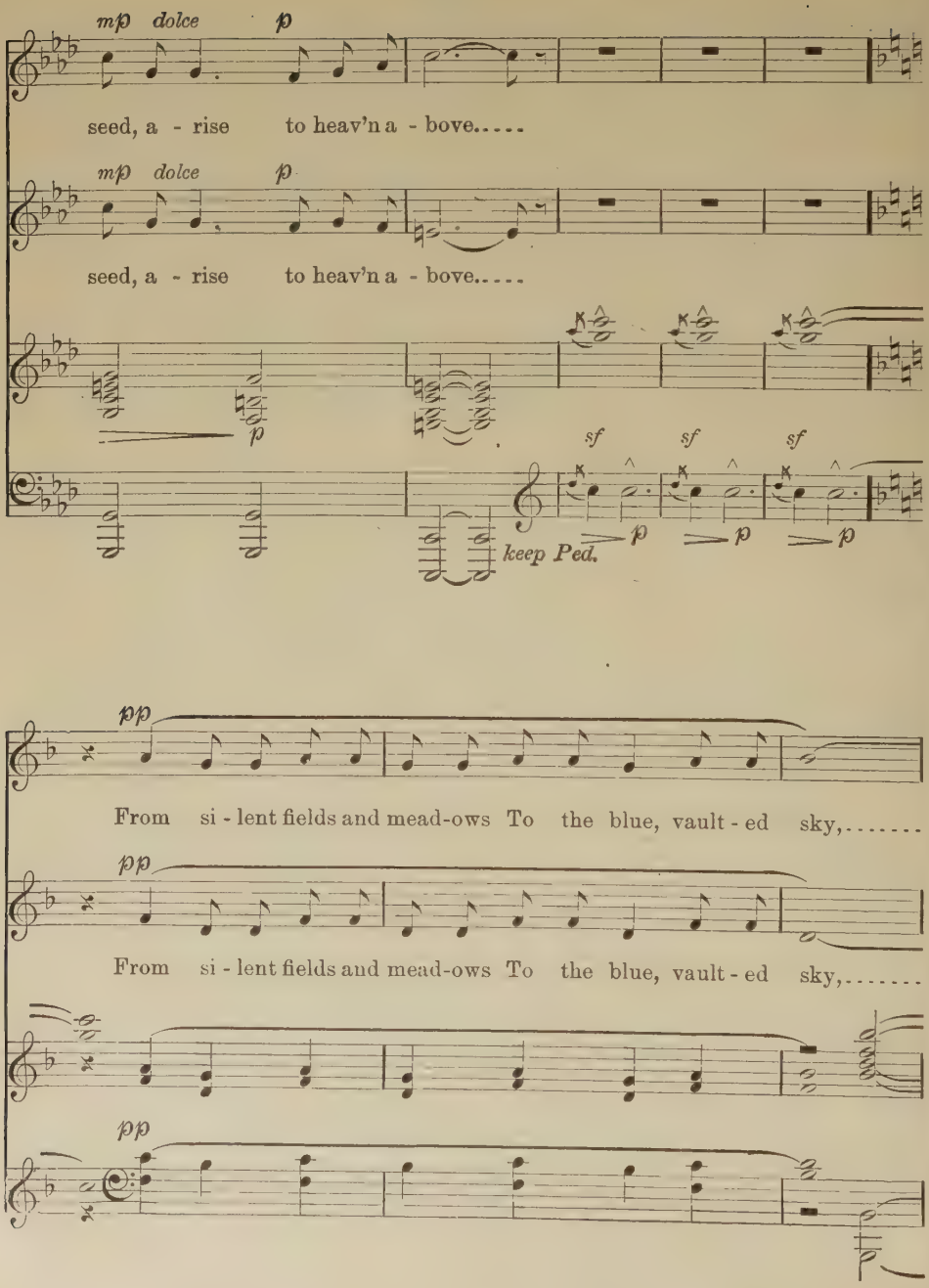
Angelus

poco più f
Heav-en, May Thy name e'er be blest:.... O hear our fer-vent cry,
end-ed, The end of life is nigh;.... Still ring out to the sky,
poco più f
Heav-en, May Thy name e'er be blest:.... O hear our fer-vent cry,
end-ed, The end of life is nigh;.... Still ring out to the sky,
ppp
più f
f largo
a tempo
p rit. - - - -
a tempo
Fine
f
An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!.... An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!.... 2. Whether
f largo
a tempo
p rit. - - - -
a tempo
Fine
f
An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!.... An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!.... 2. Whether
Fine
L.H.
f largo
a tempo
p rit. - - - -
a tempo
f

Angelus


day be dawn-ing or dy - ing, Still let us hear those strains of
day be dawn-ing or dy - ing, Still let us hear those strains of
sempre f
love; And let our fervent souls re - ply - ing, Like growing
sempre f
love; And let our fervent souls re - ply - ing, Like growing
f

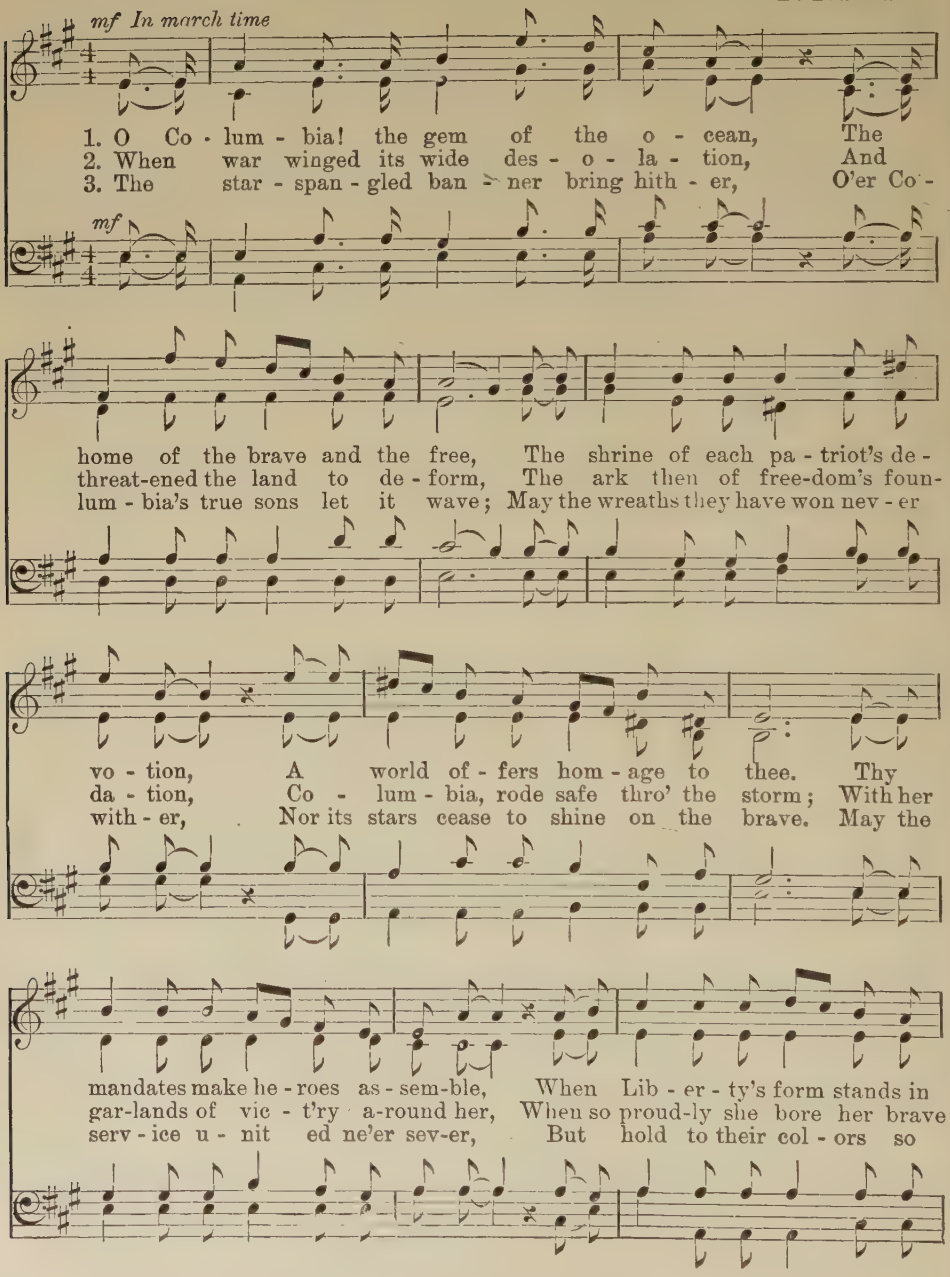
Angelus


mp dolce
p
seed, a - rise to heav'n a - bove.....
mp dolce
p
seed, a - rise to heav'n a - bove.....
p
sf
sf
sf
keep Ped.
p
p
p
pp
From si - lent fields and mead-ows To the blue, vault - ed sky,.....
pp
From si - lent fields and mead-ows To the blue, vault - ed sky,.....
pp

più f
f largo
.... Rings out the hope-ful cry,..... An-ge-lus Do-mi-
più f
f largo
.... Rings out the hope-ful cry,..... An-ge-lus Do-mi-
più f
f largo
a tempo
pp rit. - - - - - - a tempo
p D.S.
ni!..... An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!..... 3. As.....
a tempo
pp rit. - - - - - - a tempo
p D.S.
ni!..... An-ge-lus Do-mi-ni!..... 3. As.....
L.H.
a tempo
pp rit. - - - - - - a tempo
D.S.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

D. T. Shaw

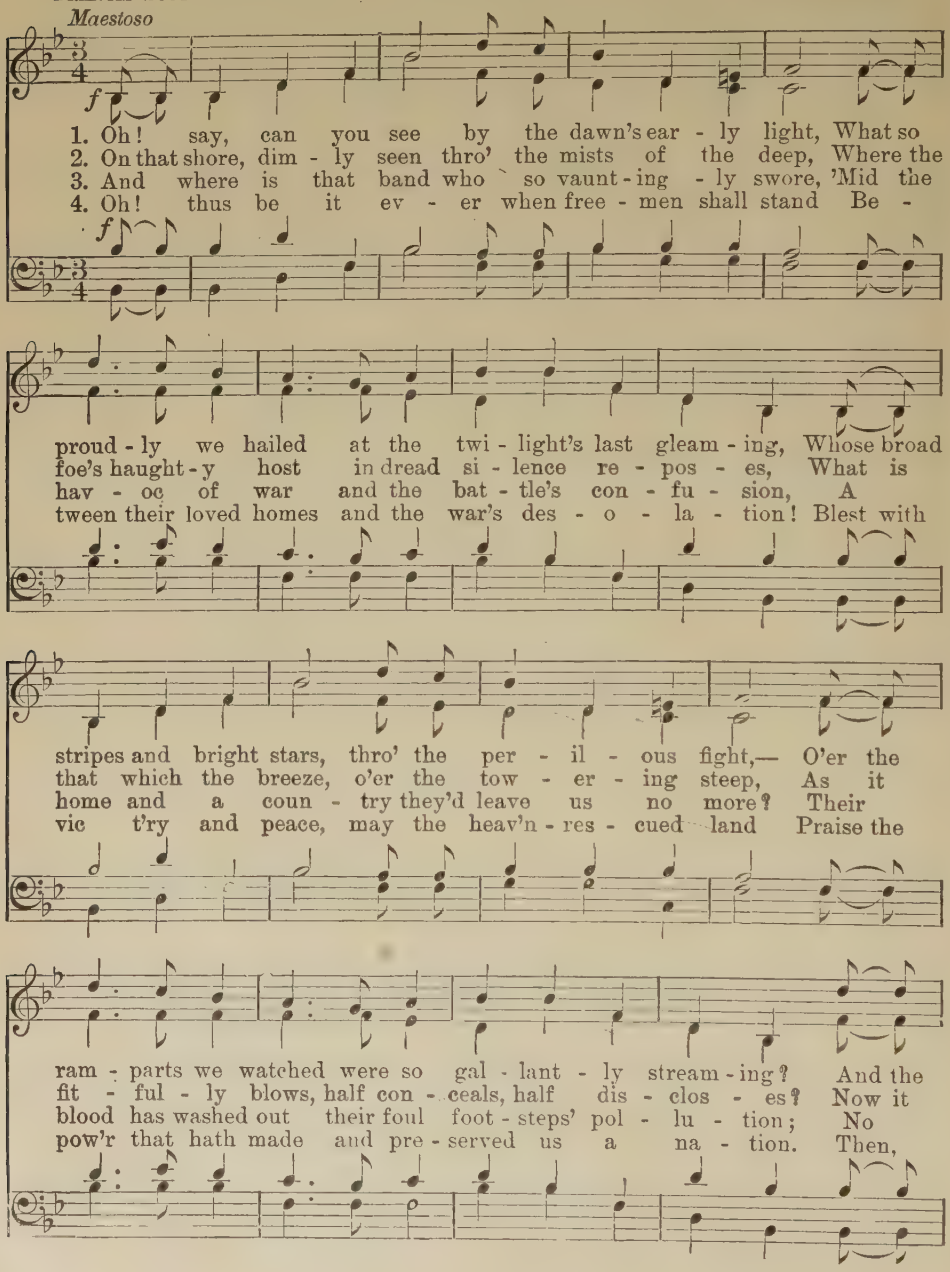

mf In march time
1. O Co - lum - bia! the gem of the o - cean, The
2. When war winged its wide des - o - la - tion, And
3. The star - span - gled ban - ner bring hith - er, O'er Co -
mf
home of the brave and the free, The shrine of each pa - triot's de -
threat-ened the land to de - form, The ark then of free-dom's foun-
lum - bia's true sons let it wave; May the wreaths they have won nev - er
vo - tion, A world of - fers hom - age to thee. Thy
da - tion, Co - lum - bia, rode safe thro' the storm; With her
with - er, Nor its stars cease to shine on the brave. May the
mandates make he - roes as - sem-ble, When Lib - er - ty's form stands in
gar-lands of vic - t'ry a-round her, When so proud-ly she bore her brave
serv - ice u - nit ed ne'er sev-er, But hold to their col - ors so

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean

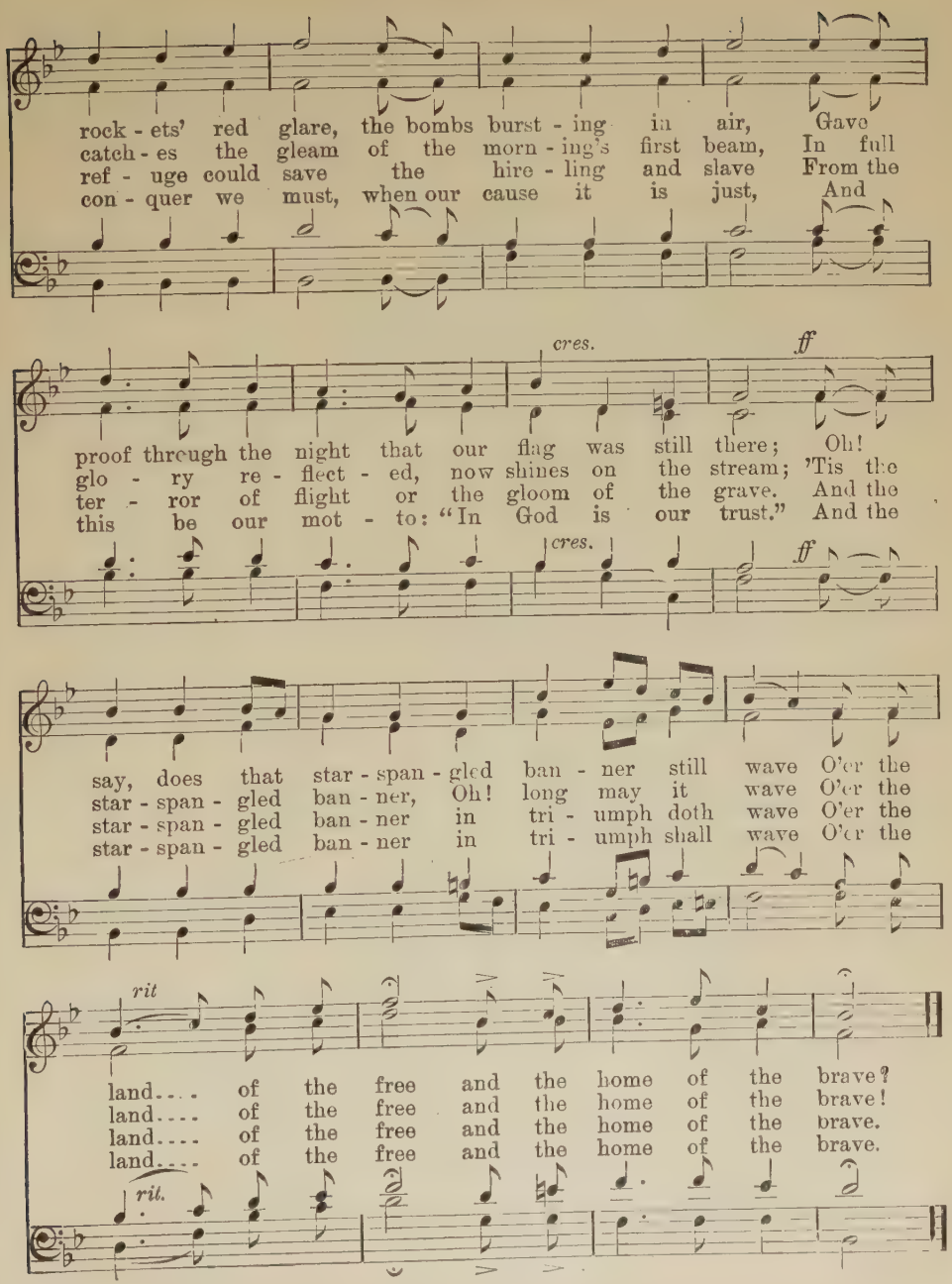
view; Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny trem - ble, When
crew; With her flag proud - ly float - ing be - fore her, The
true! The Ar - my and Na - vy for - ev - er, Three
borne by the red, white, and blue, When borne by the red, white, and blue,
boast of the red, white, and blue, The boast of the red, white, and blue,
cheers for the red, white, and blue! Three cheers for the red, white, and blue,
When borne by the red, white, and blue, Thy ban - ners make tyr - an - ny
The boast of the red, white, and blue, With her flag proud-ly float - ing be -
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue! The Ar - my and Na - vy for -
trem - ble When borne by the red, white, and blue.
fore her, The boast of the red, white, and blue.
ev - er, Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.

The Star-Spangled Banner

FRANCIS SCOTT KEY — SAMUEL ARNOLD


Maestoso
f
1. Oh! say, can you see by the dawn's ear - ly light, What so
2. On that shore, dim - ly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the
3. And where is that band who so vaunt - ing - ly swore, 'Mid the
4. Oh! thus be it ev - er when free - men shall stand Be -
f
proud - ly we hailed at the twi - light's last gleam - ing, Whose broad
foe's haught - y host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
hav - oc of war and the bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A
tween their loved homes and the war's des - o - la - tion! Blest with
stripes and bright stars, thro' the per - il - ous fight,— O'er the
that which the breeze, o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
home and a coun - try they'd leave us no more? Their
vic t'ry and peace, may the heav'n - res - cued land Praise the
ram - parts we watched were so gal - lant - ly stream - ing? And the
fit - ful - ly blows, half con - ceals, half dis - clos - es? Now it
blood has washed out their foul foot - steps' pol - lu - tion; No
pow'r that hath made and pre - served us a na - tion. Then,

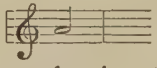
The Star-Spangled Banner


rock - ets' red glare, the bombs burst - ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn - ing's first beam, In full
ref - uge could save the hire - ling and slave From the
con - quer we must, when our cause it is just, And
cres.
ff
proof through the night that our flag was still there; Oh!
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream; 'Tis the
ter - ror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the
this be our mot - to: "In God is our trust." And the
cres.
ff
say, does that star - span - gled ban - ner still wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner, Oh! long may it wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph doth wave O'er the
star - span - gled ban - ner in tri - umph shall wave O'er the
rit
land.... of the free and the home of the brave?
land.... of the free and the home of the brave!
land.... of the free and the home of the brave.
land.... of the free and the home of the brave.
rit.

THE RUDIMENTS OF MUSIC.

Musical sounds are called tones. They are distinguished by their quality, power and pitch.

The **pitch** of a tone is its highness or lowness, and depends on the frequency of the vibrations producing the tone. The standard of pitch quite generally adopted is 435 A, that is, four hundred thirty-five sound vibrations per second produce a tone called A.



Doubling the number of vibrations of a given tone produces its **octave**. A tone and its octave sound so much alike that one seems to be almost a pure repetition of the other. When men and women sing in unison they are in the same key but their voices are an octave apart. The boys whose voices are changed sing an octave lower than the rest of the class.

An **interval** is the difference in pitch between two tones. A **half step** or **minor second** is the smallest interval recognized in our tonal system. A **step** or **major second** is equal to two half steps. A **minor third** is equal to three half steps and a **major third** to four half steps.

A **Key** is that relationship of tones which makes a harmonic connection among all the tones of a piece of music, based on a predominant tone called the key note or tonic. The tones of a key admit of an endless variety of melodic progressions.

A **scale** is a succession of tones, ascending or descending in the order of their pitch from the key note to its upper or lower octave. The most familiar scale is the **major scale** which consists of eight tones with half steps between 3–4 and 7–8 and whole steps between 1–2, 2–3, 4–5, 5–6, and 6–7.

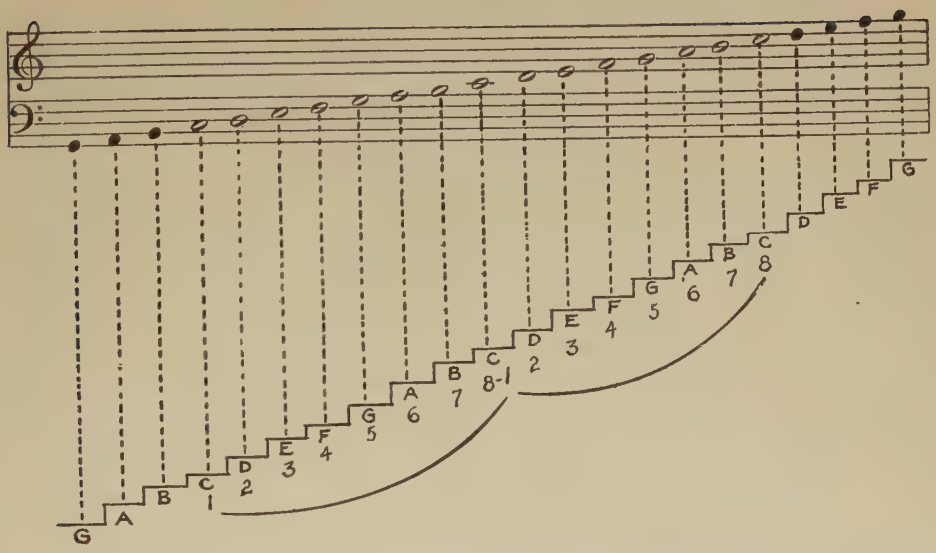
The **minor scale** is distinguished from the major in that the first third of a minor scale is always a minor third while the first third of a major scale is always a major third.

The **chromatic scale** has thirteen tones and progresses by half steps.

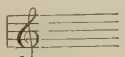
The major and minor scales are called **diatonic** scales as distinguished from the **chromatic** scale.

Intermediate tones are tones coming between the whole steps of the diatonic scales.

Tones have individual names to indicate their pitch, and also other names to designate their scale or key relations. The pitch names are A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The scale names are 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, and their respective syllable names do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, ti, do. The syllables are used for singing names as well as scale names.



The **staff** is a character used to represent tones. **Staff degrees** are the lines and spaces of the staff. The upper part of the **great staff** is called the **treble staff**; the lower part is called the **bass staff**. These parts are usually printed separately and are designated by characters called clefs.


Treble Clef.

Bass Clef.

Lines and spaces are added above and below the staff as necessity requires.

The staff with no sharps or flats is made to represent the key of C major. That is, C is taken as the key note, and, therefore, the degrees of the staff which represent the half steps are E–F (3–4) and B–C (7–8). When any other tone than C is taken as the key note, the steps and half steps of the staff do not represent the natural order of scale tones. To correct this, sharps and flats are used.

The **sharp** (♯) makes a staff degree represent another tone a half step higher. The **double sharp** (×) makes a staff degree, already sharped, represent another tone a half step higher than one sharp.

The **flat** (♭) makes a staff degree represent another tone a half step lower. The **double flat** (♭♭) makes a staff degree already flatted represent another tone a half step lower than one flat.

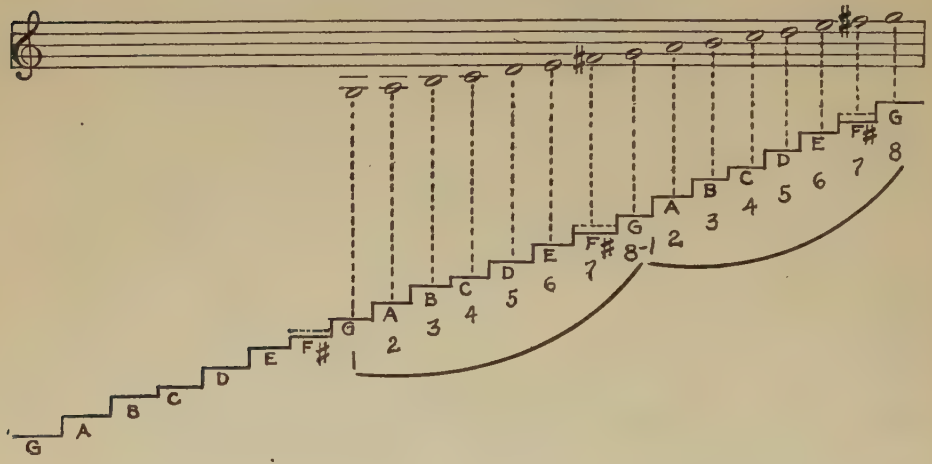
The **natural** (♮) cancels the effect of a sharp or a flat. ♮♯ cancels the (×) leaving one sharp in force. ♮♭ cancels the ♭♭ leaving one flat in force.

Staff Intervals are reckoned by staff degrees, for instance, a minor second or a major second covers two staff degrees. A minor third or a major third covers three staff degrees.

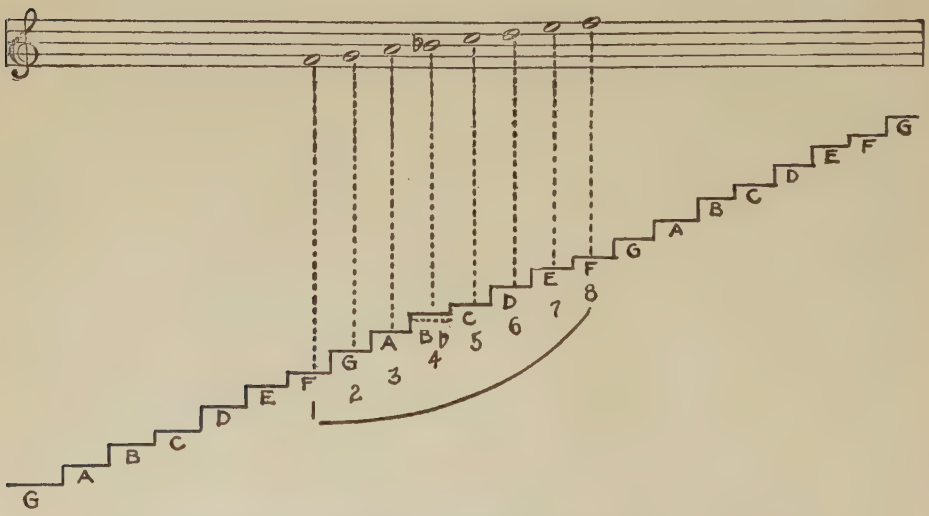
An augmented interval is a half step greater than either a perfect or a major interval, but it covers the same number of staff degrees. **A diminished** interval is a half step less than either a perfect or a minor interval, but it covers the same number of staff degrees.

The following diagrams show how the major scale is represented in different keys.

THE SCALE OF G IN TWO OCTAVES.



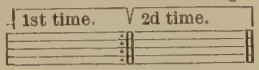
THE SCALE OF F.



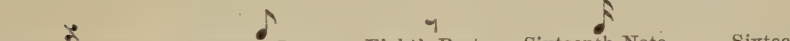
Staccato marks or indicate that the tones be short and disconnected, the opposite of legato.

The repeat, dots immediately before or after a bar. The repeat before a bar, thus. means repeat the music either from the beginning or from a preceding repeat after a bar, thus, .

First and second endings.

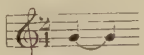


In the repetition, substitute the music marked 2d time for that marked 1st time. D. C. or Da Capo, — **from the beginning,** means repeat from the beginning to the word **Fine.** D.S. or Dal Segno, — from the sign to **Fine. Coda,** — an additional closing passage used to make the composition more complete.



Bars, — Vertical lines across the staff for dividing the music into measures, or rhythm groups.

Brace. — A curved or vertical line joining two or more staffs.

Tie, —  a curved line joining two notes of the same pitch, making them represent a continuous tone.

Slur, — Curved line connecting notes of different pitch.

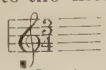
Hold, or .

Dot, . Adds to a note or rest half its time value.

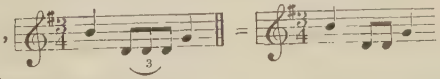
Double Dot, . . add to a note three-fourths its time value.

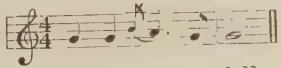
Time signature, — $\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{2}{4}$ $\frac{3}{4}$ $\frac{4}{4}$ $\frac{6}{8}$ etc. The upper figures

Two-Two Two-Four Three-Four Four-Four Six-Eight

indicate the number of beats to the measure, the lower figure the kind of note that receives a beat. For instance,  means three beats to the measure, and a quarter note or its equivalent receives a beat.

Syncopation, — A form of rhythm in which the accent falls on a part of the measure usually unaccented.

Triplet, — Three notes sung or played in the time of two notes of the same duration. viz.,  in time value.

Grace Note, —  A small note representing a tone that borrows its time from the regular note following it.

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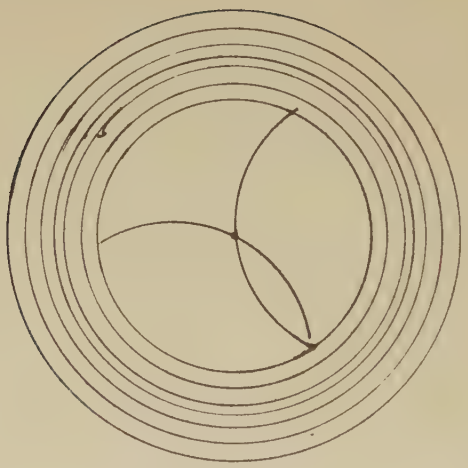
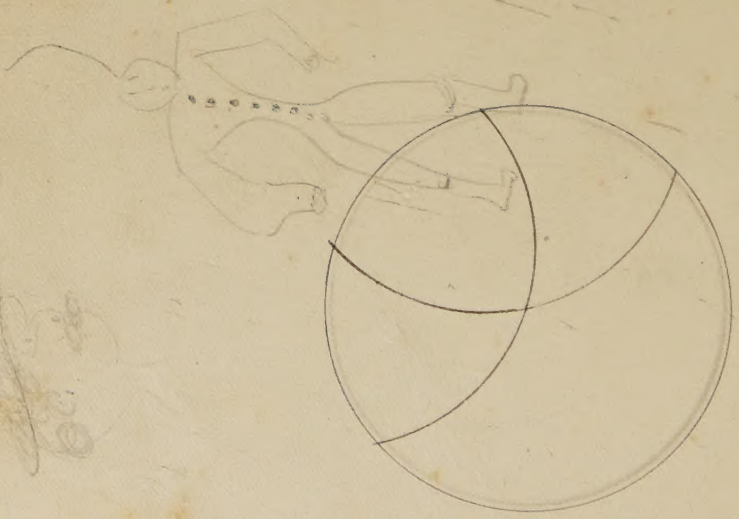
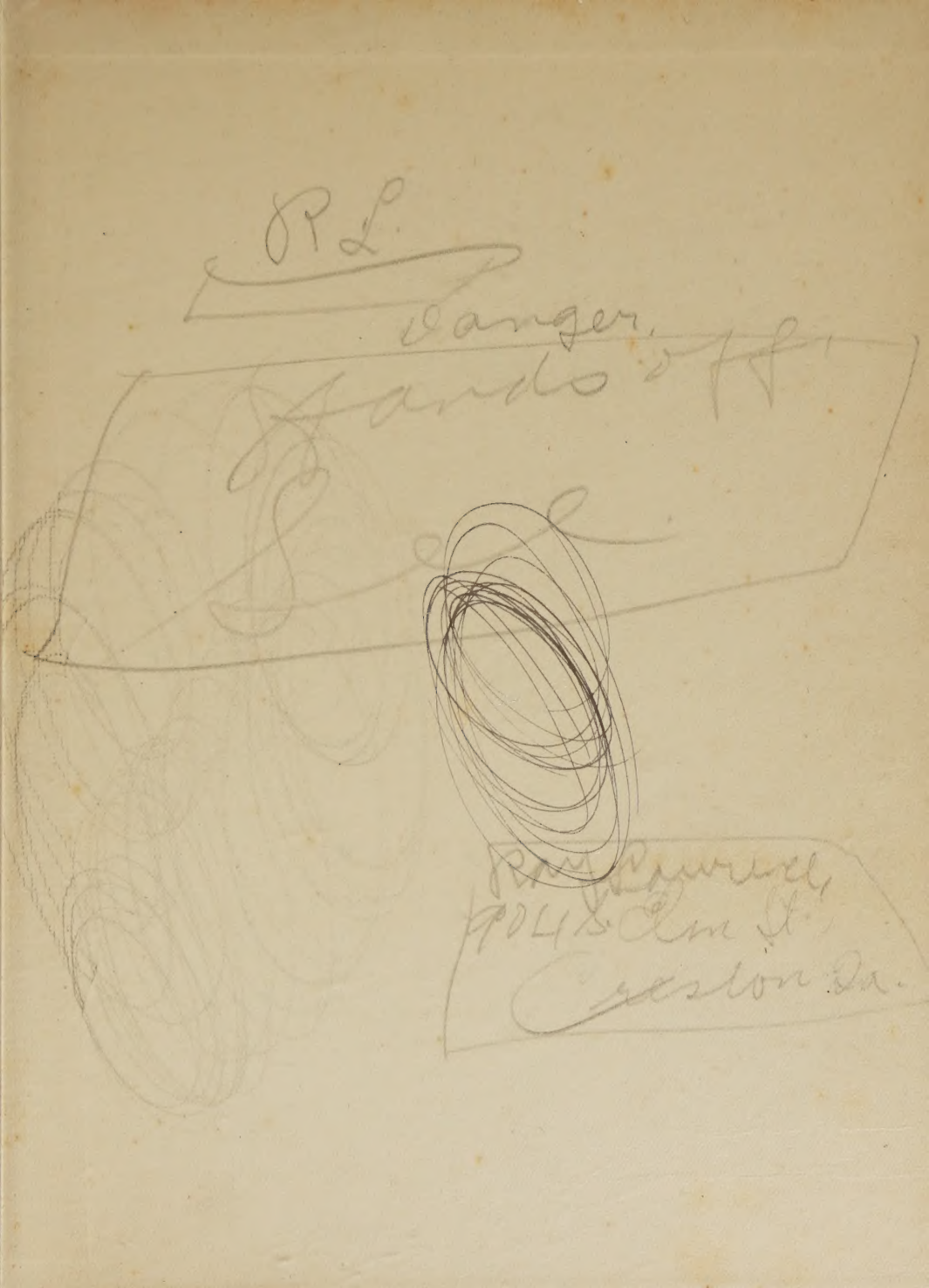


Every major key has its relative minor key.
A major 3rd is made up of two whole steps.
a minor third has a step and a half.
Find the realive minor count on a minor third from the major key.
The minor key has the same signature as its ralitive major key with the seventh sharped ~~of~~ sol sharped in the major key.




P L
Danger,
Lando
Rm
Gaston Dr.